NOVEMBER
1947

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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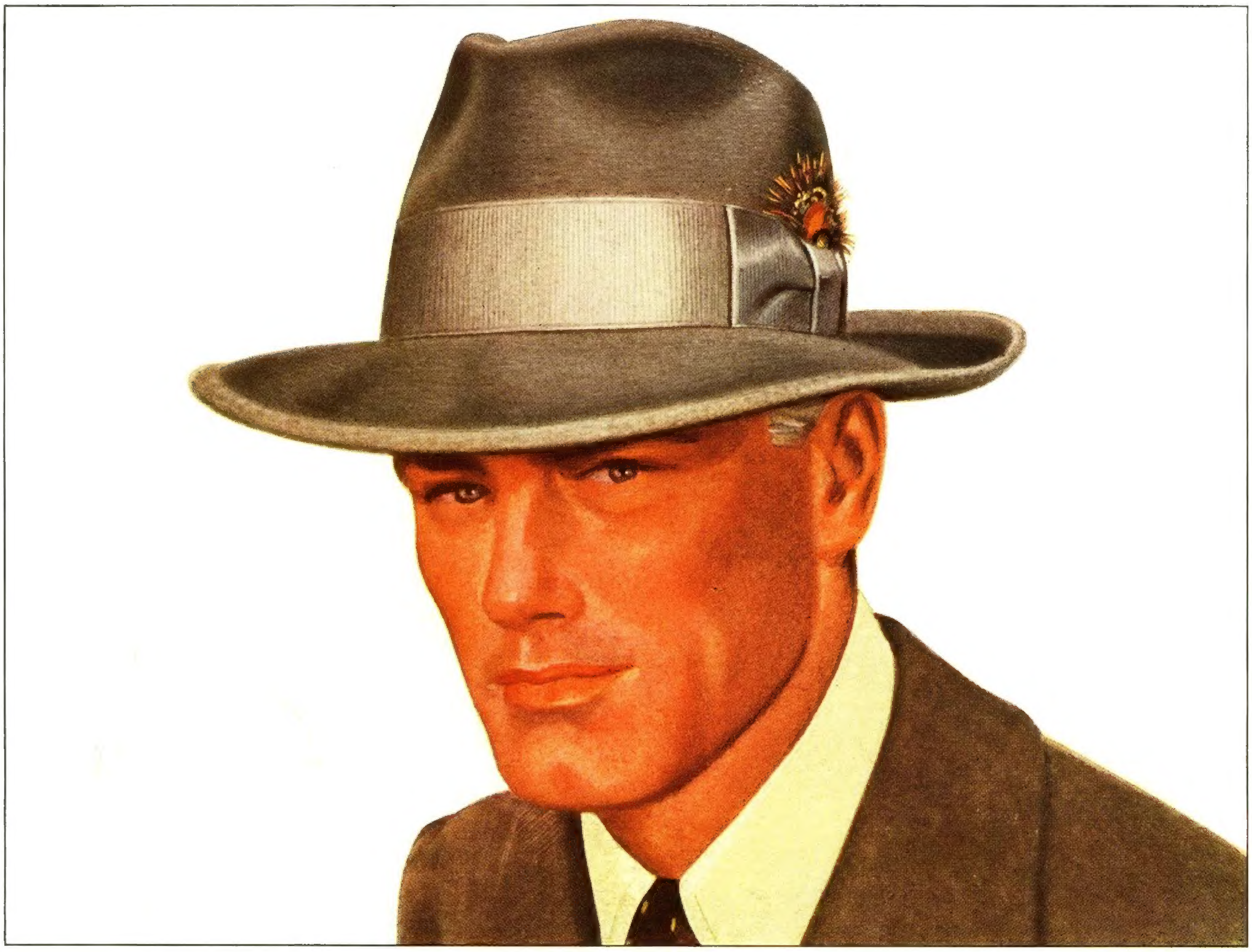
Required Reading for the 19th Hole
***Golf's War of Nerves*—*by* BOBBY LOCKE**



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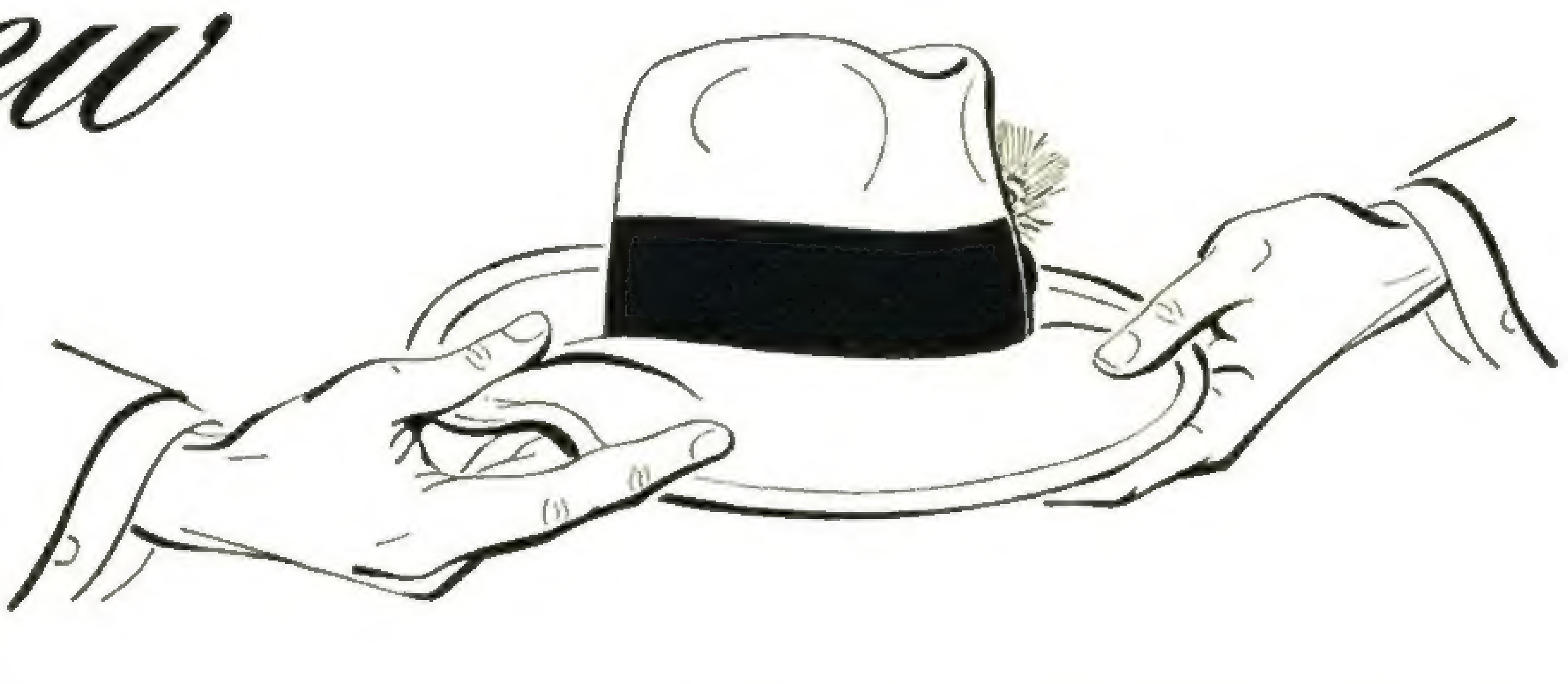

Every now and then, Dobbs steps out in its usual lively way and makes hat craft history. But the new Overtone Edge* is pretty extra remarkable—even for Dobbs.

The Overtone Edge* gives you, for the first time, a hand-felted edge that is a *different color* from the body of your hat.

And it smartens a hat as nothing else has done for years.

For it circles a gray hat with a darker gray edge, or a brown hat with a beige edge. Or greens or blues with their own quiet, correct color notes. And so throughout the wide range of colors.

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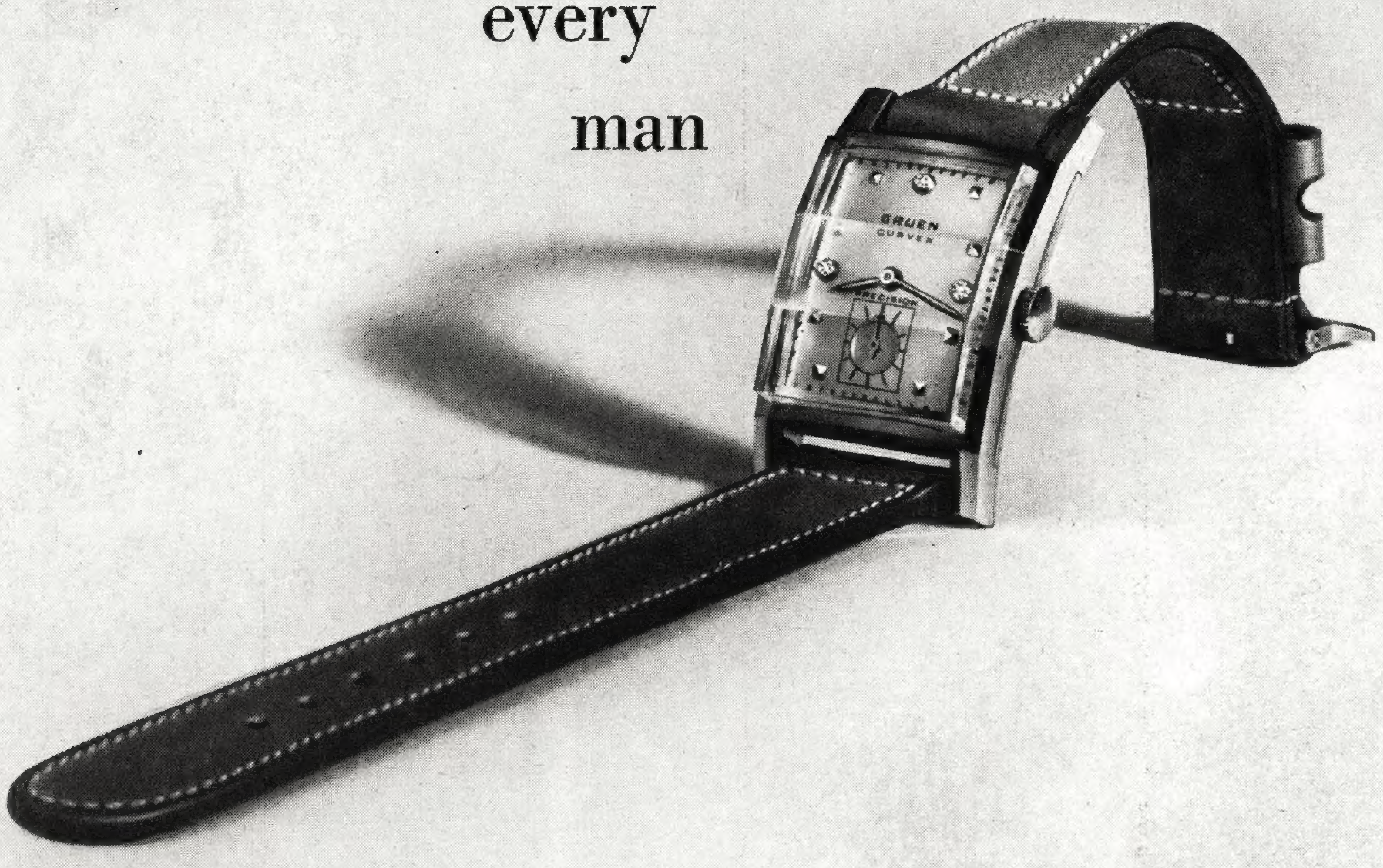

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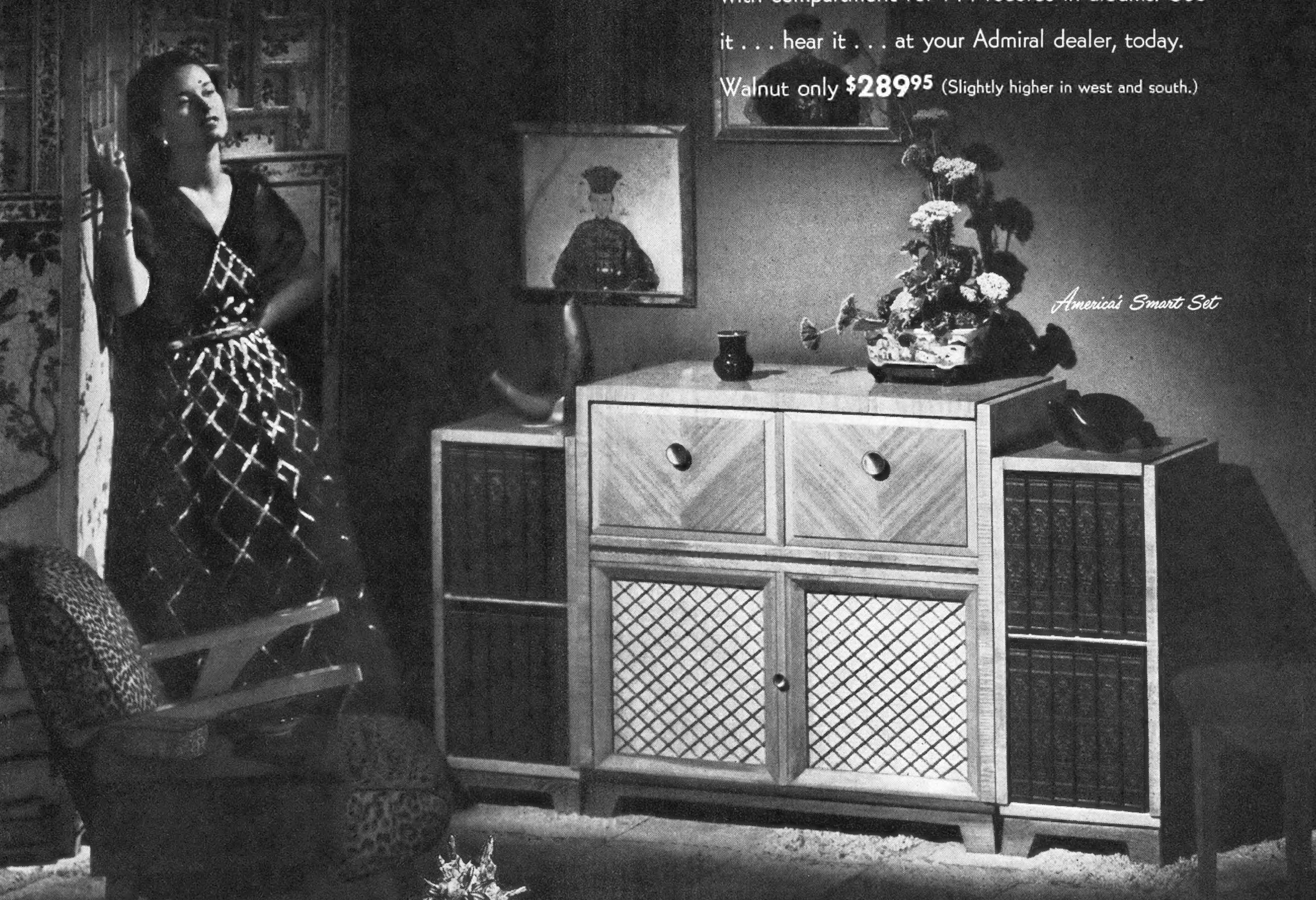
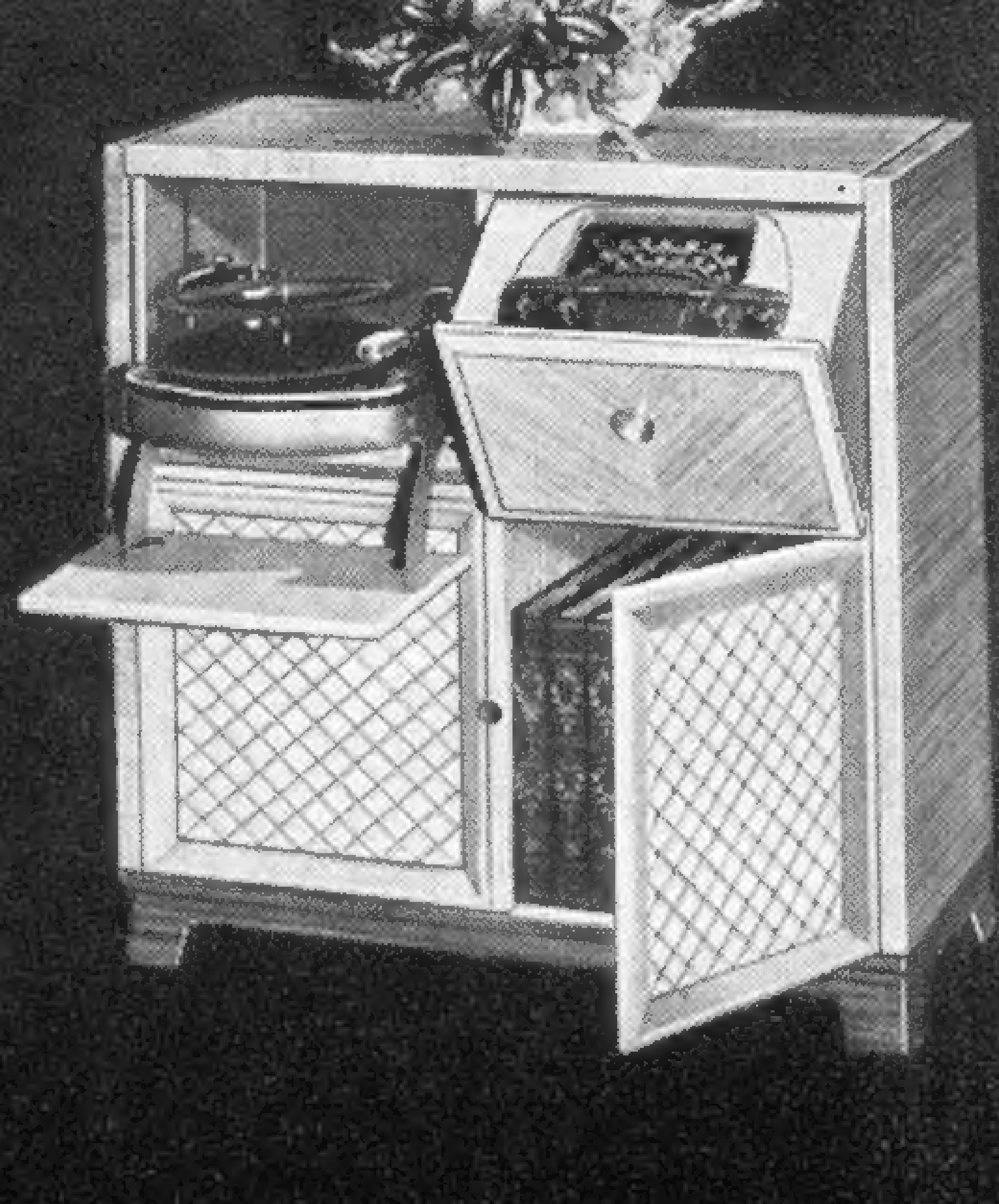


America's Smart Set



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Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

with Miracle Tone Arm

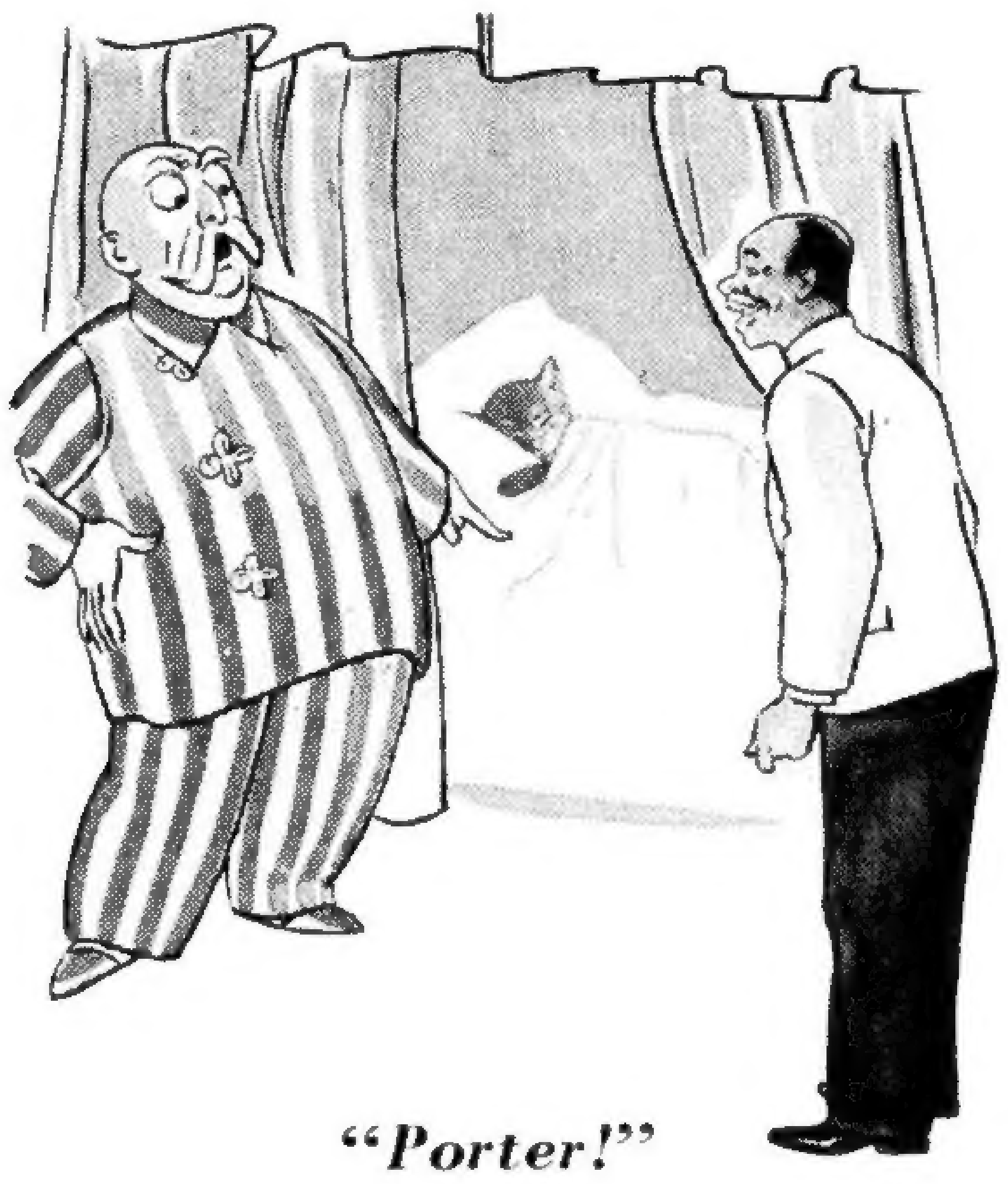
Gown—Fred A. Block Original

Puss in Berths

Mr. Robert Young's Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad has written us a kindly note of prenatal advice concerning the cartoon by artist Fred Lundy, which appeared on page 93 of the September Esquire.

In Mr. Lundy's cartoon—a favorite of ours, by the way—you will recall seeing an astonished traveler about to climb into his lower berth on a certain railroad line, and lo! he finds "Chessie," the famous C. & O. mascat, berthed down with her two little kittens, whiskers to the pillows.

The C. & O., turning from traffic problems for the moment, advises us that thirteen years ago they featured Chessie in somewhat the same tableau as part of an advertising series. The cartoon:



"Porter!"

Of course, we know from long experience that creative impulses, especially the good ones, often spring with complete originality from different sources, just as two honest inventors may apply for the same patent simultaneously. So we accept as a sign of these global times this pleasant revelation that Chessie has not taken up new habits, but merely brought the children along while she took over once more somebody's reservation. We hope that Mr. Young will feel that Esquire has taken a firm stand on the theme that traveling is broadening and that the family should be held together.

—D.A.S.

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T.M.REG.

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Editorial:

Esquire's Second Sports Reader

Chances are you'll agree with us on Bobby Locke's cool putting and Esquire's new sports anthology, but these two pictures may start you boiling over

To quote (without permission) the immortal radio message of a champion to his ma, the bad boy done it again.

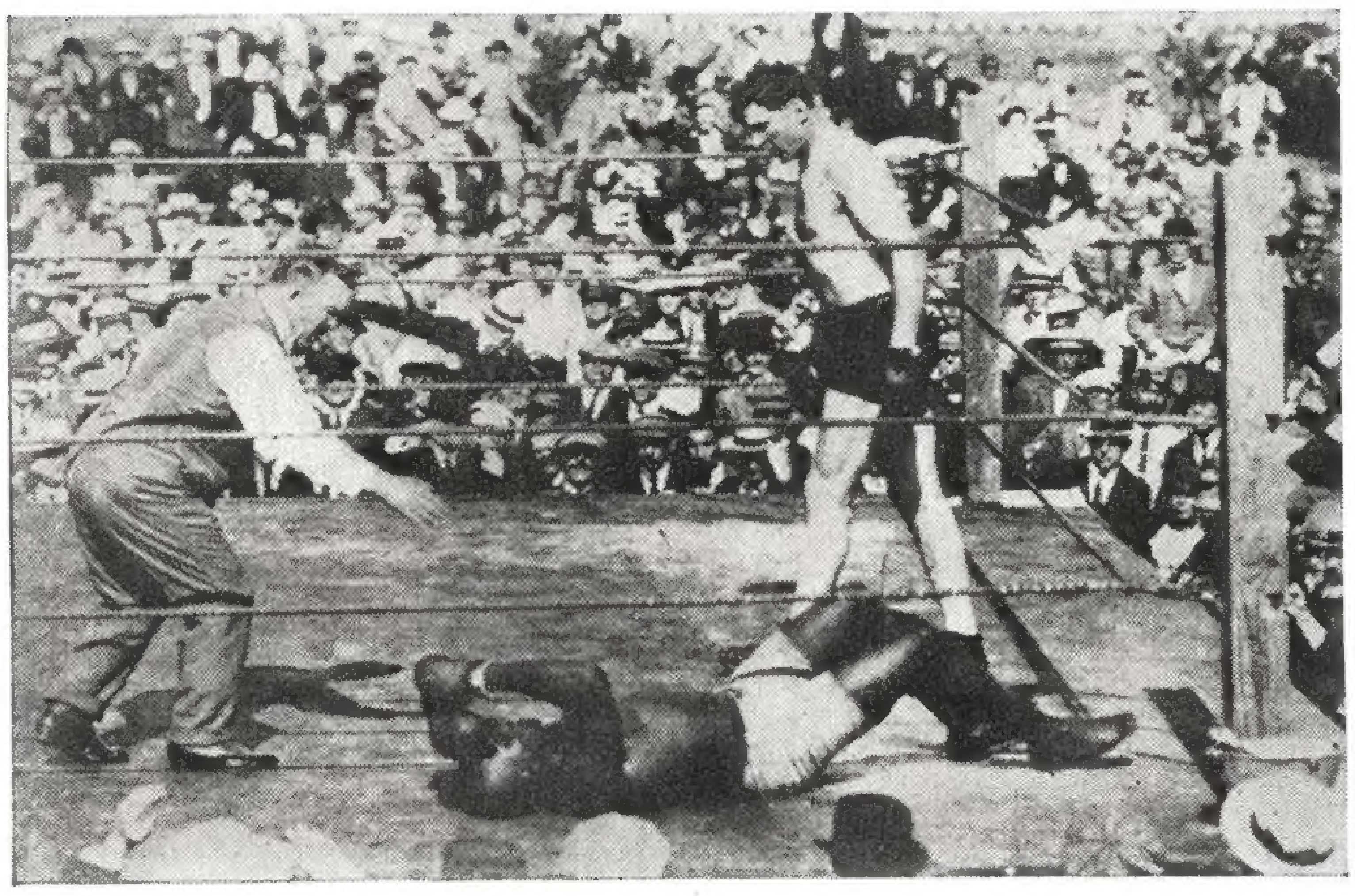
Esky, to put it another way, has recently put out *Esquire's Second Sports Reader*. And wherever publishers and literary people gather, we understand, they are whispering over the book counters, he done it again—with an assist, of course, from an unbeatable stable of Esquire writers including Paul Gallico, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Conrad Aiken, Edward Jerome Vogeler, and others straight out of the pages of the magazine.

There are times when reading about sports is preferable to playing. Fred Schwed and Jack Goodman had a point in their column, *Some of the People*,* when they describe a man going after a tennis ball. Your opponent lays one in the forecourt, let's say, fifteen feet away. The eye says stop, fixes the ball with eagle precision, measuring pace and depth. A lightning message penetrates to the brain, alerting reflexes which flash the message from that nerve center to the body: *get that ball*. And then the body looks up and says: "Who? *Me?*"

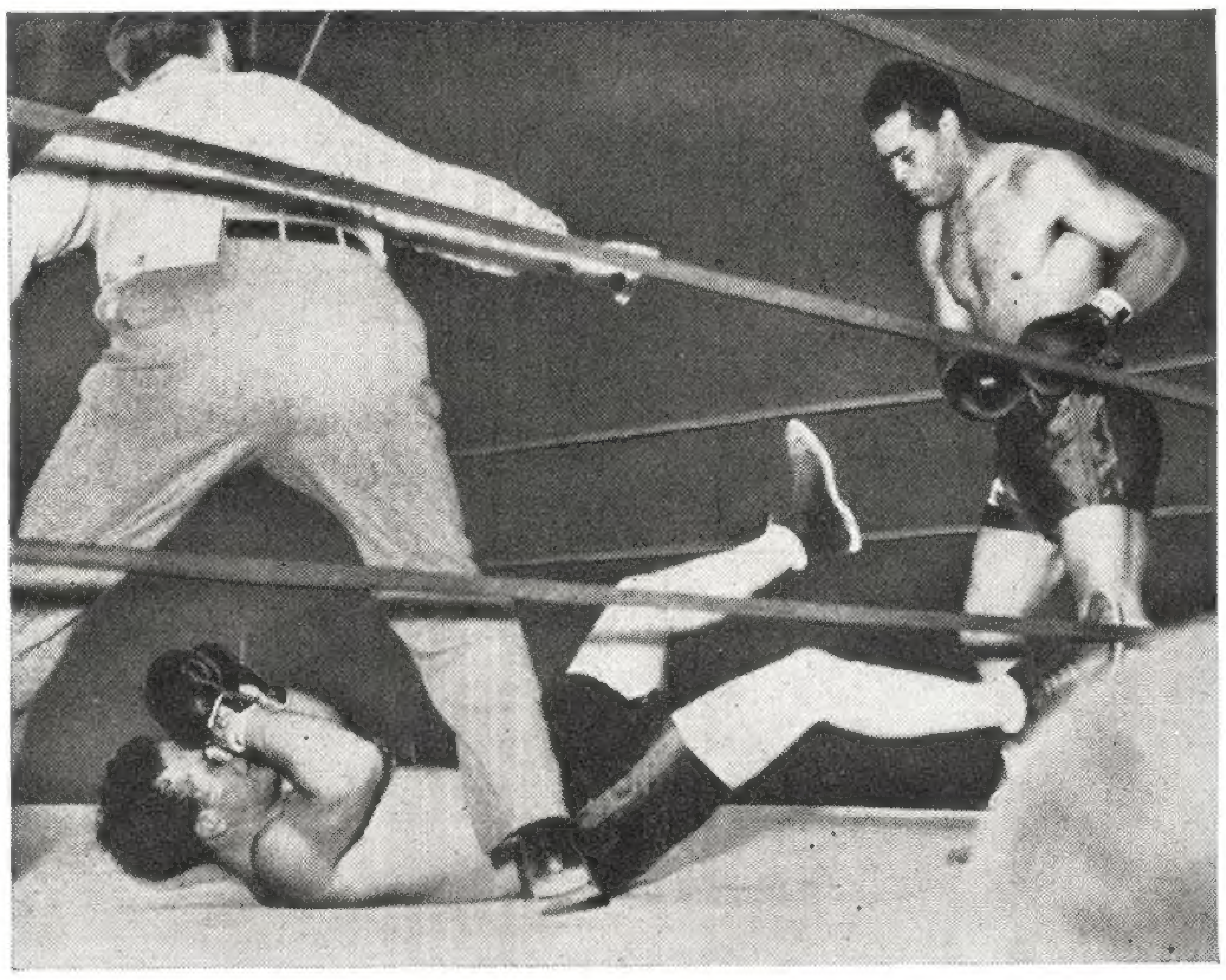
On that theory, too, this issue of Esquire carries for you a great article on golf competition by Bobby Locke, a service-line sketch of Jack Kramer by Keith Monroe, Joe Liebling's review of *The Harder They Fall* by Budd Schulberg, and Herb Graffis' blast at boxing's bums. An athlete needs to relax, we say. Slouch with feline grace in your armchair, Esquire held in lean, muscular fingers, as you block a left on page 126 without any danger of scar tissue, or rush the net on page 88 without enlarging the heart. Your only exercise need be lifting the legs when your wife sweeps under the chair, which is admirable for keeping the stomach muscles in shape.

With your mind sharpened to a keen competitive pitch by all this reading, we couldn't resist bringing out the two photographs on this page for your speculation and debate. The upper one shows Jess Willard taking the heavyweight championship from Jack Johnson. Poor old Jack is gone now, gone from the ring where they feared the terrible skill of his fists, and gone, happily, too, from the flea circus on West 42nd Street where he spent his last days as an exhibit for the heavy spenders in a penny arcade. But the debate over whether he took a dive for Willard is still just as hot as that tropic sun in Havana, thirty-two years ago.

A lot of money changed hands that day. And, say the yes boys, look at the picture of Johnson down and out on his back. Yeah, "out" while he shields his eyes from the sun and takes a ten-second rest cure, to say nothing of a satchel of cash from the fixers.



"Down" . . . Jack Johnson



" . . . and out" . . . Billy Conn

Well, we don't know. But a few days ago we were fussing around with some pictures of the second Louis-Conn fight and we came across the one which is shown here. To begin with, let's state that we are absolutely convinced of the honesty of that fight or any other in which Joe Louis fought, and we hasten to emphasize the truthful fact that everybody recognizes that Joe knocked Billy kicking, for good, in the eighth. With that established, let's look at the picture. Look at Conn. There wasn't any sun in his eyes that night. It was 11:42 p.m. in the Yankee Stadium. There may have been some slight starlight, but most of the stars Billy was counting at that moment were appearing by courtesy of Mr. Louis. Now look at Jack Johnson.

Louis and Willard are also startlingly similar in stance. Joe is standing there, arms hooked for another haymaker in case young Mr. Conn is so ill-advised as to return to the perpendicular within ten seconds. Joe is standing, then, the way a guy does who has just flattened another guy. So is Willard. Could it be then, that Jess had just clouted Johnson on the whiskers with a real punch? Could it be that when you catch one of these, and flop on your fanny, that your arms bounce up around your eyes when you hit? As we say, we don't know, because we weren't in Havana that day, and we have only the evidence of this picture to go by—only it looks as though you can figure the Johnson-Willard deal two ways now, if you want to. Paul Gallico, who once put on the gloves with Jack Dempsey just to learn at first hand how it feels to be put to sleep by a champ (the same Jess Willard could have told him), ought to be able to enlighten us. How about it, Paul?

And so we recommend a brief bout with *Esquire's Second Sports Reader* for the thrill and relaxation and entertainment of sports, with its never-ending controversies and never-palling excitement, even in print. This *Reader* differs from our first: that was a collection of sports articles, this is an anthology of *stories*, told by masters who know their sports facts, and put them into tales that make you *feel* them. Of course, we're plugging our own book, if you must point that out. But we only put it together, and left just enough space in which to side-step that crack and make it clear that your praise go through to the Esquire contributors whose book it truly is. Read them in the *Sports Reader*, for your enduring pleasure. Or, if you wish, read this November issue and sense the makings of another great sports anthology.

And what about Jack Johnson, and Willard, anyway? What do *you* think? ##

**Cosmopolitan*, September, 1946

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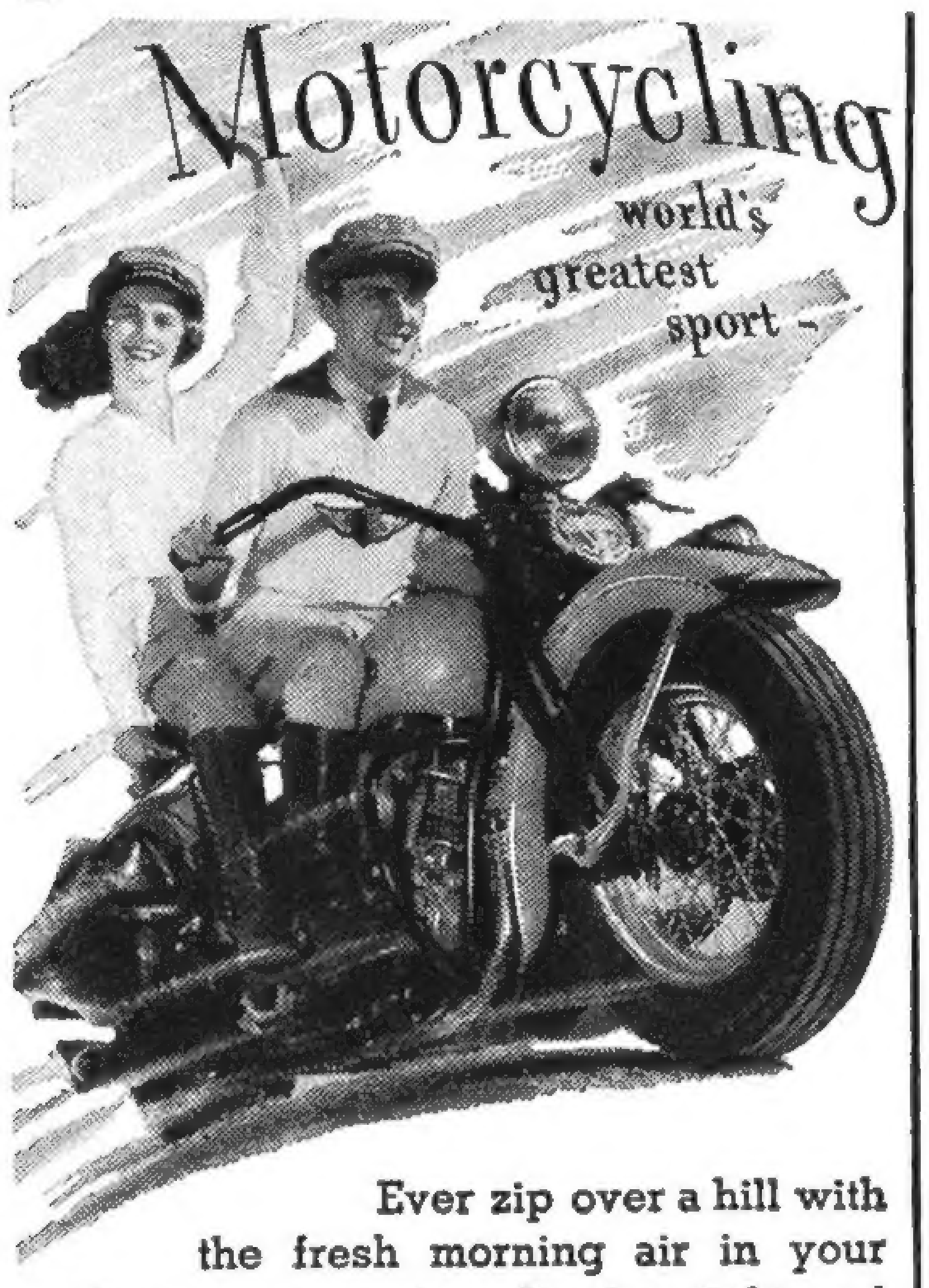

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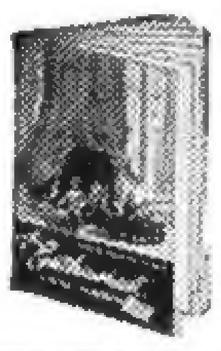

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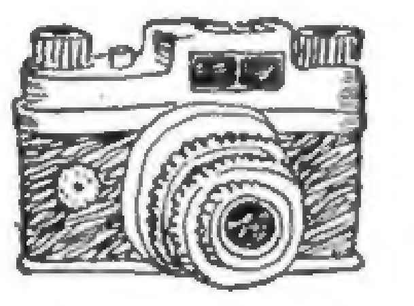
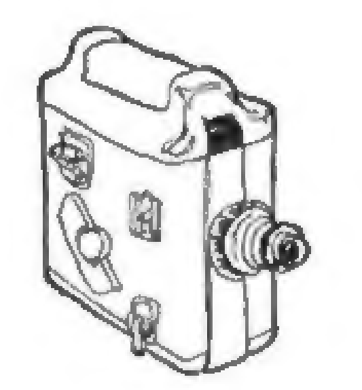


FOLLOW THE MARK FINDER. During the war, aerial gunners were given a means of pre-correction of aim. Now for the first time, to our knowledge, a 35 mm. candid camera is available equipped with a pre-correction mark-finder. The finder shows you more field than your lens will take. Crosshairs at the center and guide lines at the borders help pre-select the best composition of your actual picture. You can frame, compose and shoot your 35 mm. pictures faster and be sure of better results. Speed counts, for instance, when you photograph wild life, and you get your camera on your subject faster with the mark finder . . . the cross hairs show you the exact center. You see exactly with the finder, because you see eye to eye with the lens of the camera. The area that appears *within* the guide lines, is the area that will appear in your pictures.



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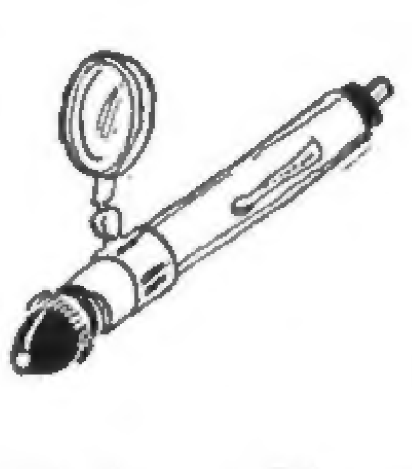

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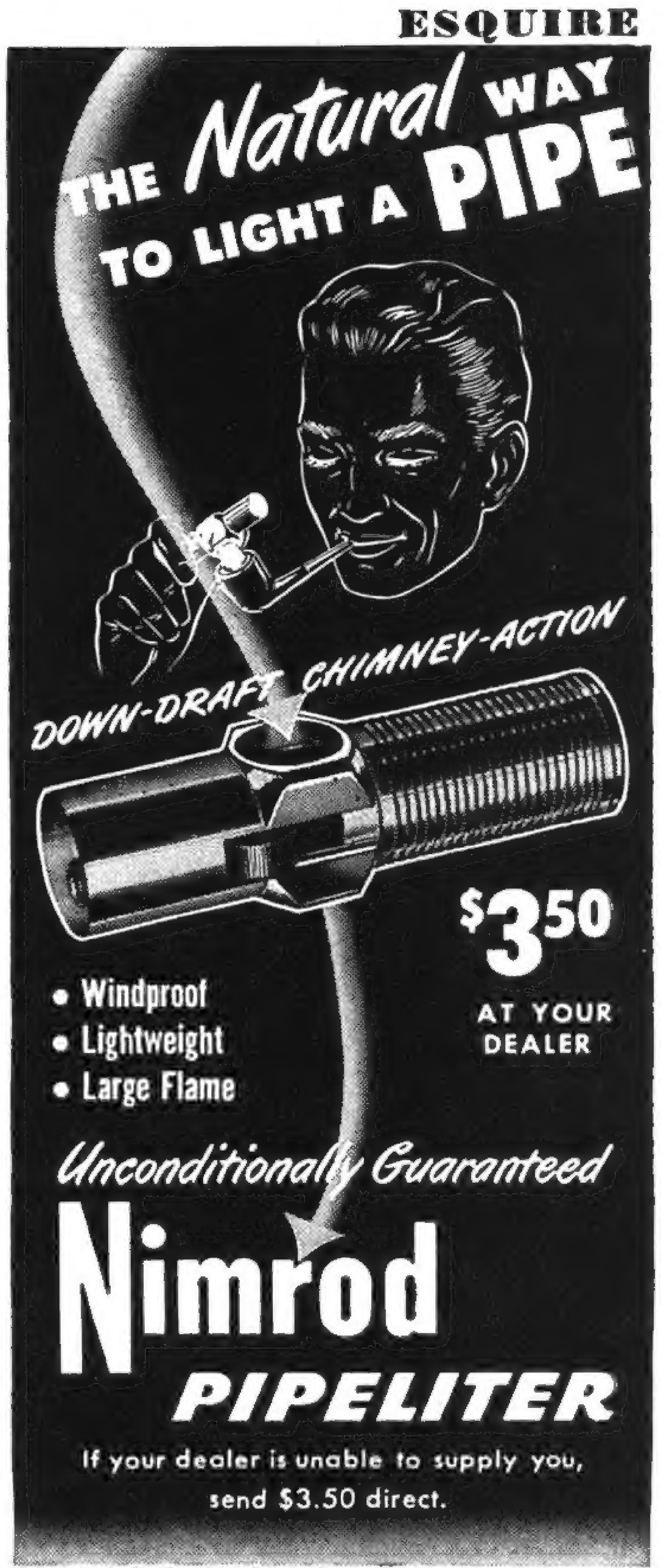
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______	No. 300	Hi-Ball Glass	.75 each
______	No. 301	6 Hi-Ball Glasses	3.00 per set
______	No. 302	Ice Bucket	1.95 each
______	No. 303	6 Hi-Ball Glasses & Bucket,	4.75 per set
______	No. 401	6 Cocktail Glasses	4.50 per set
______	No. 402	6 Cocktail Glasses & ½-Gal. Pitcher	8.50 per set
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______	No. 800	Salt & Pepper Shakers	2.50 per pr.
______	No. 900	Ash Tray	2.50 each
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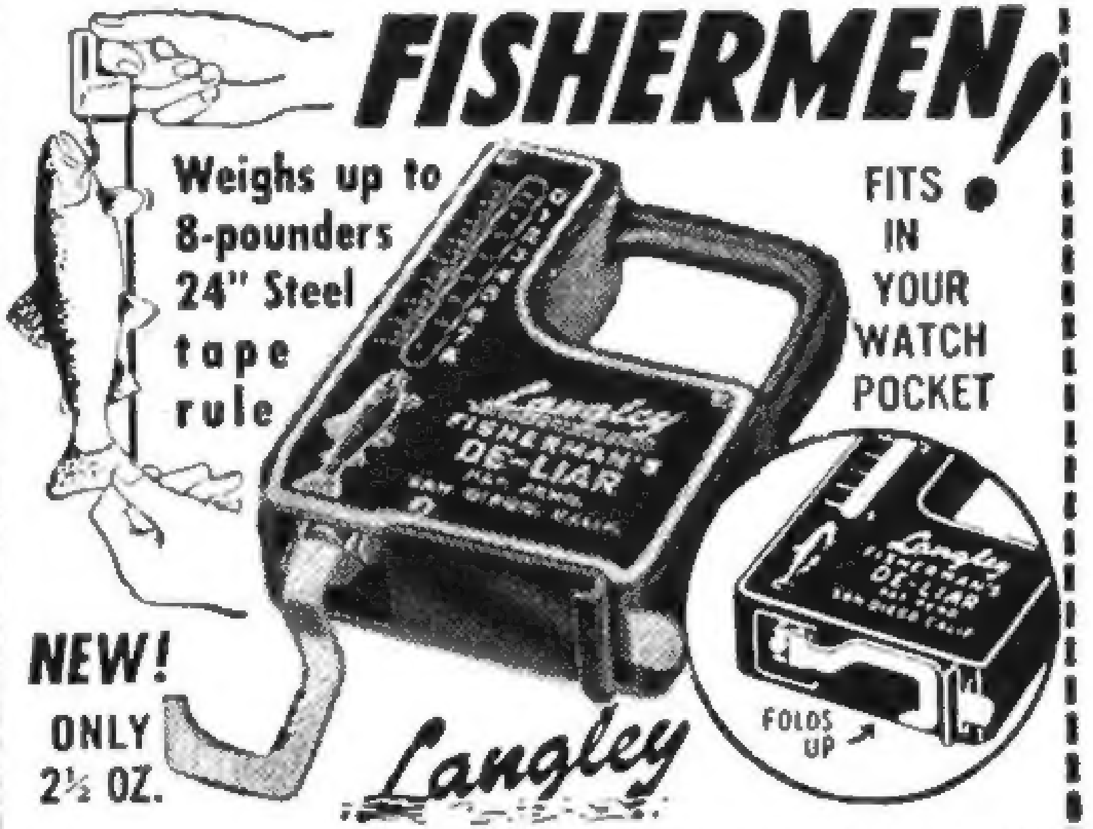
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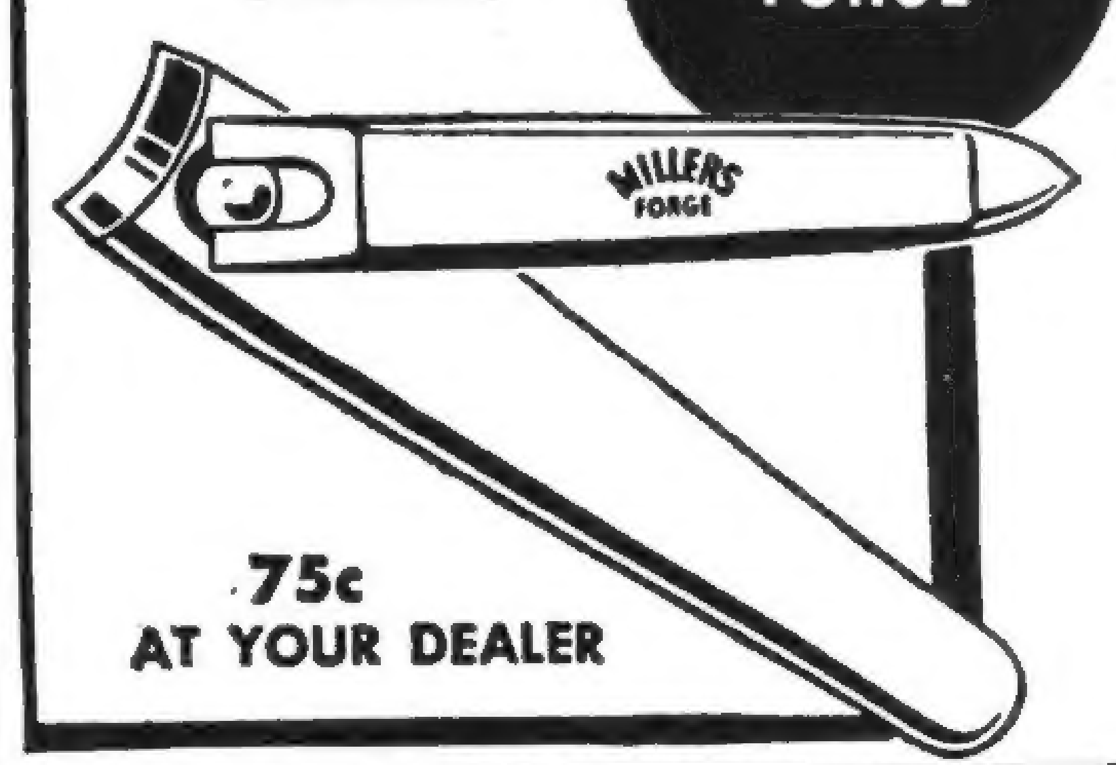

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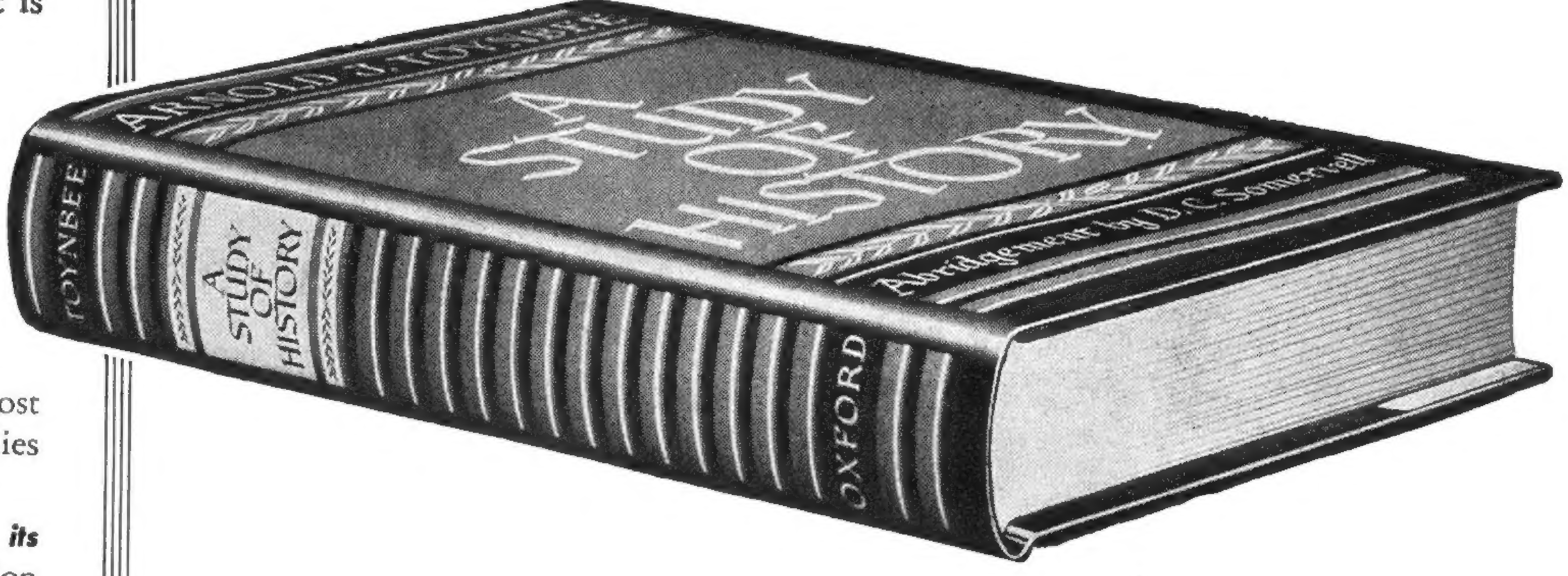

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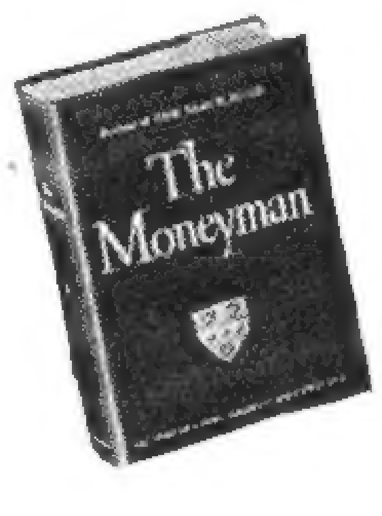

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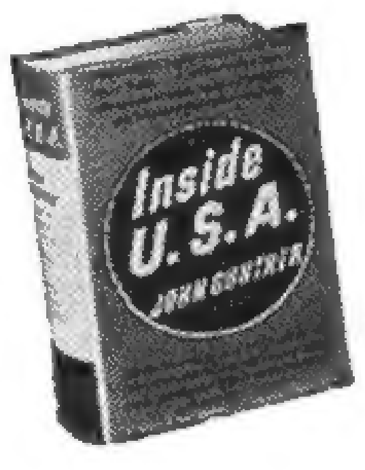

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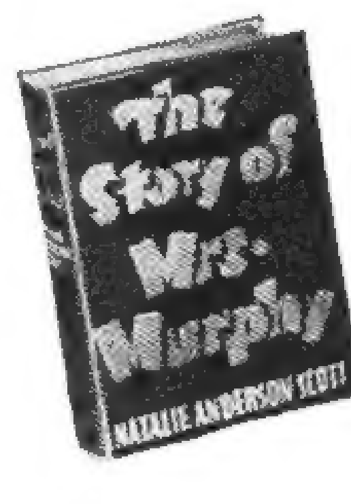

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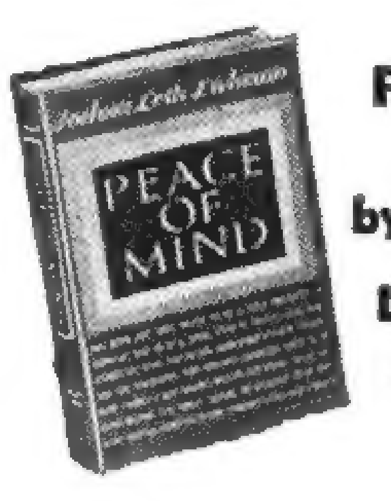

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The Sound and the Fury

cover pace

Concerning covers—why a cartoon that means nothing; why not a lovely creature from the heart of Esquire, the Esquire Gallery?

Bob Goldsmith
Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

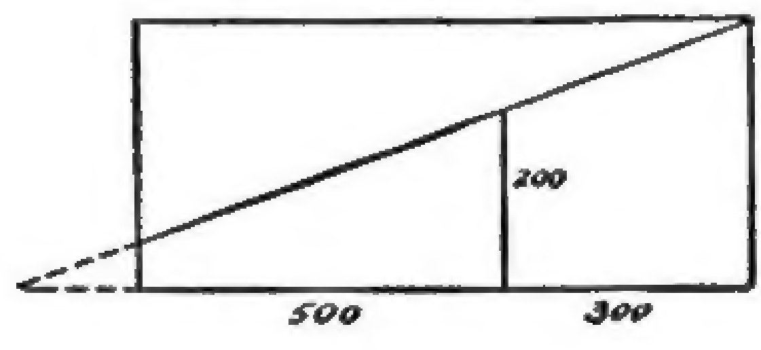
book rater rates

Your magazine has made its appearance in my home for quite a few years and never have I had a desire to look it over thinking it was purely reading for men.

Glancing through it one day I came across a most interesting article by Louis Untermeyer, captioned *My Own Five-Foot Shelf*.

I congratulate him for his choice of the 50 best books. From now on Esquire will not stay idle in the racks.

(Mrs.) Bee Rothfeld
Philadelphia, Pa.



how to fence a farm

That man in Tacoma need worry no more about raising his farm. In order to have the shorter side of the quadrilateral be 200′, the 30° angle of the triangle must extend out farther than shown, making the base more than 500′. Therefore the figure 200′ cannot be correct. Area of original rectangle shown is 250,000 square feet not 24,000. This is easily proven by adding the areas of the four plots marked out.

So the answer to "Where'd the 100 sq. ft. come from" is this: "It was there all the time" but Farmer Jones did not use 200′ of fence between the diagonal and the sides of the field but 192′.

Dig 7.22′ x 7.22′ for the ditch by Bowditch.

And now back to Page 52.

W. H. Atwater
Westfield, Mass.

all the answers

Although Mr. Vic Zimmerman's arithmetic is bad (September), his geometry is positively subversive. His alleged triangle is humpbacked like a camel and would have caused acute distress to our old friend Ahmes, the traveling salesman from Greater Greece, when he demonstrated to the Egyptian citizenry how they could measure the heights of their pyramids by measuring the lengths of the shadows they cast when the sun was three hours high. Calculating the area of the small triangle, the trapezoid, adding them together and multiplying by two will give the same area in the lower figure.

While we are here we might just as well clean up the kitchen and bake us a batch of biscuits.

Mr. E. W. Harris will have to draw out 5 pints of his mixture and replace it with pure alcohol in order to achieve a 30%-70% mixture.

Mr. Fred L. Kahrl's contented cow will have 3515 square feet of bovine heaven over which to graze. Varying, of course, as the stretch of the rope and the distance to which she can stick out her tongue.

While Mr. J. W. K. Lane's colorful account of the confusion and frustration of the Ph.D.s made fascinating reading, it still leaves us with a minimum of information concerning the distance apart of Mr. Levo's walls. I still insist that they are from 33.18 to 33.2 feet apart, which is as close as I can read the trusty ten-inch Keuffel & Esser log log duplex trig slide rule.

Wm. T. Bauskett, Jr.
St. Augustine, Fla.

teacher's pet

Would you please convey my congratulations and best wishes to the author of an article entitled *Dad Always Believed in Education*, printed in your Father's Day issue?

The article was of particular interest to me as it brought back pleasant memories of days when I taught in the Wise County, Texas, public schools and had a towheaded young lad named Booth Mooney as one of my few real students.

Helen Penry Ash
Cali, Colombia

wholesome pride

I have come across several letters in your Sound and Fury from Hollanders unable to get subscriptions to Esquire. I thought it would be useful not only for you but also for the people who write these letters to say that I got a subscription through my bookseller a year ago, pay it in Dutch guilders and get the copies regularly on the tenth of each month.

We in Holland have to be very thankful for the help the people of the United States have given us in the days after the war when we needed help so badly. But I see no reason to go on asking you for things we don't have to ask any more. In my opinion methods like these will do no good to the name of our country in America.

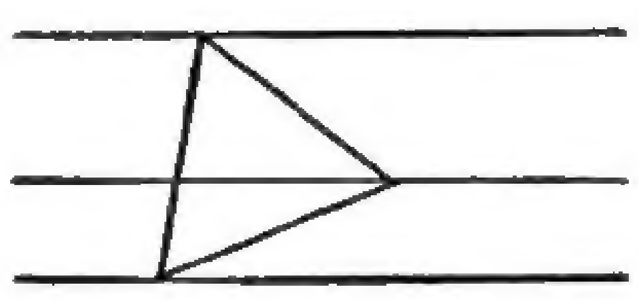
J. U. H. Fernhaut
Middelburg, Holland

eternal triangle

Here is one which is not difficult but may interest readers who have not run across it.

Place three parallel lines, the center line *not* equidistant from the two outside ones. Now place an equilateral triangle so that each "point" rests on a line.

Like this:



Trial and error does not count. The method must be legitimate and must be applicable to any set of distances between lines.

Henry A. Reil
Hamden, Conn.

editors are chagrined

In regards to Irwin Shaw's story, *The Convert*, the phrase ". . . she looked like the full declension of the verb to yield." Please note, *verbs* are *conjugated. Nouns* are *declined.*

Mike Doe
Montclair, N. J.

theme and variations

(1)

I am a rabid fan of Mr. Paul Gallico, especially in his fight for the continued right of the female gam, but I would like to knock his literary block off for one little article of his in your August issue.

Where did he get the damfool idea that British movies are superior to ours? During the war when movies were shown on beaches, below decks, etc., we were left little choice in what we saw. Even a "B" class Western was better than nothing. Nevertheless, when two separate British movies were shown on our Flight Deck, a crowd, composed of a full crew, suffered through the first reel or two, and then gradually dispersed until only a few diehards remained. Now, granted that sailors (including the braid) are not all intellects, but Gad Mr. G., the majority can't be that wrong!

Bill Davison
Toppenish, Wash.

(2)

I like the way Paul Gallico thinks. If I didn't I'd still like the way he writes! Many thanks for giving him to us.

Gnome Evans
Oahu, T. H.

purist on Paris

I have just finished reading Richard Joseph's interesting and informative article on the world's most fascinating city—Paris. What Mr. Joseph has to say about the high cost of living in the "city of light" checks with my own observations there almost a year ago when, as one of a group of American teachers of French whom the French Government invited to visit France, I last saw Paris. While, as Mr. Joseph aptly pointed out, Paris is still Paris I found that much of its exuberance was conspicuously absent; and this is to be expected of a city which has come through one of the worst ordeals in its long and glorious history.

To a teacher of French, the regrettable grammatical error in the title of the article detracts from an otherwise excellent piece. The title reads *Messieurs, Paris Vous Attends.* The "s" in *Attends* is highly incorrect, since the correct third person singular of the present indicative of the verb *attendre* is *attend*, as every beginning student in French knows.

Moreover, Mr. Joseph speaks of the Coupole, famous Montparnasse café, as being "across the street" from the equally celebrated Dôme café. Unless the Coupole has been moved since September, 1946, it is on the same side of the street, the Boulevard Montparnasse, just a few doors from its competitor. The Dôme is on the southwest corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail, and the Coupole is a hundred feet or so west of it. Both face the Boulevard Montparnasse.

Edward A. Jones
Atlanta, Ga.

elegy for old cars

I am an automobile-race enthusiast with a collection of some 12,000 beautiful automobile race photographs, dating from 1884. I also have a beautiful little French creation, a 1912 six cylinder twenty-eight hp Delaunay Belleville touring car, and we drive most anywhere hereabouts with it.

Having membership in all the old-car, sports-car and Automobile Old Timers, I also have another masterpiece in the form of the 1923 Indianapolis-Targo-Florio two litre, double overhead camshaft, four valve supercharged Mercedes. I did much work on some of the splendid cars that Peter Helck painted, in that when those cars raced it was my pleasure to work for Joseph Tracy of Vanderbilt Cup race and Locomobile fame and the Helck paintings brought back delightful memories. Perhaps we may again have another such series. I hope you will eventually publish the past issues, and/or future issues in book form.

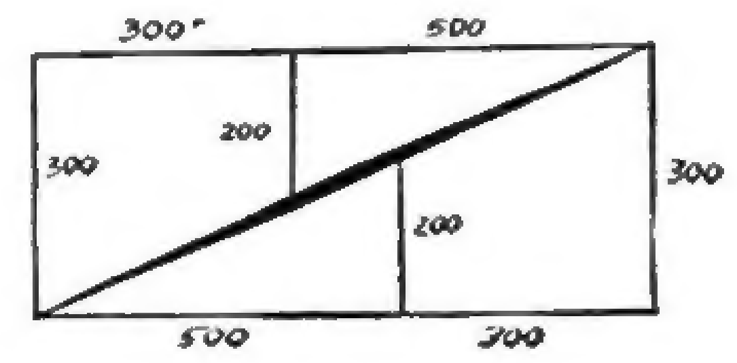
Josef Reutershan
Passaic, N. J.

war over juleps

It's a mighty good thing for you that our good friend, Irvin S. Cobb, is no longer among the living. He would most assuredly heap coals of fire on your head for advocating the addition of a cherry to a mint julep.

As I send you these lines, Irvin in the form of a framed silhouette looks down on me and I can almost hear him shout "Sacrilege. Esquire is trying to paint a picture, not mix a drink. Have them leave that cherry off!" Bob Davis used to say that Irvin did not know lima beans from buckshot when it came to food, but believe me, he knew how to make a mint julep.

Sincerely yours,
Cliff Blackburne
Chicago, Ill.



add no man's land

The answer to Mr. Zimmerman's problem is really quite simple, if you use some trigonometry. It will be seen that the angles of the diagonal fences will not match. To have the plots of ground exactly the same shape, there would be an open space as shown in my drawing.

As you will see, my drawing is exaggerated because the difference is so slight.

Yours sincerely,
Cpl. Edward L. Patera
Langley Field, Va.

Continued on page 185

A real old-fashioned hitching post

We put the four red roses and the cocktail on this old-fashioned hitching post to make it an even more delightful symbol of welcome for arriving guests.

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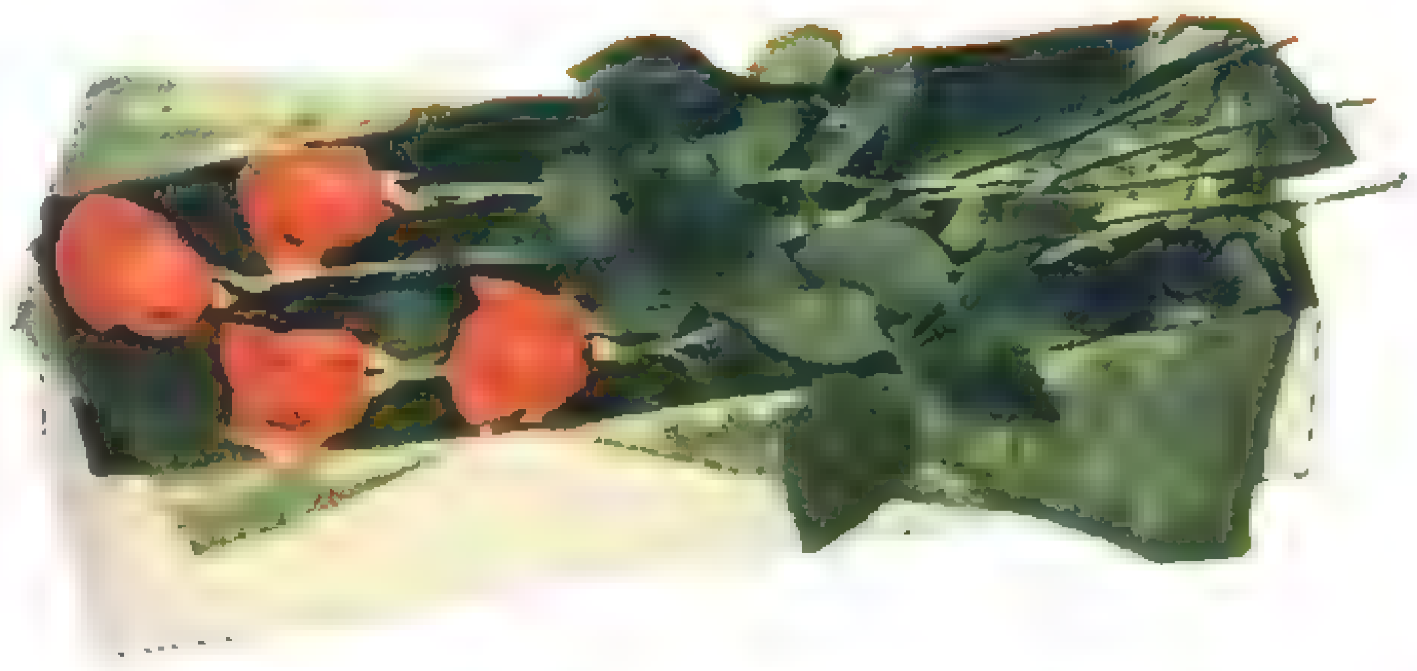

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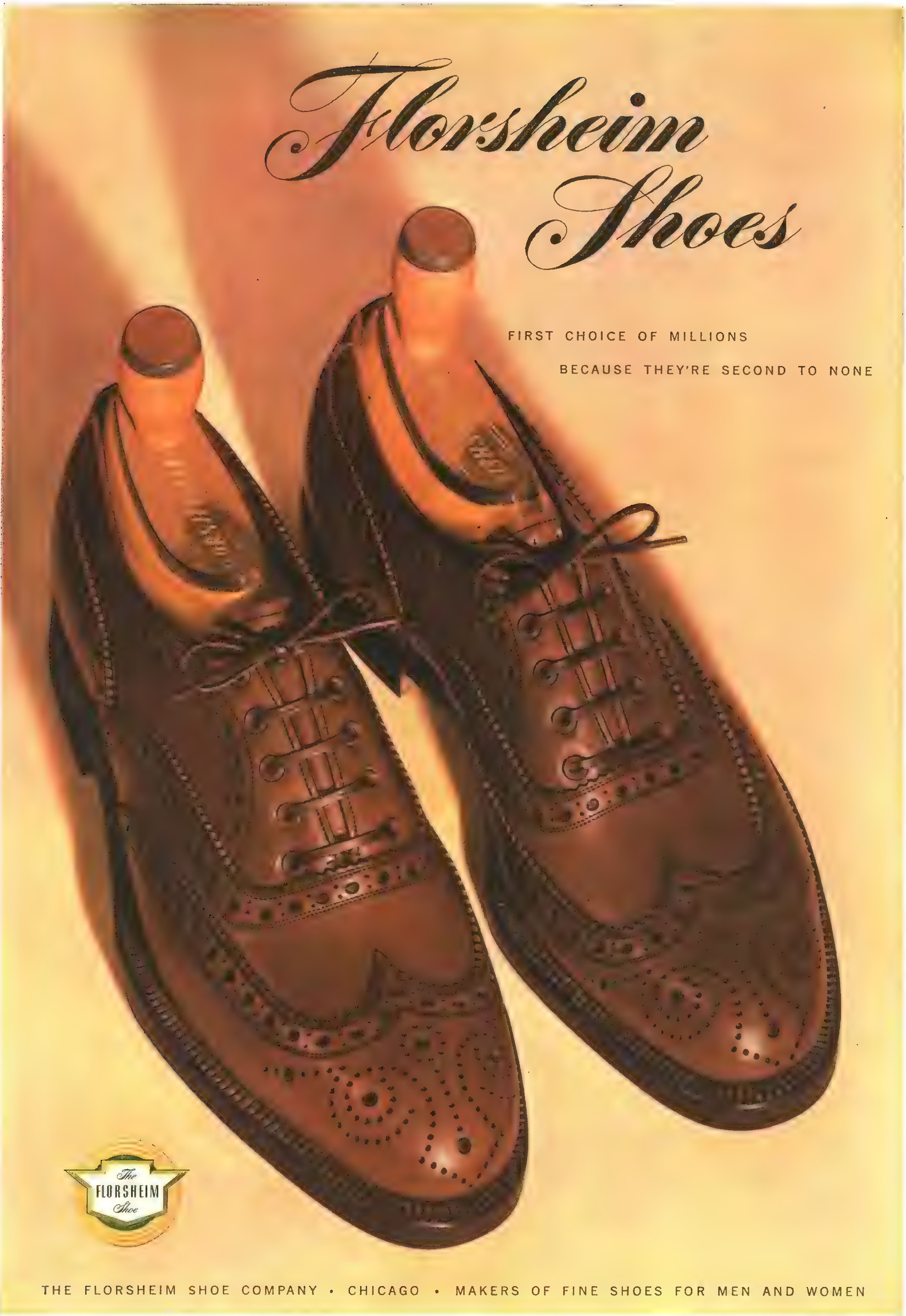

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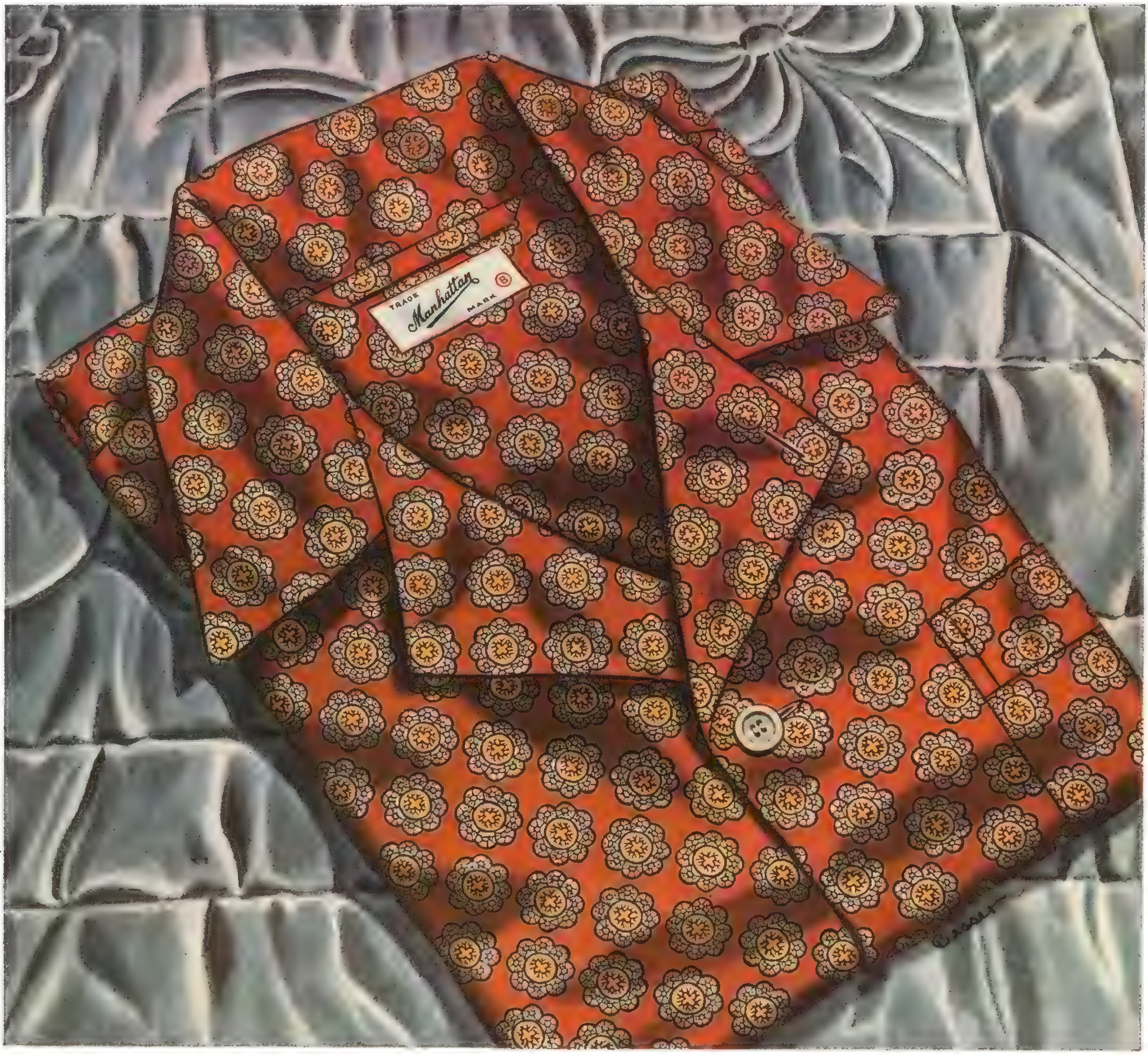

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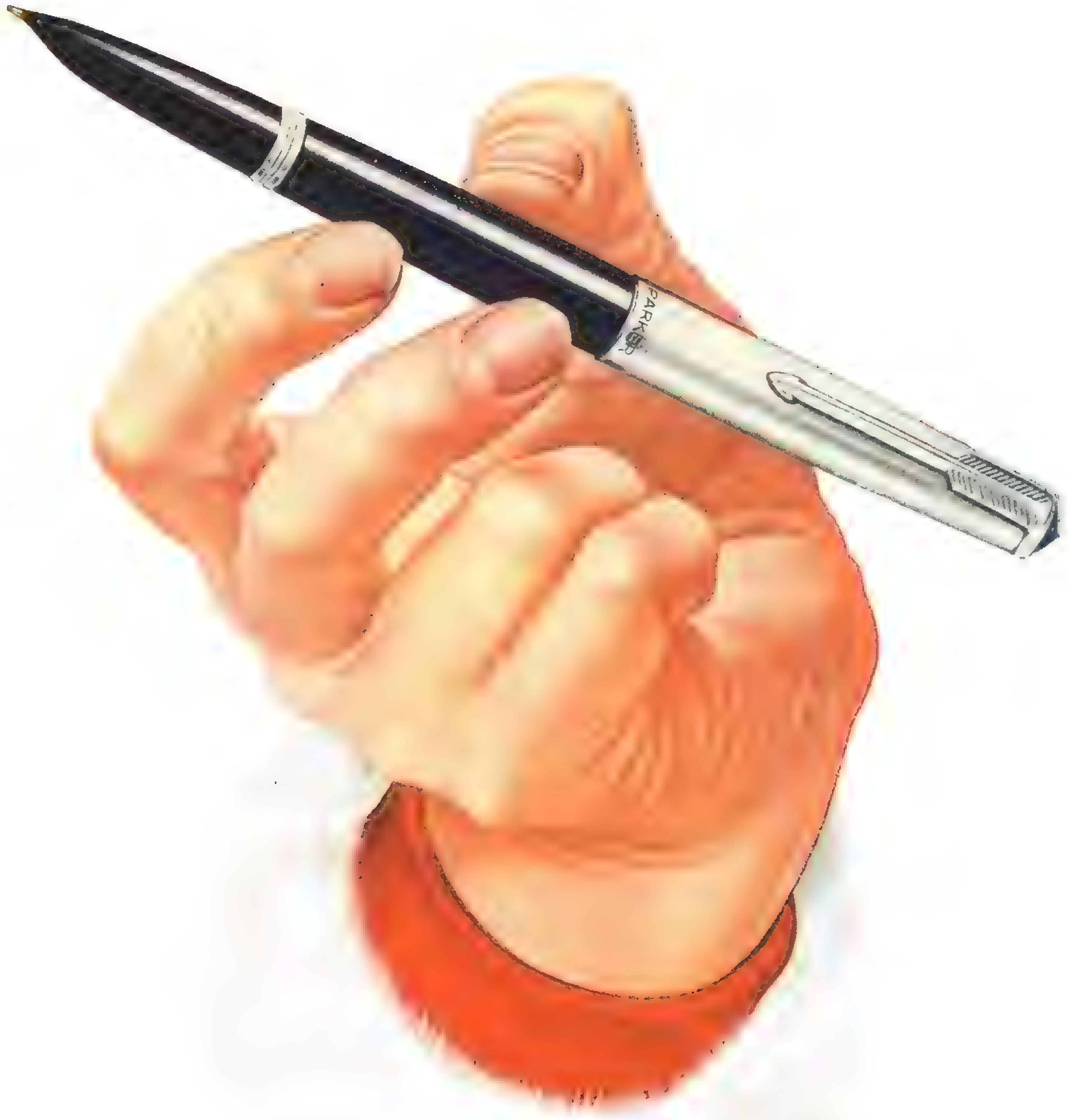

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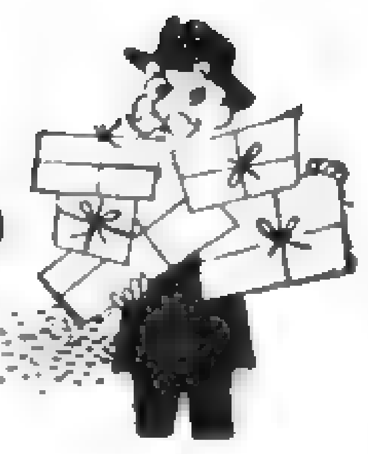

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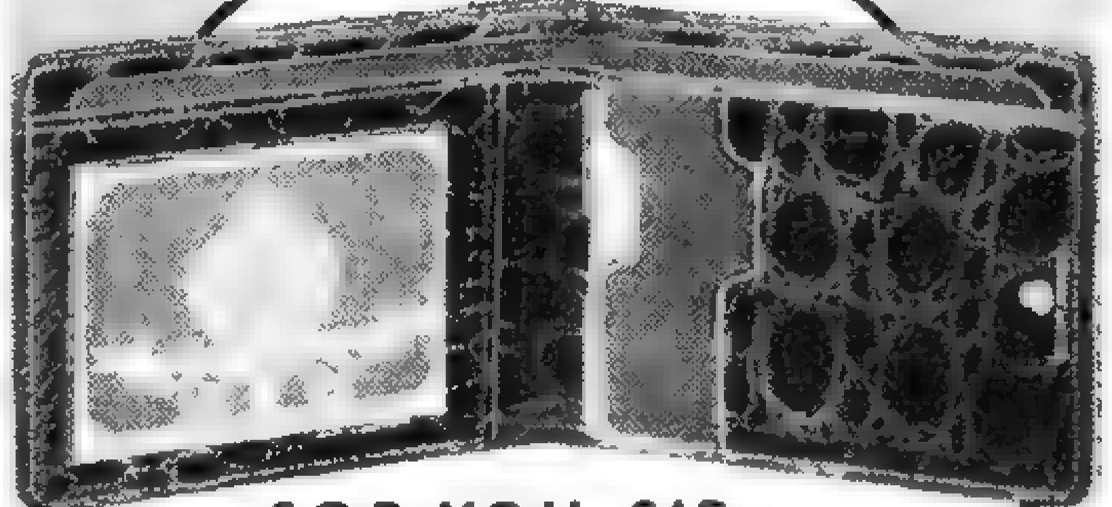
FINEST IN LEATHERWARE

FOR YOU, MY LADY...
Snap change purse with snap closure; genuine alligator; domestic tanned
$10.00*



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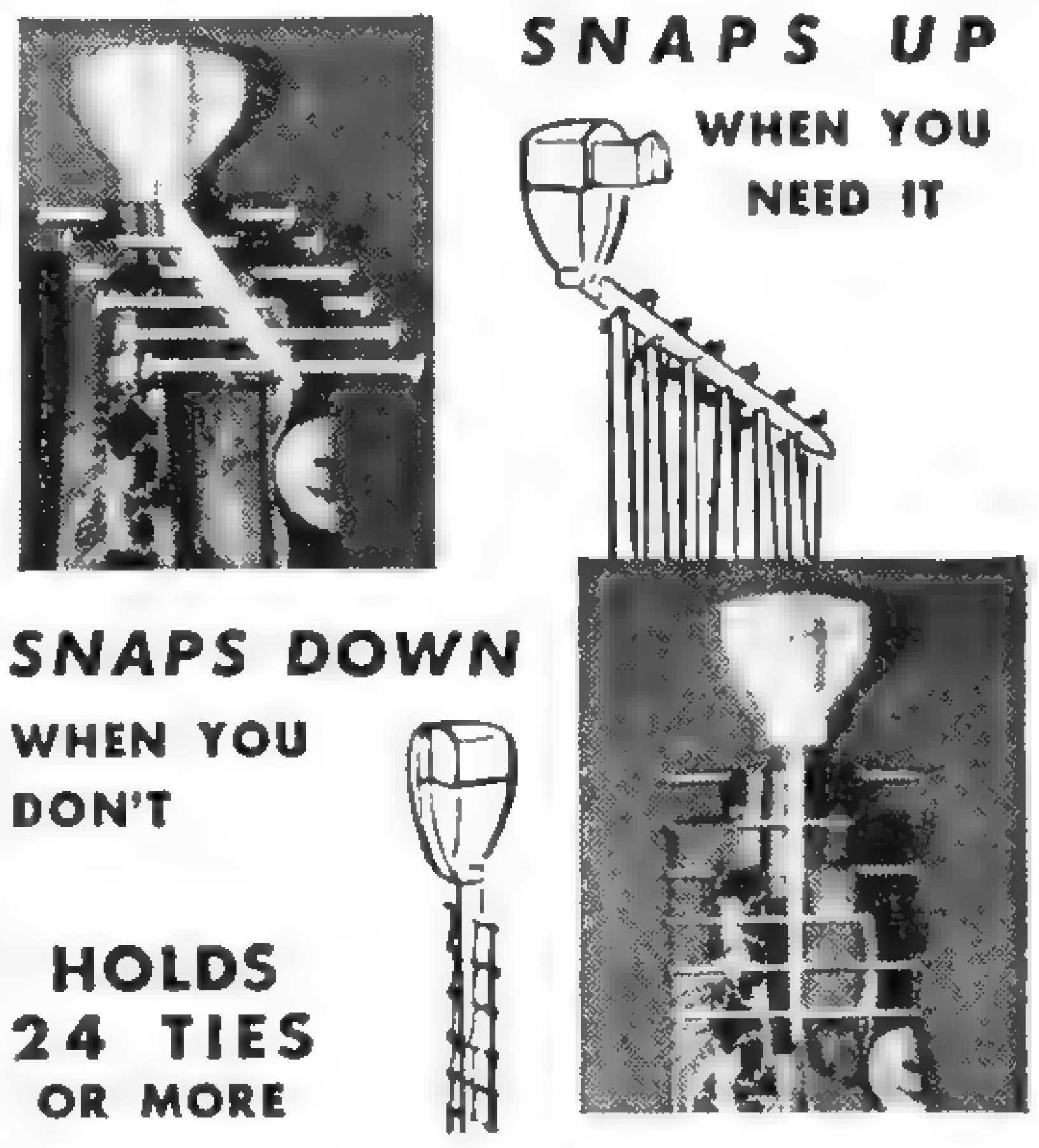
What is Your Next Gift Date?

Give **Snap-Rack**

THE LATEST IN TIE RACKS



Made of colorful *indestructible plastic

Designed for the man who delights in the "new" because it is usually the most efficient—Snap-Rack makes every tie visible for selection yet holds them all securely without hooks or loops. Takes up a minimum of space when "down"; no projecting parts. Has small drawer for accessories. Easily installed on wall or back of door.

**Comes in walnut—ivory—maroon*

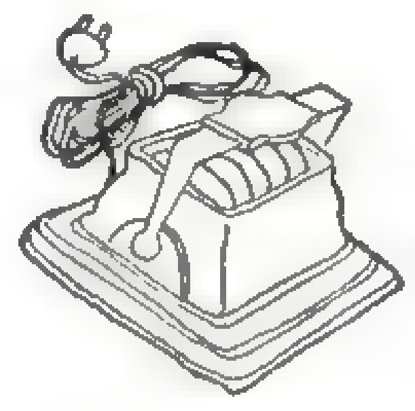
Packed in neat box with screws—it makes a more than acceptable gift.

For sale at better men's shops—or send check or money order to $2.50

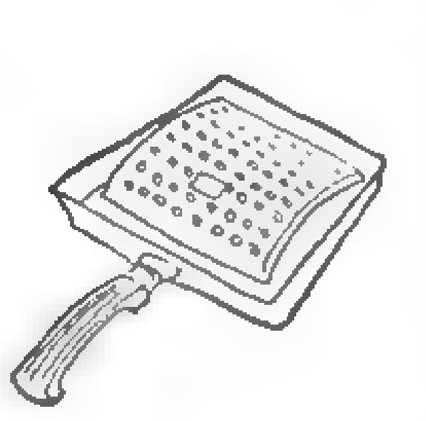
APPLIED PLASTIC PRODUCTS CO.
3004 W. Grand Blvd. Detroit 2, Michigan

Talking Shop with Esquire

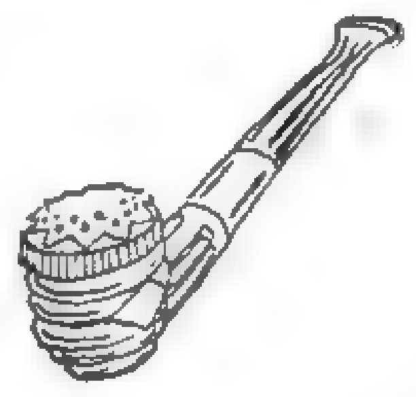
ELECTROCUTED WIENIES. Wonders will never cease. Here's a lightning way to cook wieners through and through in about 1½ minutes. All you do is to plug a neat little cooker into AC current, place one to six franks in the pottery cooking compartment, clamp down the handle, and presto . . . the cooker shoots a current of electricity through the wieners. A boon to roadstand keepers, delicatessens and small shops where speed is essential in serving the hungry hoards. Attractive enough looking for home use, too.



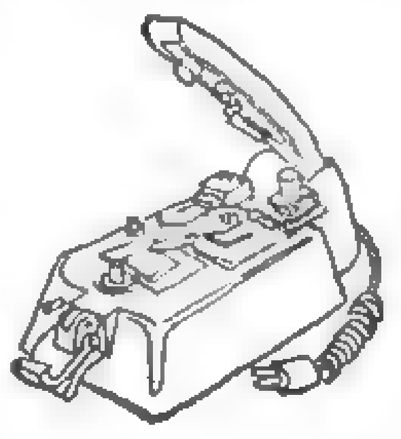
GRILL BACON WITHOUT TURNING! There's a high domed cast aluminum bacon grill that introduces a wholly new technique in the preparation of crisp, greaseless bacon. The bacon strips are laid over the high dome and covered with a perforated aluminum cover that holds them flat. They don't have to be turned, because they grill perfectly clear through, no scorched ends. The fat is automatically drained into a deep grease well around the grill dome. Bacon is started on a cold grill, using a low flame. The heavy aluminum absorbs heat readily on any kind of stove, gas, electric or coal burning.



THE QUARTZ BOWL PIPE. Have you seen those new pipes with the crystal-clear quartz bowls? Seems there's no need to build up a cake with one of these. Only the true, fresh flavor of tobacco is inhaled. Because quartz is heat-resistant and nonporous, you get an air cooled smoke right from the start. The aluminum ventilating fins of the casing, air condition the bowl and little heat is therefore drawn into the mouth. For this reason, also, no layoff periods should be necessary. Pipes have bakelite stems, a cinder cap attachment for motorists, and a flat bowl base for lay-down periods. Incidentally, women should go for these (not for personal smoking, but to have around the house). The quartz bowls can be washed as easily as a water glass so every smoke is sweet and mild.

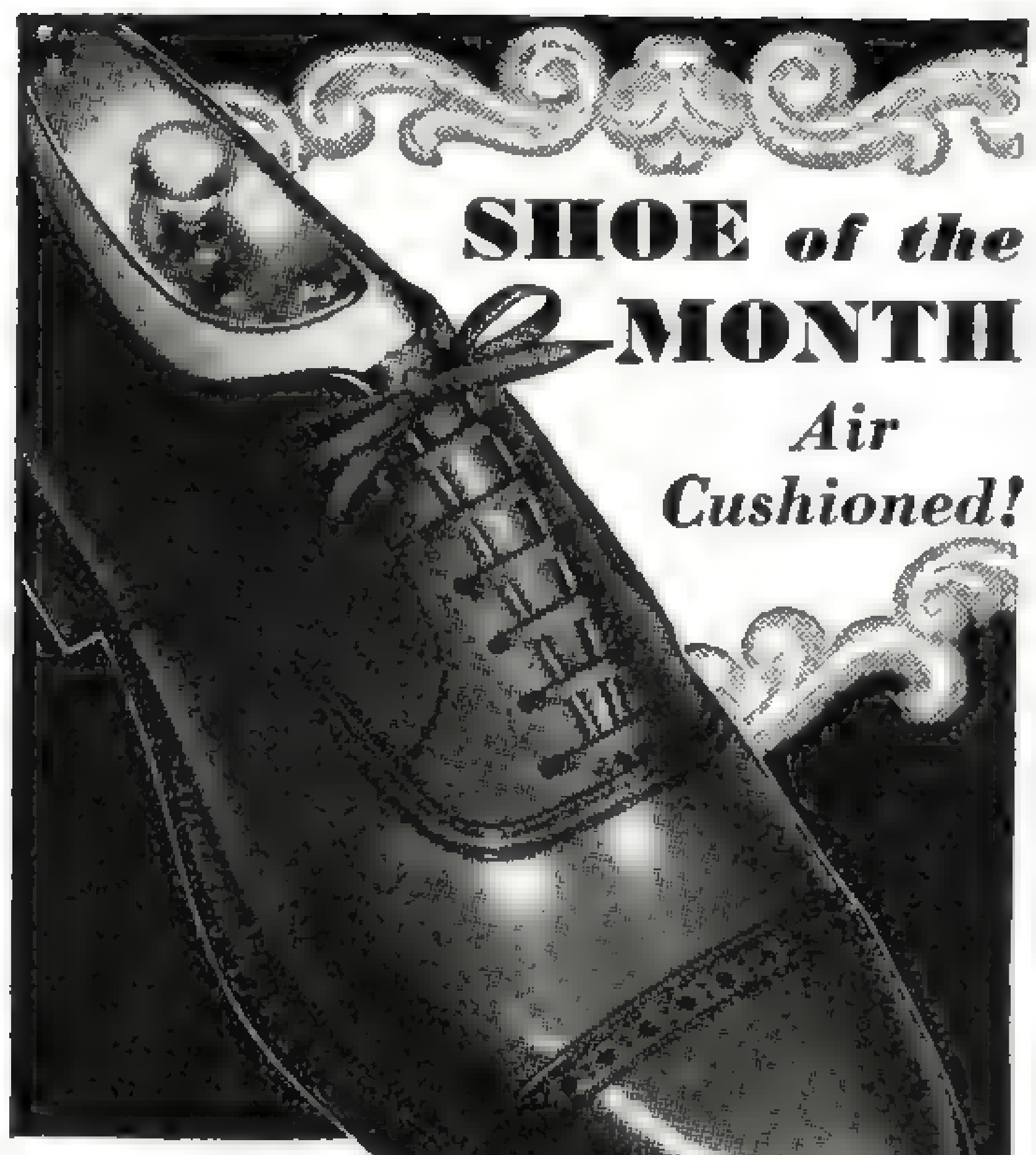


WELD YOUR FILM ELECTRICALLY. An electric machine will splice your 8mm film in 15 seconds or so. No soaking or scraping, no cement, no drying. There's never any overlap when you butt-weld electrically with this machine.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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These distinctive looking CONCORDS are the "shoe answer" for active men who demand both smart styling and luxurious foot-comfort. Expertly crafted of the very finest calf skin, with sturdy leather soles and rubber heels. Famous resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift—*patented nail-less construction*—flexible, sweat resistant insoles — and many other exclusive features have made these comfort shoes the *all-time choice* of millions of men who buy pair after pair. You'll do the same, once you wear these smart, *extra quality* CONCORDS with their built-in comfort — *now offered for the first time by mail!*

ORDER BY MAIL — Immediate Delivery

Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order TODAY—Model E21 in black; or Model E20 in tan. State exact shoe size and width. Available now in sixes 6 to 12, AA to E, **$12.95** —*sizes 13 and 14, A to E,* **$14.25.** Add 25c for mailing. Satisfaction or your money back.

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Now mark your name on your golf balls! "Ballmark" stamps your name indelibly INTO the ball. You avoid mix-ups in play. No more stolen balls. Lost balls returned. Attractive, durable 2-tone plastic, with name in metal type and self-contained ink supply. Buy for yourself and for friends. Attractively packaged, complete with any name. $2
At your favorite store, pro shop or order direct. Ohio residents, add 6c. sales tax
HOLIDAY Products Co., Dayton 1, Ohio

Largest Stock of Fine China And Crystal In New York!

1. At long last—the handsomest of all Mint Julep Cups at a price you'll be delighted to pay. A reproduction of the original "Patrick Henry" cup with beaded border, top and bottom. Ideal for a julep—and it frosts PERFECTLY. Heavy silver plate on copper. Height 4½ ins.—holds 15 ozs. The gift "HE" will welcome. Each $8.00 (tax incl.) engraving extra.

2. Outstanding value—graceful, low, 3-light Candelabra in gleaming Sterling Silver. Height 5⅝ ins., spread 8¼ ins. Pair $30.00 (tax included).

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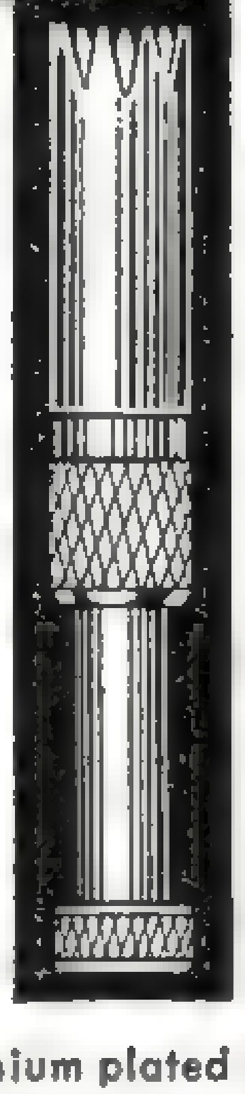
DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use the Hollis **KLIPETTE**
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
ROTATING SCISSORS



You can cause serious infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair clipped off gently, safely.

$1 Made from fine Surgical Steel. Chromium plated—also in 24 Kt. Gold Plate in smart leather case at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax)—a perfect gift for any *special* occasion.

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Enclosed is $............ for .... KLIPETTE(S) at $1 (no tax);............in gold plate at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax). If I'm not entirely satisfied, I may return the above for refund within 10 days.

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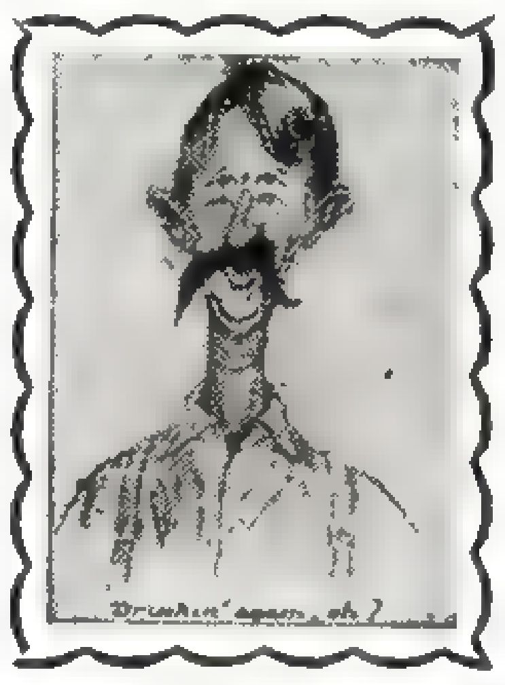
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for your Party Room

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colors Natural, Grey, Maroon, Green, Maize
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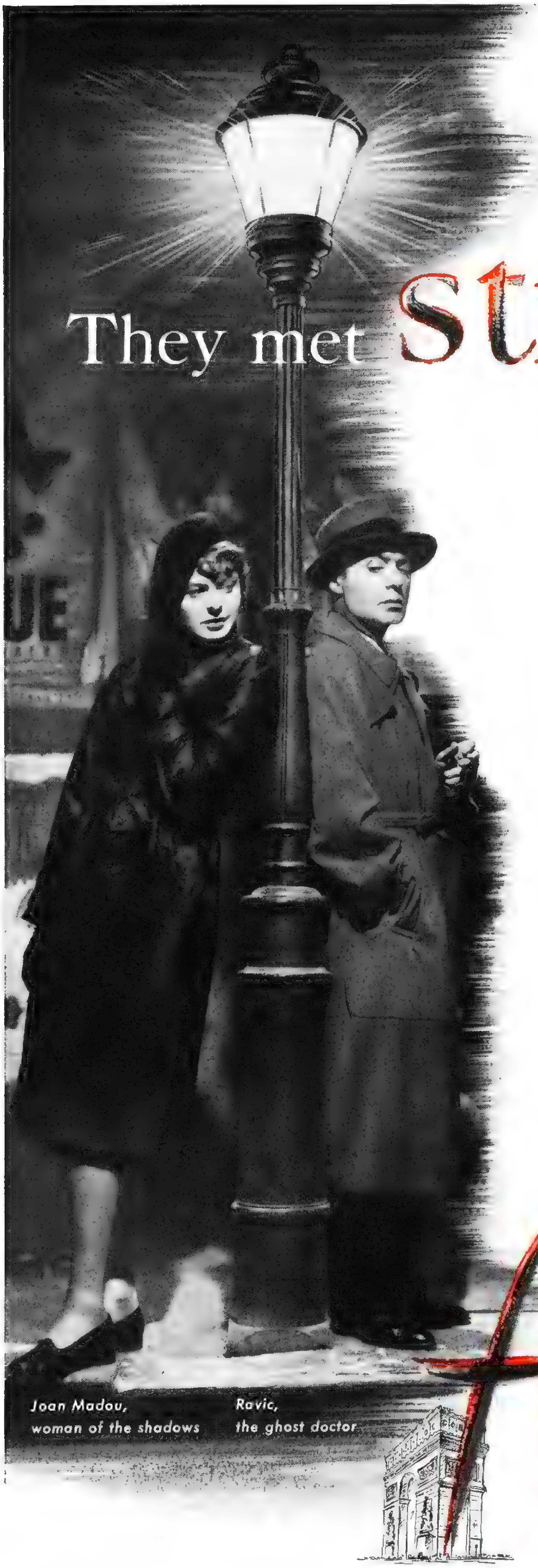

Joan Madou,
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Ravic,
the ghost doctor

They met strangely

in the plum-blue dusk of Paris. They melted into each other's arms...each other's lives. Waiting ...was the man he was sworn to kill.

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Impassioned Drama of Our Times...

Arch of Triumph

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The miniature "slot machine" that can be played anywhere by any number of players with or without banker. Strike levers and watch the wheels spin. Score cards and instructions included.

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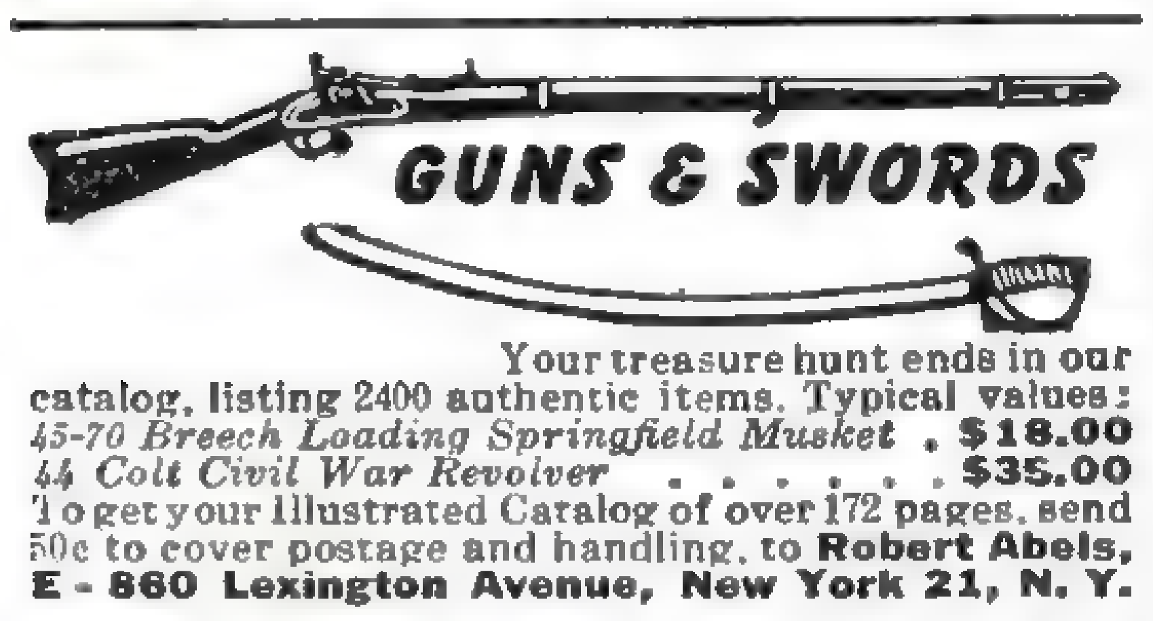
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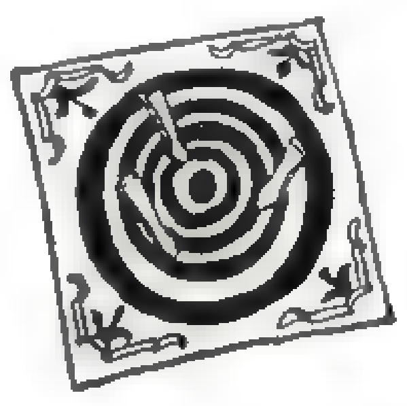
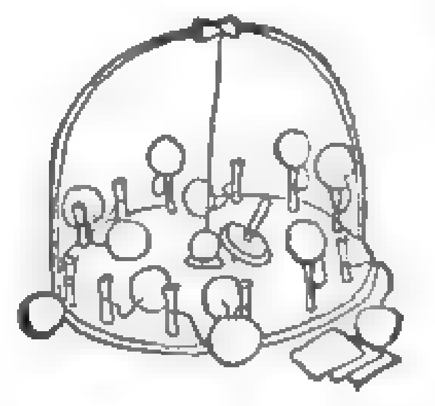
Talking Shop with Esquire

KNIFE THROWING. Here's a new angle on the ever popular dart games. This time you use four balanced steel knives which you hurl at a wooden bull's eye. The one piece knives are forged of high carbon steel, true-balanced, ground and polished; handles are scored. Target board has a bull's eye on either side for double wear. Takes considerable skill to hit the bull's eye.

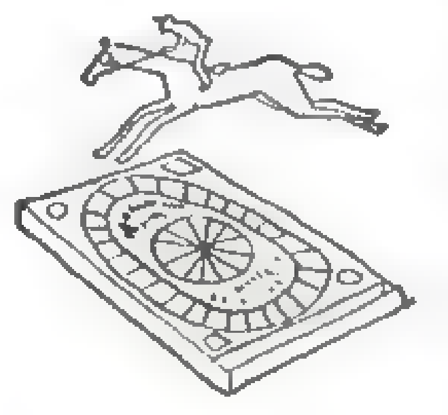


PLACE YOUR BETS. That old favorite "Balaroo" is back again, and quite a contraption it is. A round base of wood has 12 tees, numbered from 1 to 12 around the outside edge. Each tee holds a colored, plastic ball. Hanging from the top center of an arched wire is a small rubber ball, suspended by jointed wires. A heavy top is spun in the center of the base, on the flange of the top is a projection or nub which hits the swinging rubber ball, sending it in every direction and knocking the balls off the tees. Players play numbers through cards conforming to numbers on tees. Last ball remaining, collects.



WANNA PLAY GAMES? If you're getting ready to hole in for long winter evenings . . . you can engage the family in a few new games to while away the time. Gin rummy or poker addicts would do well to stock up on those new plastic playing cards, which, supposedly, will outlast 150 to 200 decks of ordinary cards. The plastic processing enables them to retain their original crisp feel and snap for easier shuffling and dealing. The cards are washable, stain-proof, chip-proof, fray-proof, moisture proof . . . which is proof enough.

ELECTRIC TRACK. The old horse racing game goes high hat, operated by electricity. The game operates on 105-125 volts, 50-60 cycle, AC only. Two control switches are located at diagonally opposite corners. Comes complete with printed scoring pad, 6 different colored metal horse and jockey figures, game money and full directions.



Ranger

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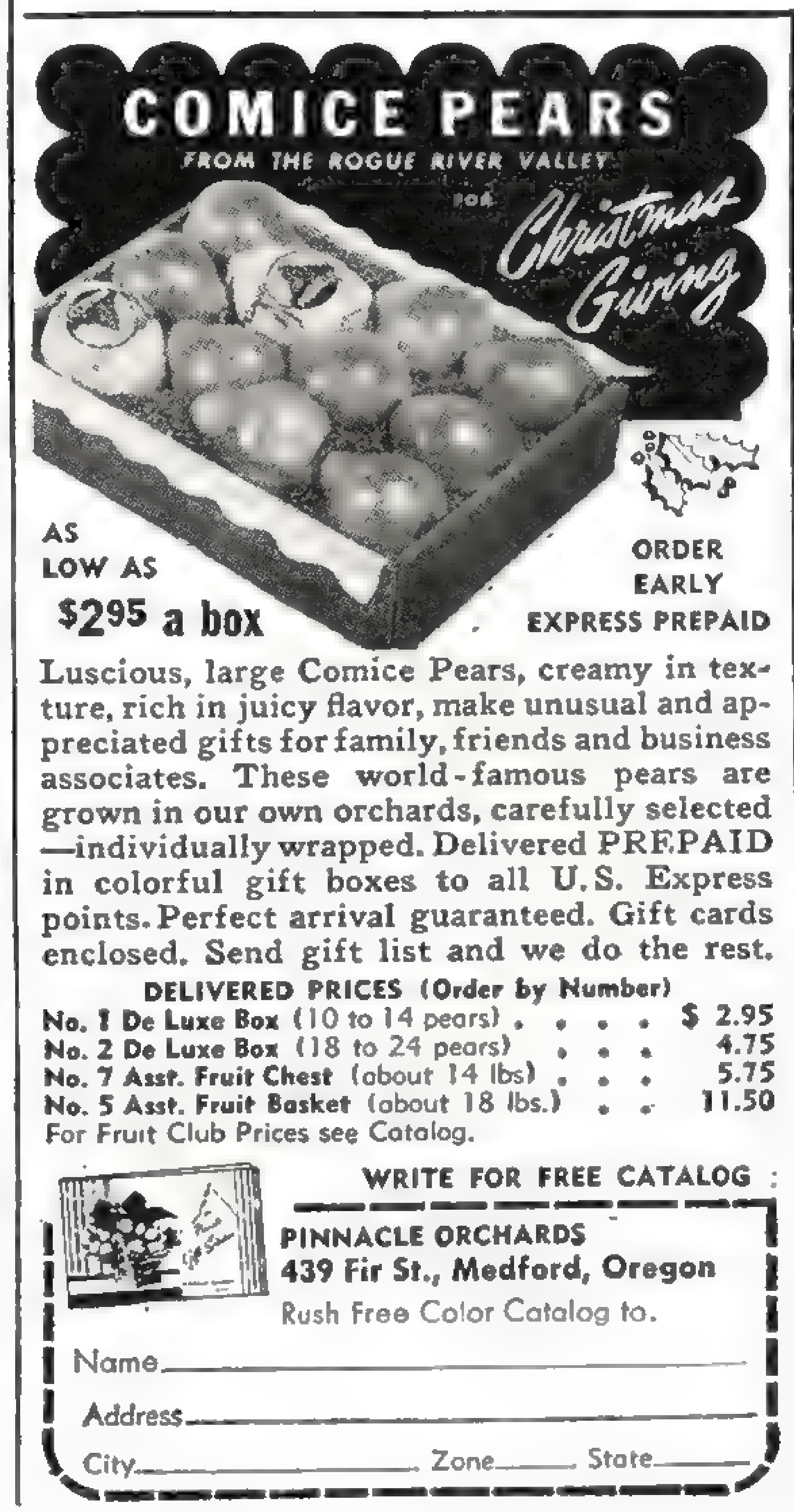
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• She will treasure this handsome gift from you. Her first name or initials sewed on **FREE.** Colorful Cosmetic Bag, $2,35; Wallet, 4 compartments, also holds 8 photos, $3.35; Cigarette Case (or Change Purse) @ $1.35. Colors: Black with red trim; red with black; black with gold; beige with green; brown with green; or navy with red.

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VARSITY VIC
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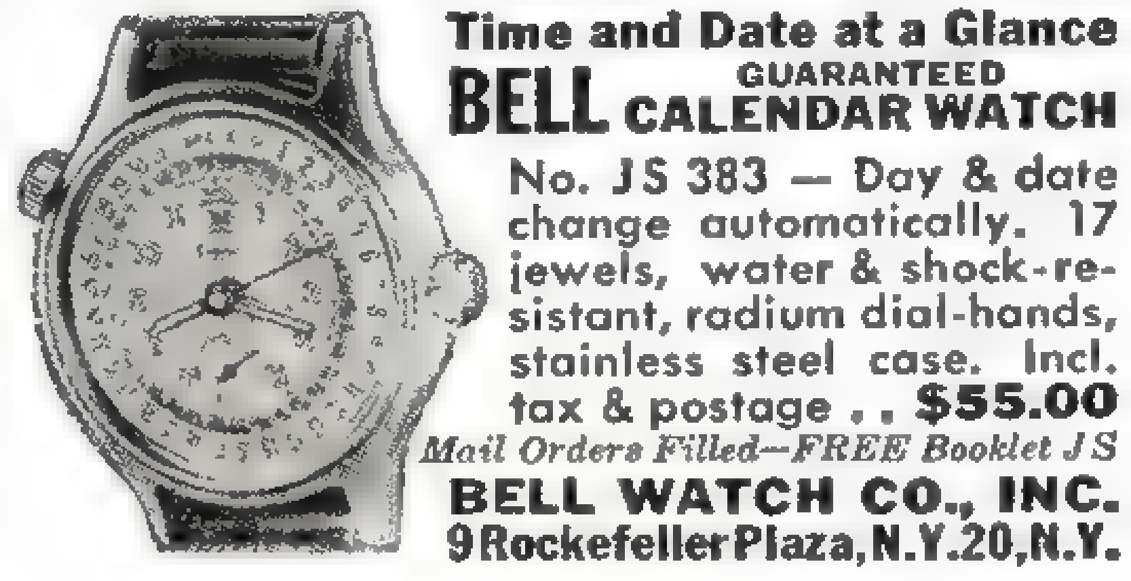
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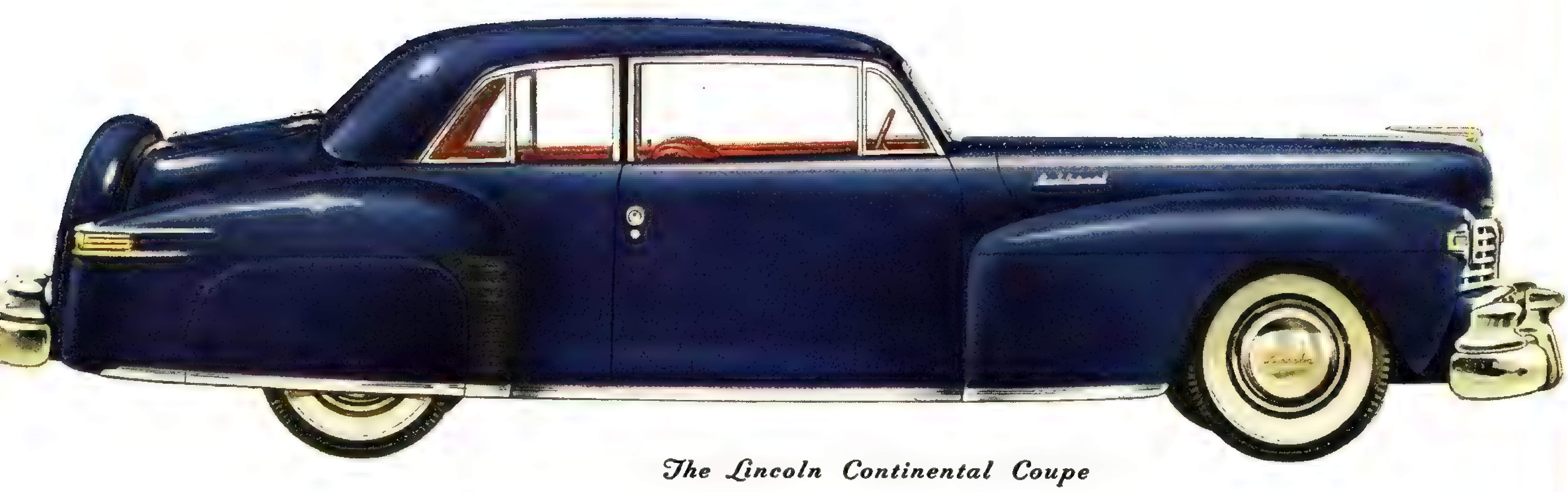

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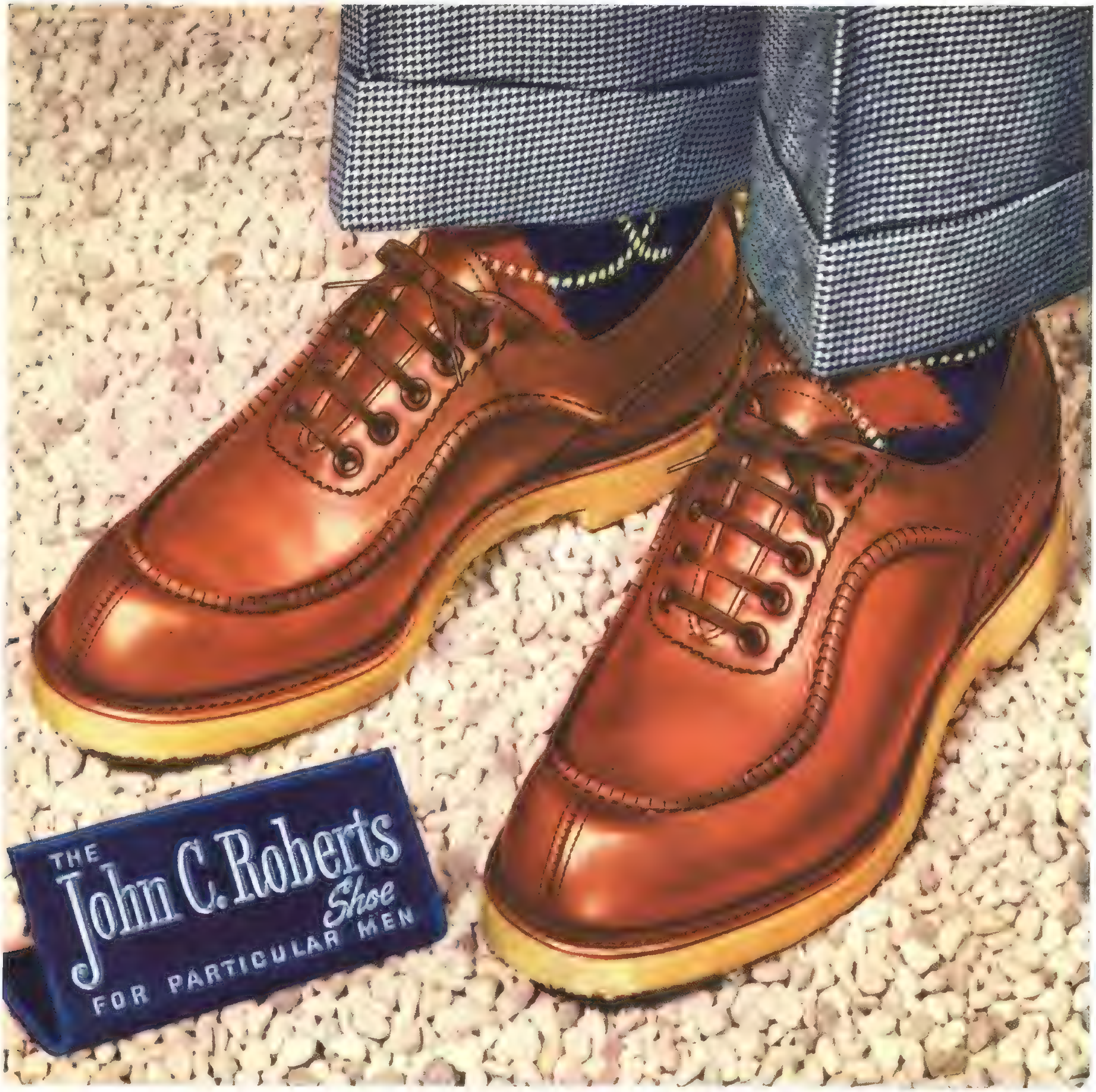
could be finer

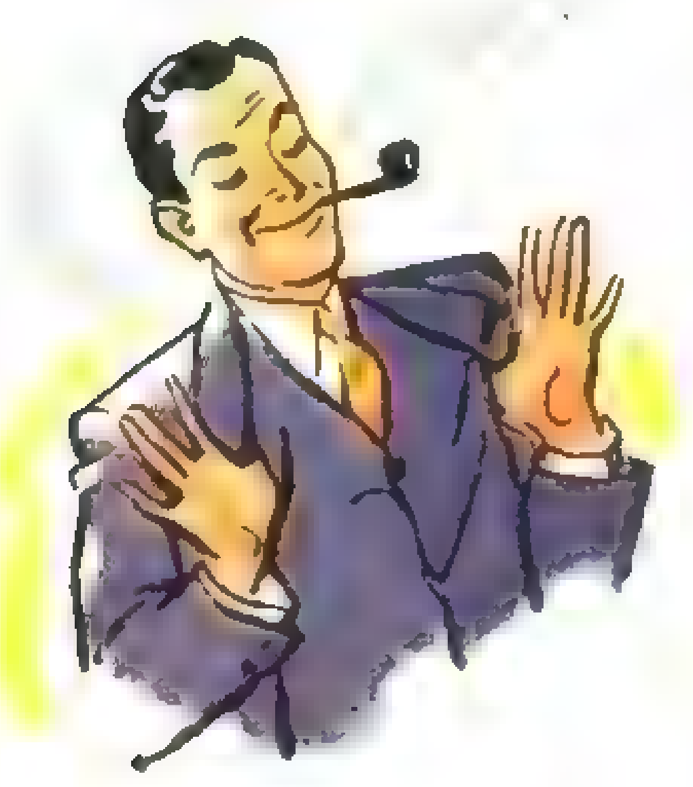
When available, white sidewall tires at extra cost.

Lincoln

DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



they're rugged...they're JOHN C. ROBERTS



Here's something you'll want to be *first* with . . . a brand-new super-rugged John C. Roberts Shoe!

The sole and heel are solid crepe rubber, bound to keep you going a long, long time. They're plenty flexible, though, for all their wearability. Add the extra comfort and style of those raised seams . . . and Mister, that's a *shoe!*

What's more, being a *John C. Roberts* Shoe means only the finest leathers put together by skilled craftsmen. So you get comfort, good looks and l-o-o-o-o-ng wear . . . *plus* value for your shoe dollar.

Better see your John C. Roberts dealer. Slip into a pair. Then wear them out of the store . . . and just *try* to wear that sole out!

Also Robertson Shoes at lower prices

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World's Largest Shoemakers

"I've got that light-as-Astaire feeling"

SHE: But darling, our dance lessons don't start until tomorrow. What's come over you?

HE: It's not what's come over me. It's what's come *off* me!

SHE: Sounds like a strip tease.

HE: That's just what this new suit feels like. Notice anything different about it?

SHE: It's awfully good looking . . . but . . .

HE: Not *but*, baby. It's awfully good looking *and* it's revolutionary!

SHE: Revolutionary? How?

HE: Well . . . it's fine worsted; weighs just as much as an ordinary suit; but on my back, it feels almost weightless.

SHE: . . . And the name of this marvel?

HE: Plateau* — made by Timely Clothes.

SHE: If it makes you feel like dancing over chairs, darling, I want you to get six of them!

TIMELY CLOTHES

PLATEAU

the suit with the weightless feel

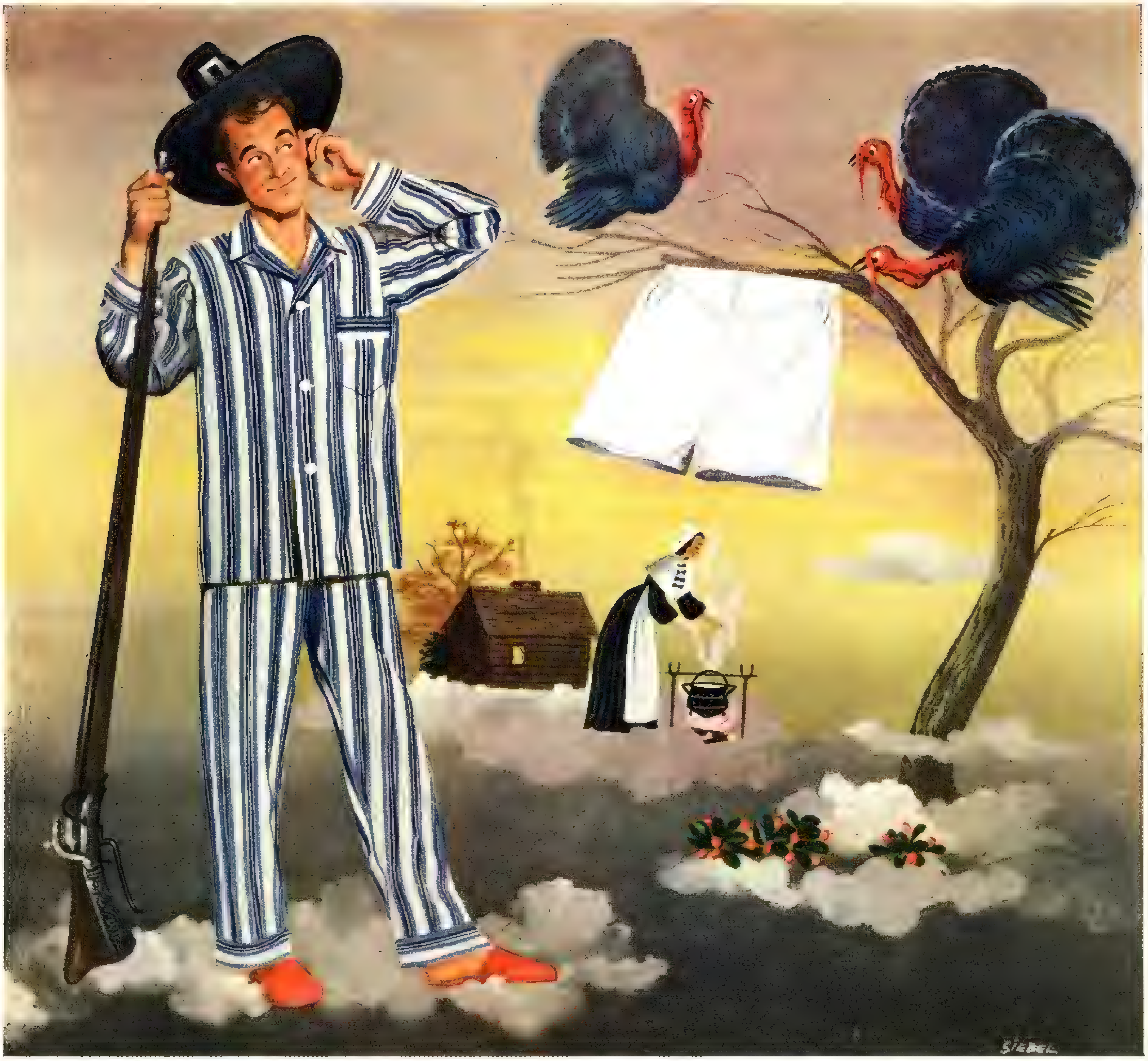
fabric by

Pacific Mills

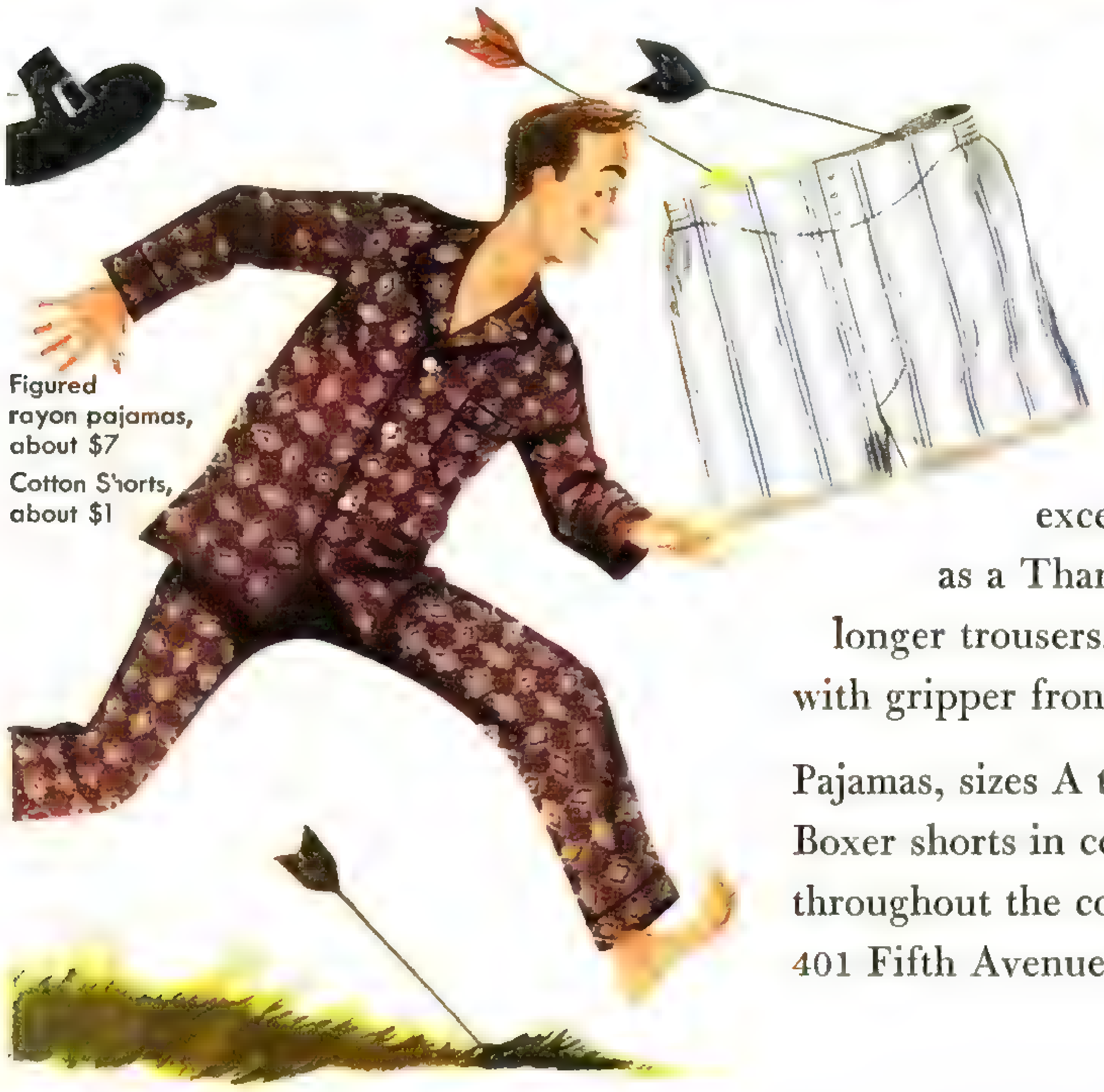
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Plateau is a fine, silky-textured worsted of regular weight. But thanks to Prelaxing, a new weaving method by Pacific Mills, the weight of the yarn is so evenly distributed that it feels almost weightless on your back. Wonderfully comfortable most of the year and ideally suited to modern living. Plateau also has famed Balanced Tailoring that makes all Timely Clothes look better . . . longer. In solid shades of blue, brown, tan, spruce; single or double breasted.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE TIMELY CLOTHES, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.



Striped cotton pajamas, about $5 • Cotton Shorts, about $1



Figured rayon pajamas, about $7

Cotton Shorts, about $1

Thank TEXTRON for such skillful tailoring... neat designs

Real cause for celebration—the way Textron tailors finest rayons and Sanforized cottons to give you such exceptional values in pajamas and shorts! Seams generous as a Thanksgiving table . . . roomier armholes in the pajama jacket, longer trousers, too! Shorts with the comfortable "parachute" seat . . . with gripper fronts and softest, non-restraining elastic sides.

Pajamas, sizes A to D from $5 to $10. Gripper shorts, sizes 28 to 44, $1. Boxer shorts in cottons, $1.25—rayons, $1.75. At leading stores throughout the country. TEXTRON, INC., Textron Building, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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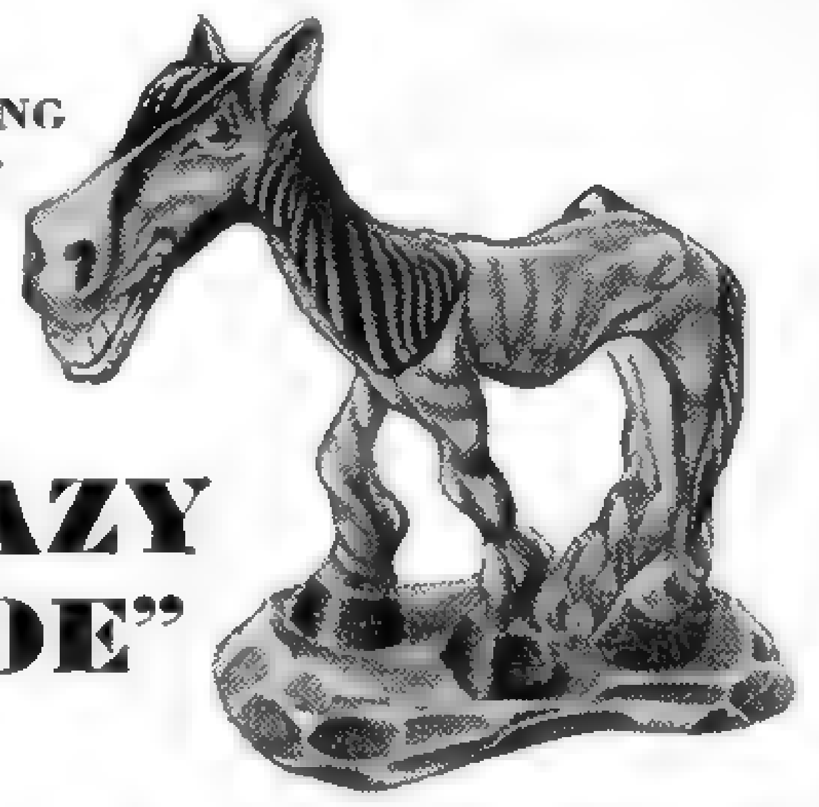

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Talking Shop with Esquire

DO'S AND DONT'S. Sunlight affects wine. Keep in a cool, dark room away from heat . . . or temperature changes. Wine should be laid on its side to keep the wine in contact with the cork thus excluding air. Unused portions of wine left after a bottle is opened, will spoil. Don't call wines "sour". Refer to them as dry, astringent or tart. In pouring wine, avoid dripping wine on the tablecloth. Give bottle a slight twist before raising its mouth from the pouring position. Wrapping a napkin around the bottle is unnecessary. (Your friends will think you're trying to hide the label.) A wine glass should never be filled to the top . . . ¾ is enough. It is customary to pour the first drink into the host's glass, then serve the guests. Don't put ice in your wine glass. To open champagne, remove wire and foil in one action. Hold bottle at a 45 degree angle, twist cork to loosen. As pressure forces cork out, hold it firmly. Pour in two motions, letting foam subside after the first pouring. White table wines are best after at least two or more hours in the refrigerator; red table wines are usually served cool but not refrigerated.

WINE GLASSES. Don't let the vast number of fancy wine glasses on the market frighten you. For ordinary consumption, you won't need the array of a Washington Hostess. *Size* is more important than *shape* when it comes to glasses. Actually you only need three types of glasses . . . a 2½ oz. tulip shaped glass can be used for dessert and appetizer wines; a 7 or 8 oz. tulip shaped glass for table wines, and a champagne glass of 5 oz. capacity, tulip or saucer shaped. Hollow stemmed glasses make sparkling wines bubble more and longer, but if you have to wash them yourself, they're tough to clean. Special cone shaped glasses for sherry are impressive, but unnecessary. *Uncolored* glasses are preferable.

Ranger

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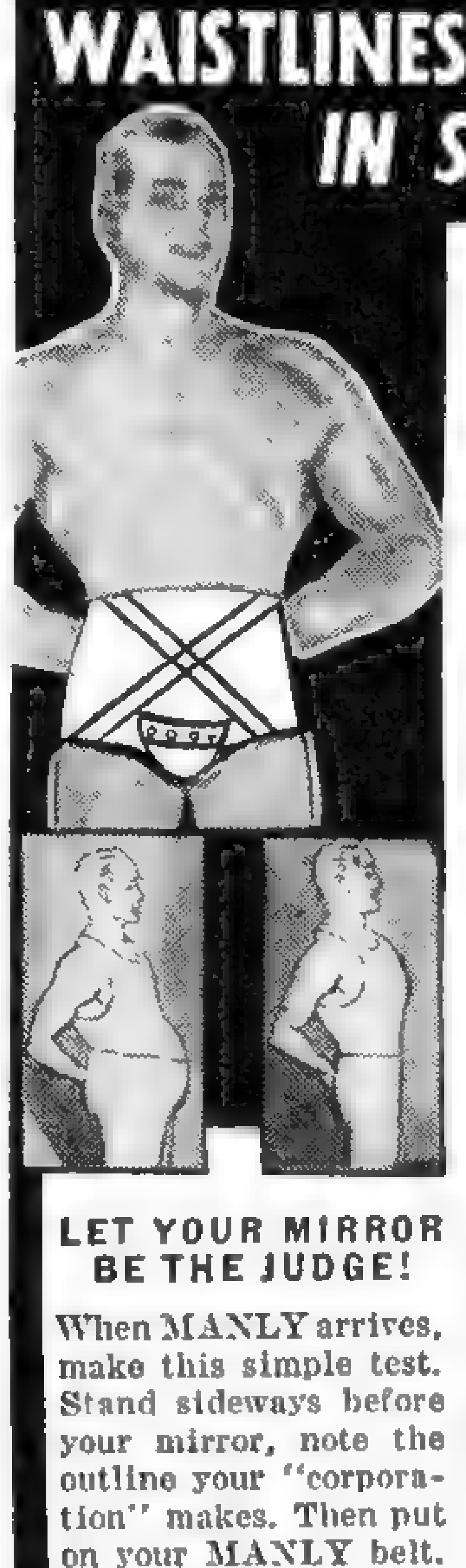

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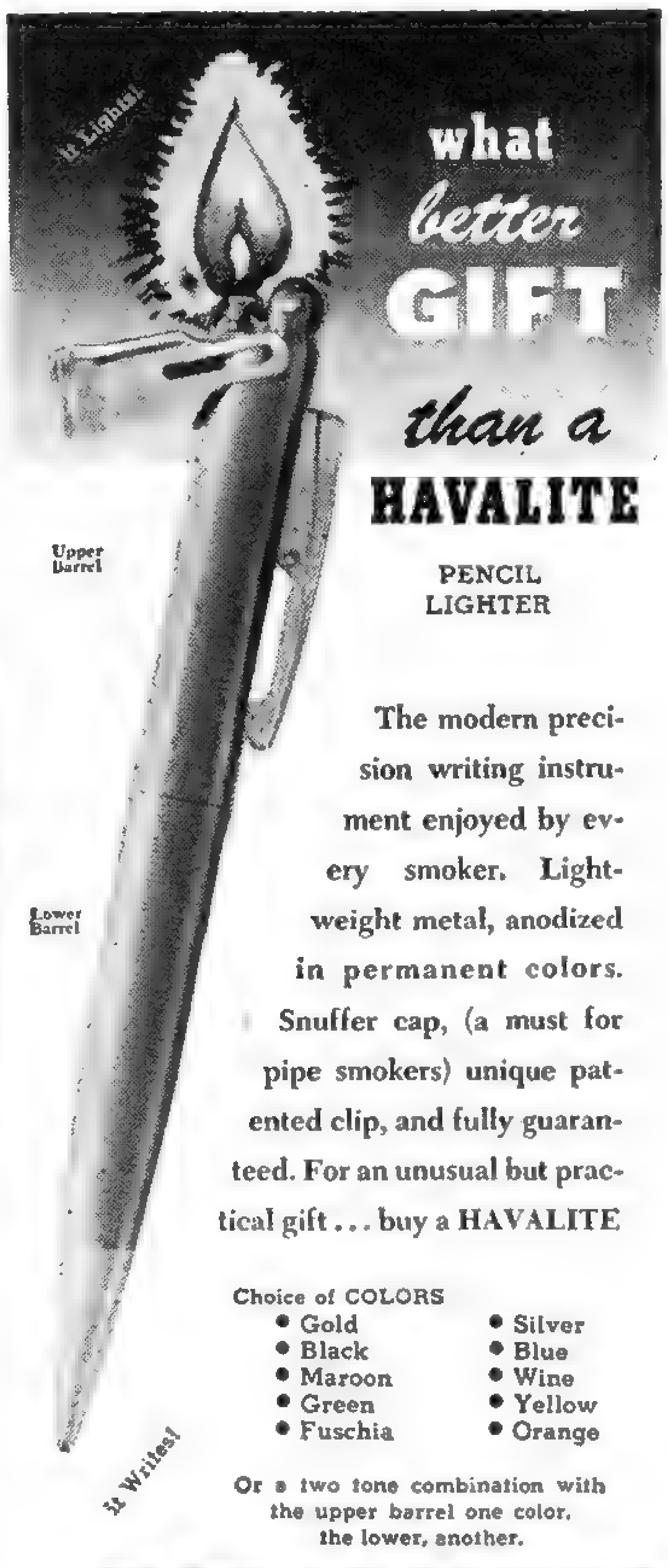

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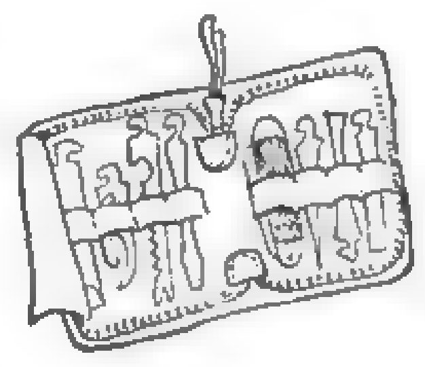
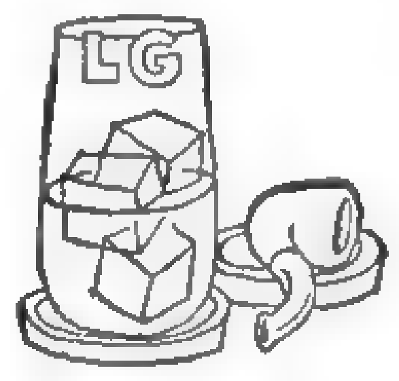


WHICH IS YOUR GLASS? Novel means of highball glass identification . . . clip-on initials. They're ¾" high, ½" wide, with a clip back ½" long. Stamped from lightweight metal, they can't cut, rust, tarnish or tear. Clip them on the top of glasses, use them as napkin rings, use them on place cards. Smart, sensible idea.



NEW ENGLAND DINNER IN TIMBUCTOO. Saturday night dinners in New England are a tradition . . . chowder, fish cakes, beans and brown bread. Attempts in other parts of the country to catch the particular New England flavor of this menu, have not been entirely successful. But now everybody can sit down to a Saturday supper in the New England manner. A sage Yankee from up Boston way, has put the whole dinner into cans with remarkable success. New England clam chowder which only needs milk added to the contents of the can. The chowder is chockful of clams and diced potatoes, and tastes as if it had been made fresh the day you eat it. Next, fish cakes. It's a state secret how *canned* fish cakes can manage to taste so crisp, succulent and good. The beans are real brick oven baked and as Boston as the Tea Party.

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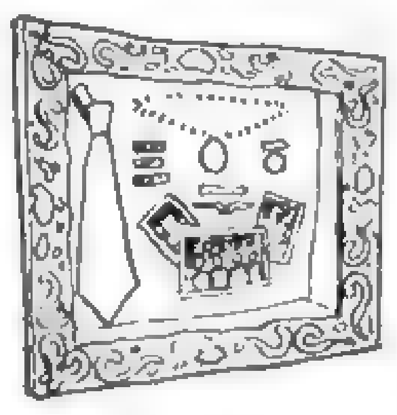
MEMORIES ON YOUR WALL. Almost every chap has a personal collection of nostalgic items stuffed away in some odd box. Latest idea is to bring 'em out in the open, artistically framed in a shadow box on the wall. A firm of wall decorators will do the job. These clever fellows specialize in shadow boxes and third dimensional framings. What seem to be ill-assorted groups of odds and ends, emerge as decorative wall pieces of importance. War momentos, your necktie, dog tag, "Greetings", insignia, photos, etc., can be worked into an interesting wall documentary. Same for college trophies or vacation souvenirs. If you've just been married, the shadow box will chronicle the event for posterity. . . a bit of satin ribbon, the bride's "something blue", the invitations, the wedding cake box, etc. Old jewelry, cuff links, stick pins, fobs, look like museum pieces in their rich shadow box setting.



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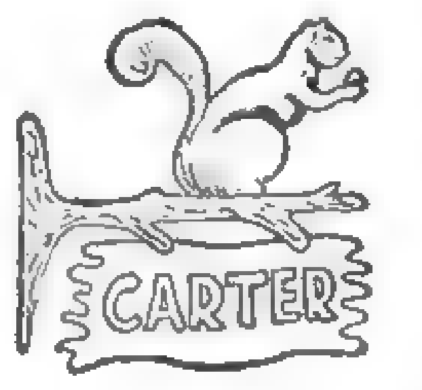

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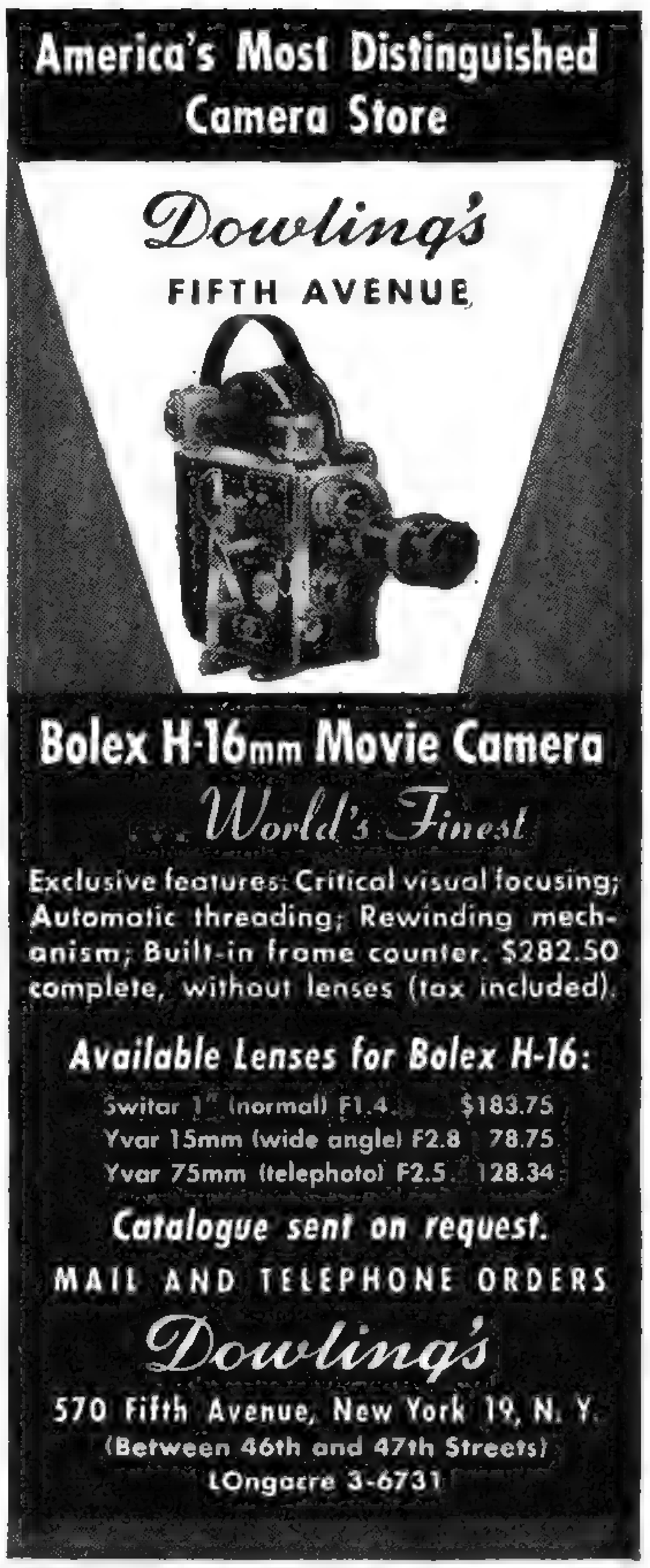
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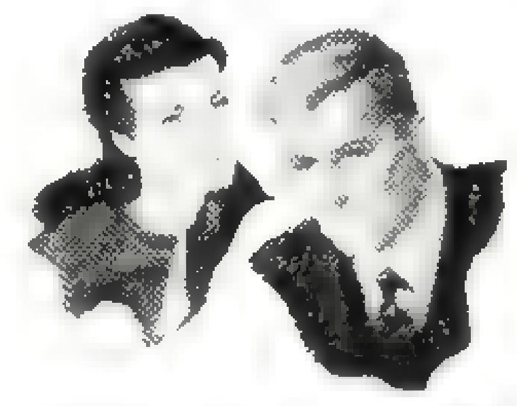

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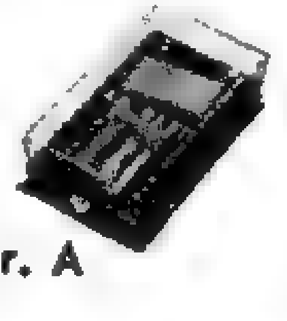

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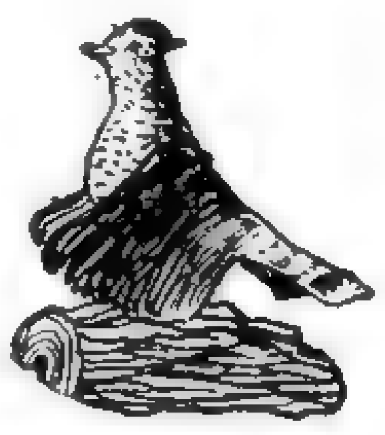
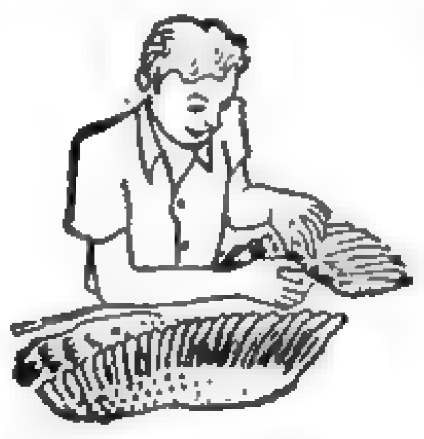
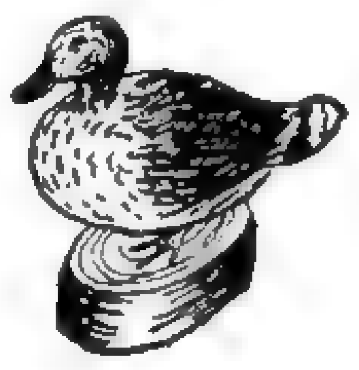


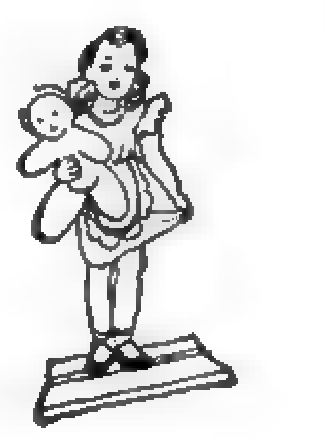
WILD BIRD MODELS. Down in New York's Greenwich Village, there's a fellow who spends his life carving wooden birds. So life-like, so downright uncanny, it's little wonder that they're real collector's items. There's a reason for this, turning out birds is an arduous performance. Before he carves and paints his birds, he photographs. To photograph them, he has to hunt them. After he's bagged a fine woodcock or pheasant, he skins it down himself (learned taxidermy through a mail order course, he tells us).



HE MOUNTS THE ENTIRE SKIN of the bird he wishes to carve on a board, puts the board on the wall and photographs it in toto. Then he traces around, then blows up or reduces the pictures of elevation and lateral views to the size he wants and cuts out the silhouettes. It's easy to trace around the resulting templates on the block of wood he uses as his base of operations. Then the whittling starts. He uses a sharp bench knife, and slashes through the wood blocks with long sweeping strokes. Once rounded with a knife, the forming bird models are finished off with sand paper. Then the scoring begins, followed by the painting. He paints right from the skins, or occasionally, from colored photographs.



CHOICE OF 100 BIRDS. The birdman carries 100 birds in stock which may be purchased immediately. Small standing game birds are 2 to 3″ long; large standing game birds, 6″ long; flying game birds for wall ornaments, 6 to 7″ long; or song birds on perches, 5 to 7″ long. People like the upland birds best, especially the woodcock, he says.



PHOTOGRAPH INTO STATUETTE. Ever want to turn an ordinary snapshot into a small statuette to stand on table or desk? It can be done. Baby pictures, your pets, children, bridal pictures can be mounted on a masonite base and finished in goldtone. Fellow we know took a snapshot of one of his buddies in GI regalia, and has had a full length 8″ statuette made. War memento stuff.

Ranger

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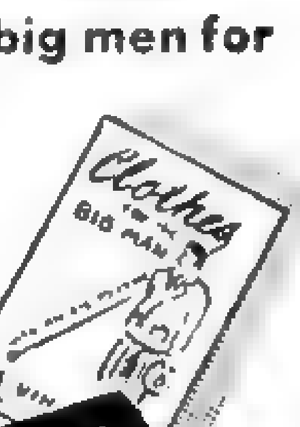

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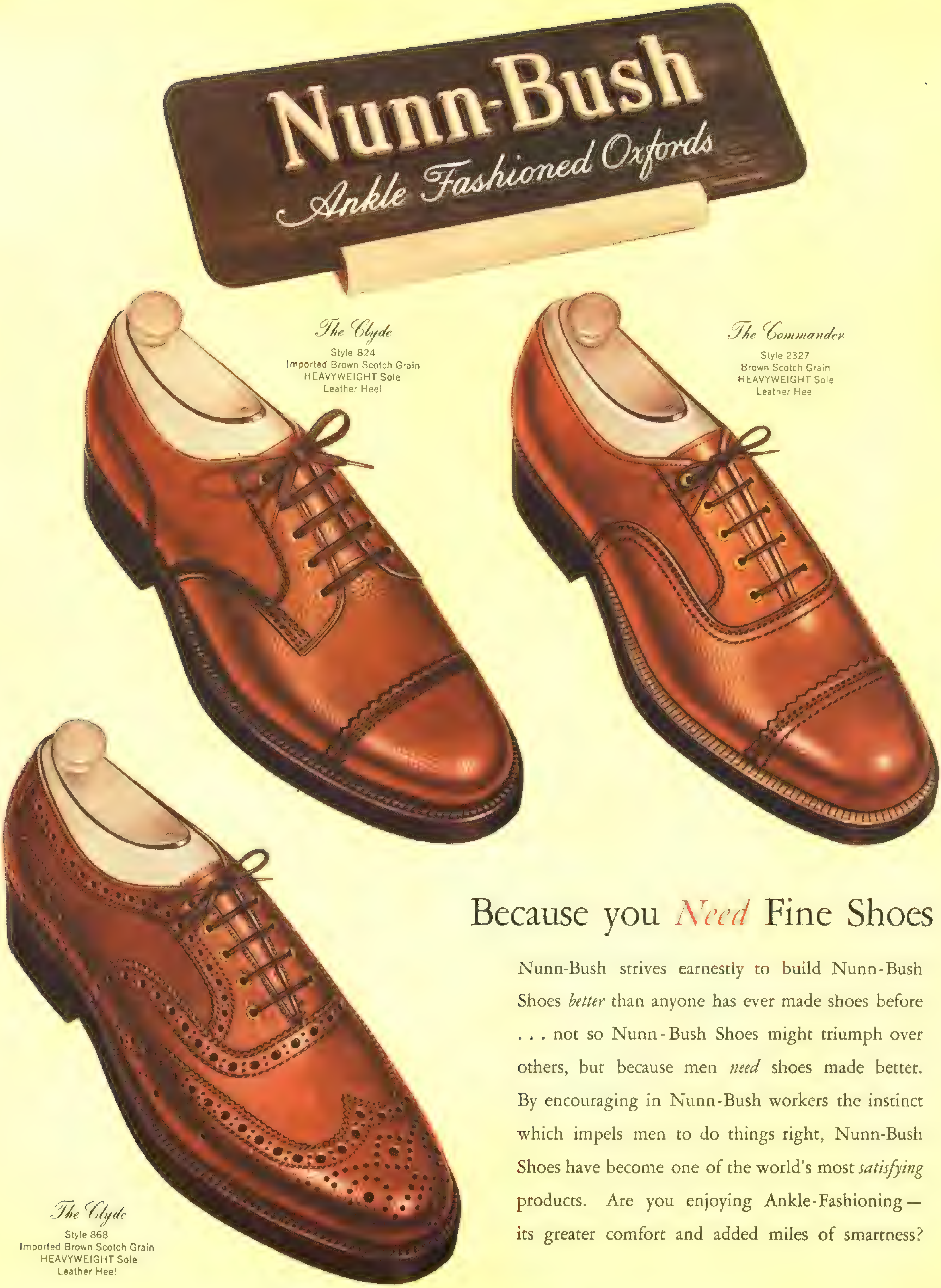

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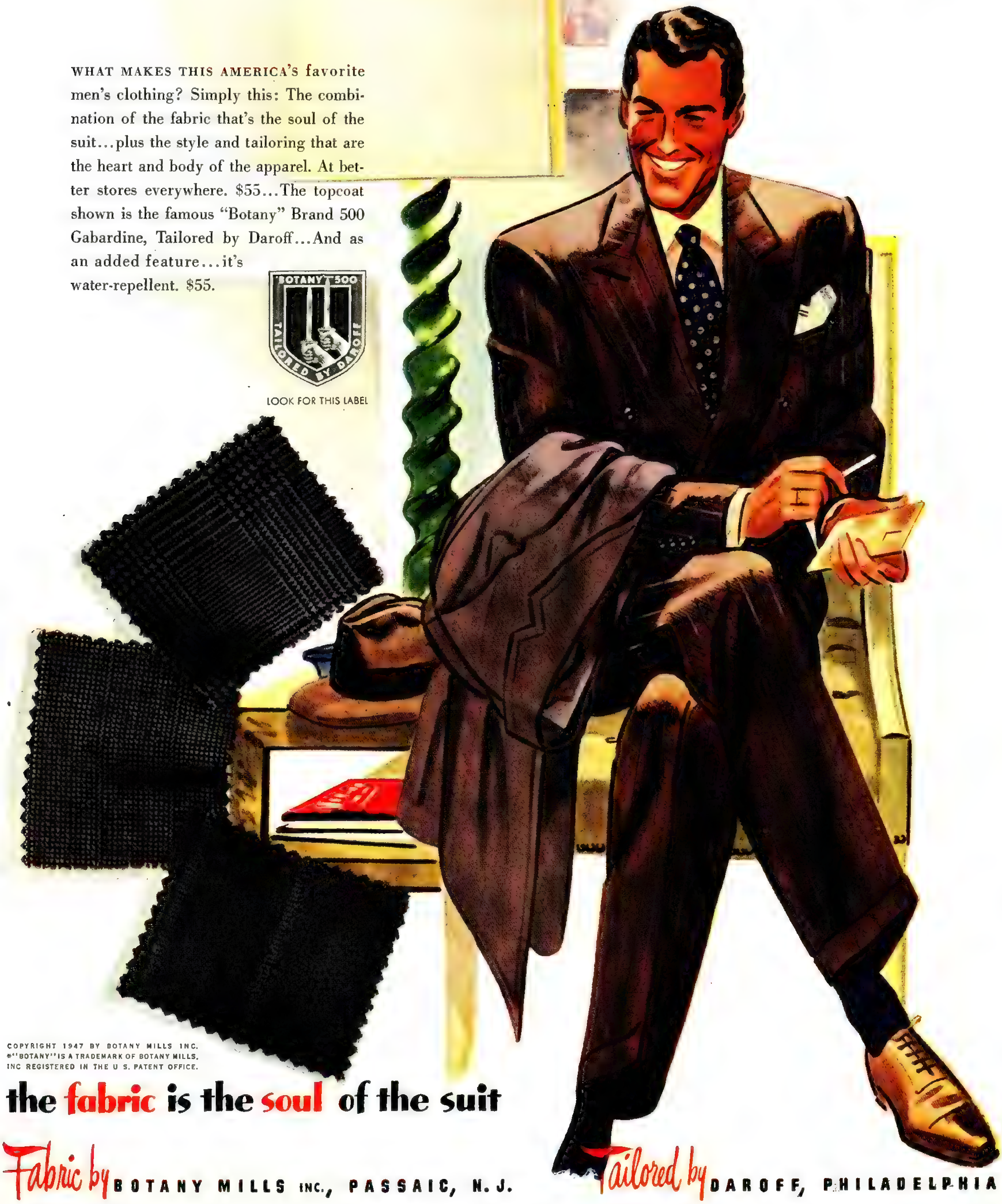

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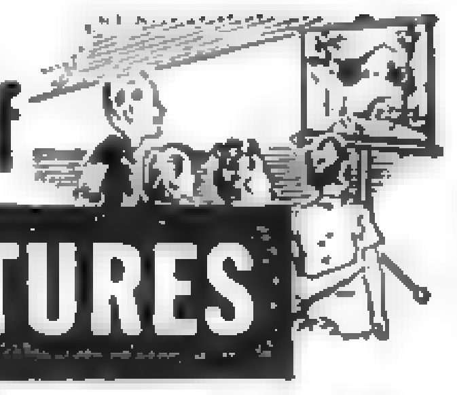

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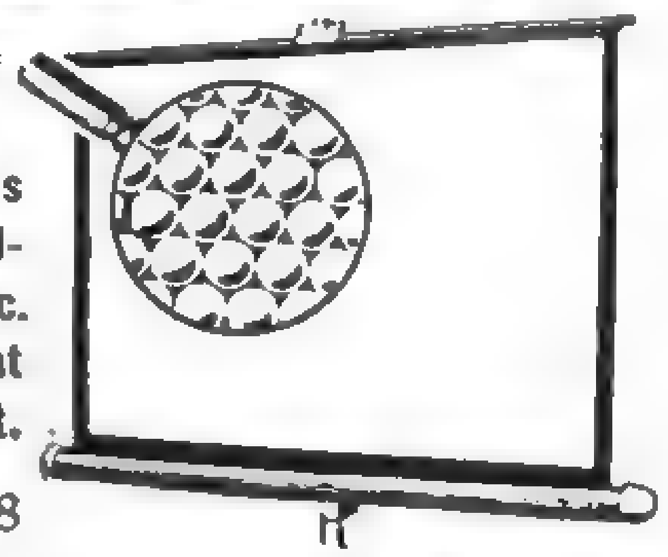

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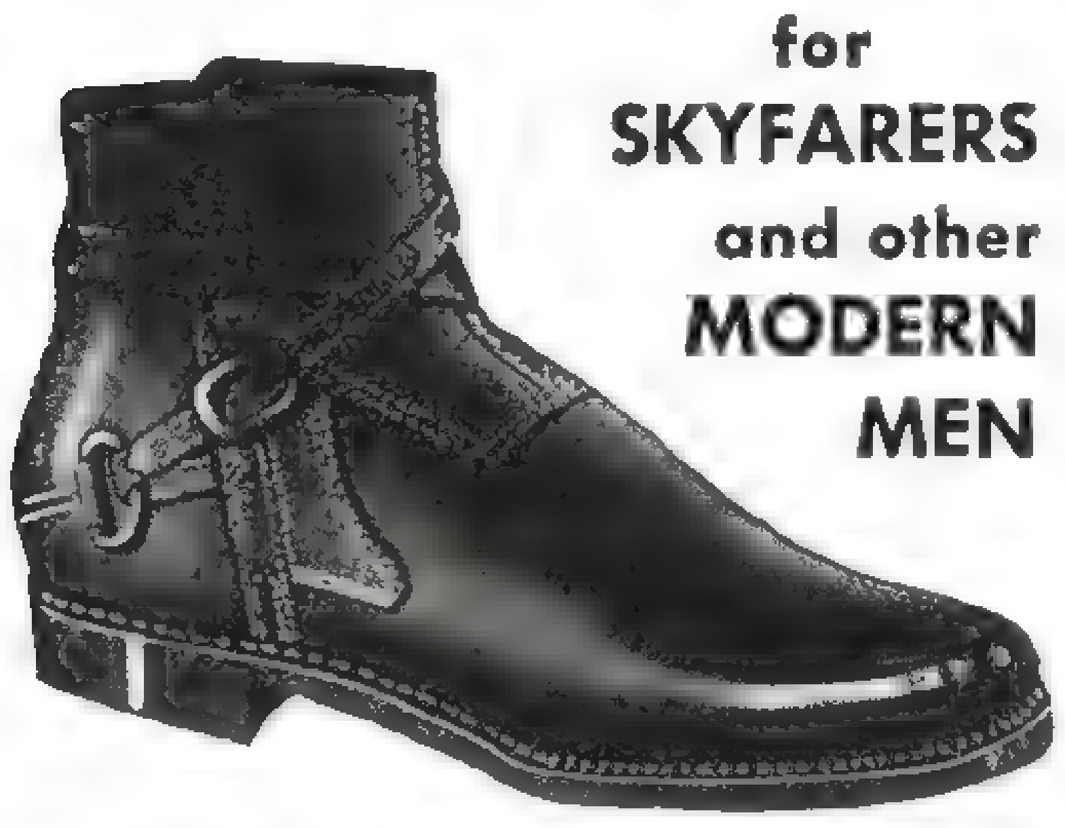

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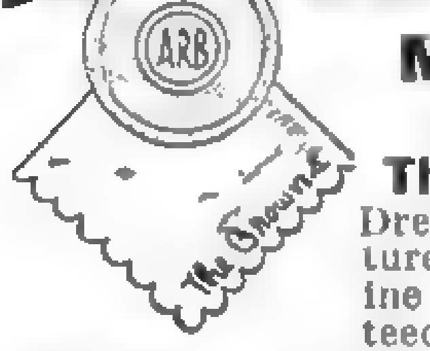

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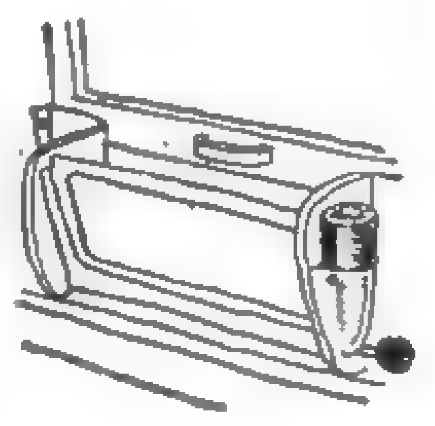

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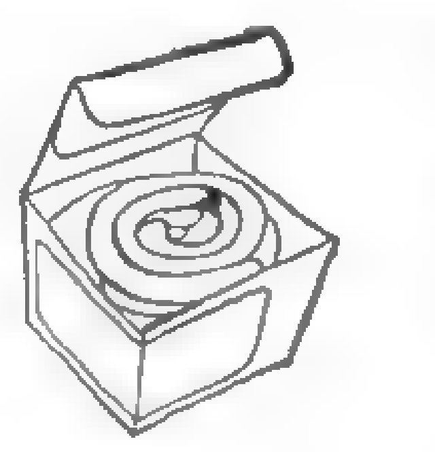

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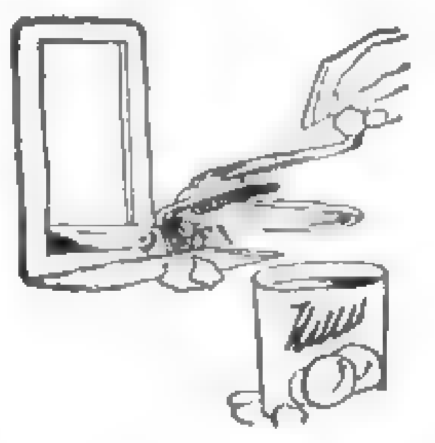

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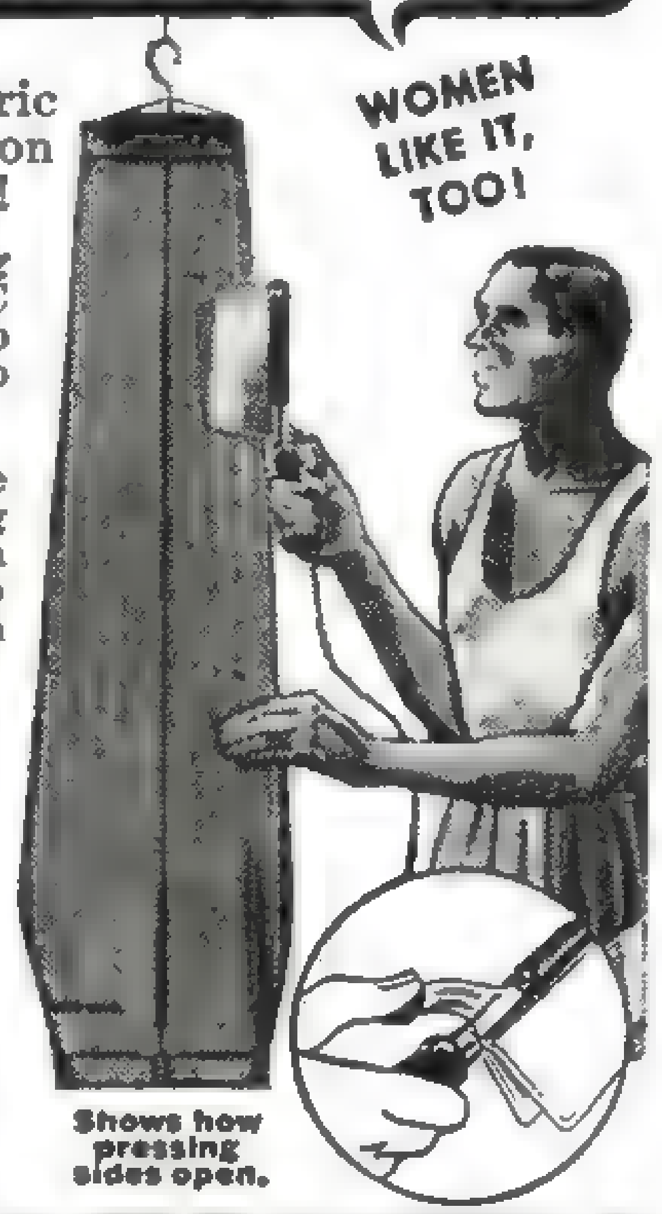
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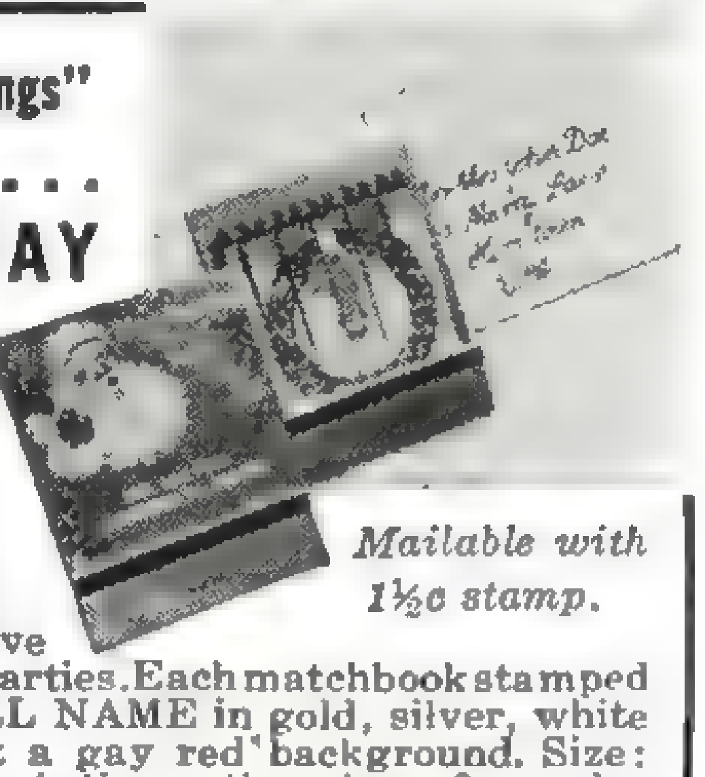

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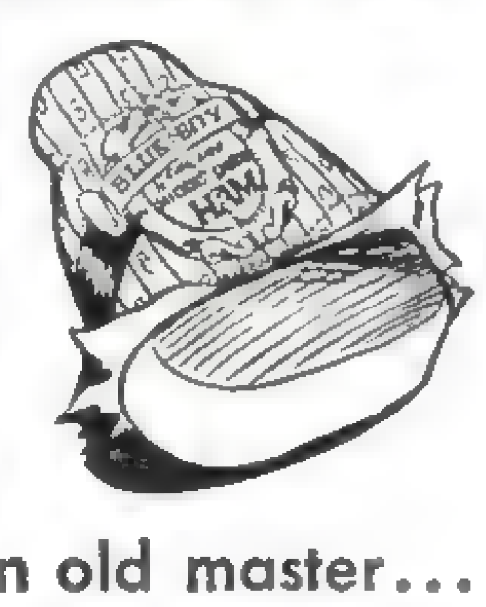
Rumin Gold-Coated Flints . . . the only gold-coated flints made . . . plus Rumin blue-flame Lighter Fluid are a sure fire combination that make every lighter spark quicker, light brighter!

SOLD WHEREVER CIGARETTES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO ARE SOLD

ROCK FLINT CO. 123 Doughty Blvd., Far Rockaway, N.Y.

GENUINE HICKORY SMOKED FLAVOR. Tender, juicy hams from happy hogs that have been pampered and petted make the perfect gift for your friends and yourself, too. These hams are smoked with genuine shell bark hickory . . . smoked by an old master . . . just right . . . with your choice of light, heavy or medium flavor. Hams are wrapped, ready to ship, in gorgeous red, blue and gold wrappings. Clever gift tag attached says "Specially Smoked For . . .", and your friend's name. Twelve to eighteen pound sizes . . . tenderized . . . a real delicacy for discriminating tastes. $1.39 lb. delivered anywhere in U.S.



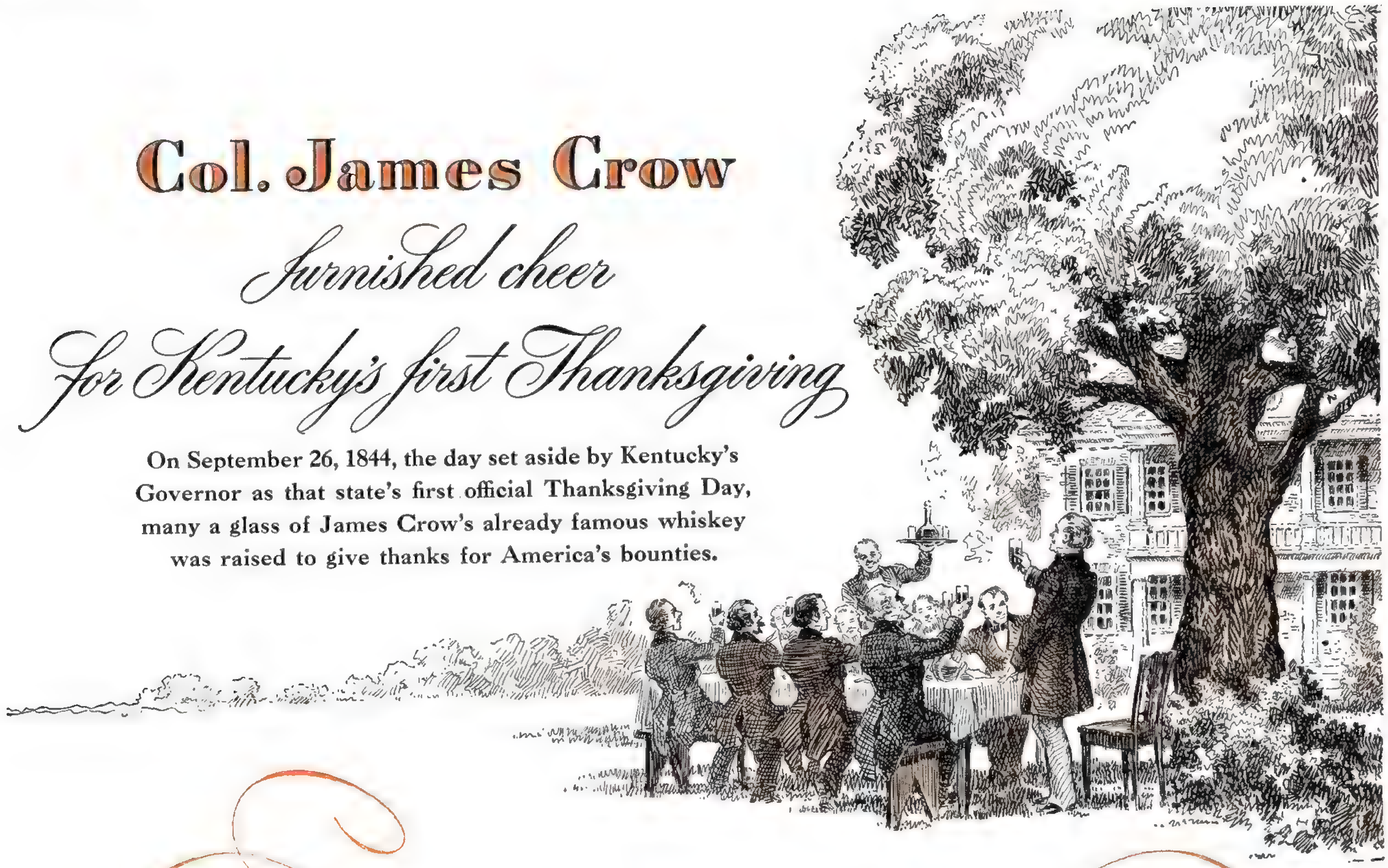
BLUE BOY PRODUCTS, S. Saint Joseph, Mo.

Col. James Crow

furnished cheer

for Kentucky's first Thanksgiving

On September 26, 1844, the day set aside by Kentucky's Governor as that state's first official Thanksgiving Day, many a glass of James Crow's already famous whiskey was raised to give thanks for America's bounties.



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
W. A. Gaines

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT ★
BOTTLED
IN
BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

BOTTLED · IN · BOND

A Truly Great Name among America's Great Whiskies

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Murray and Lanman's Florida Water

"He-man" SHAVE LOTION

Soothing, after shave. Peppy rub-down . . . effective deodorant.

popular $1 size at drug and dept. stores

also FAMOUS FORMULA FOR THE HAIR

Barry's TRICOpherous

"He-man" way to keep hair well-groomed, neat. 50¢ the bottle.

Lanman & Kemp—Barclay & Co., Inc. N. Y. 5

INVENTORS

The question as to whether a subject matter is patentable can be substantially determined by a search of the U. S. Patent records. Without obligation, write us for full information on what steps an inventor should take to secure a Patent or Trademark.

RANDOLPH & BEAVERS
Registered Patent Attorneys
928 Columbian Building, Washington 1, D. C.

Want to be TALLER?

Want to zoom UP to the height you've always dreamed about? What a thrill it is to be TALLER! And it's so *easy*. As easy as stepping into a pair of "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing Shoes. *Instantly* you rise in everybody's estimation. *Instantly* you tower over people. Your future lies at your feet. You can make your TALLEST wish come true.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
*TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

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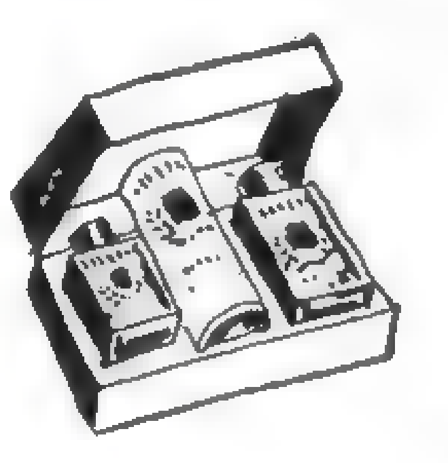
Please send me Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer.
NAME________
(Please Print)
ADDRESS________
CITY________ STATE________

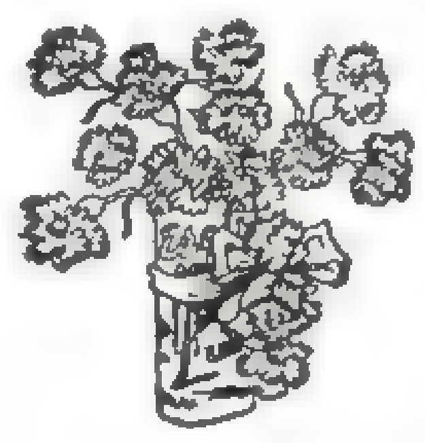
The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Manufactured Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.

Talking Shop with Esquire

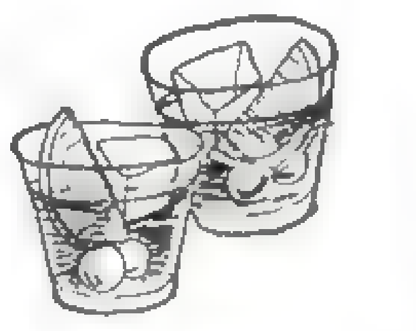
POMANDER. If you've been in England, you've probably noticed pomander balls (dried oranges studded with cloves) hanging in the closets of the best homes. This pungent, spicy odor has been captured and worked into a line of toiletries for men. Pomander talc, shave lotion and toilet water with a tangy, bracing scent. Neatly packaged in blue and gold striped boxes with gold topped bottles.



BON VOYAGE BOUTONNIERES. Same shop specializes in bon voyage gifts for men. They take a copy of Esquire wrap it around a glass vase which contains 2⅛ doz. carnations, plus pins. Idea is that a man can cut boutonnières for himself and friends for the entire voyage. Smart, huh?

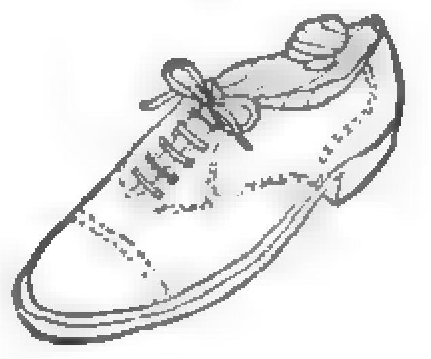


OLD FASHIONEDS become as simple as a highball to make, simply by opening a jar which contains cherries (already stuck on toothpicks) fullsome slices of orange ready to put in the glass.

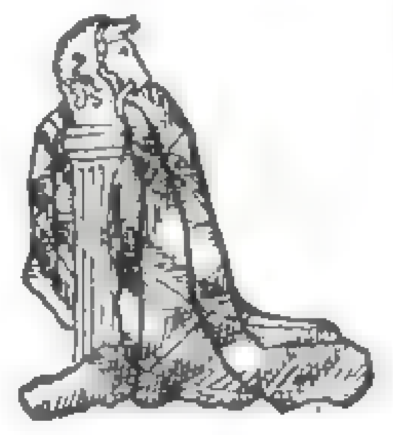


BULLETIN ON BOUTONNIERES. We dropped in to see the town's most glamorous lady florist to get the word on the boutonnière situation. More men are wearing flowers in their buttonholes than ever before, she tells us. Years ago, when a chap wore a carnation, he was labeled a dude . . . or he was a suburbanite proudly wearing the product of his cherished flower garden blooms. Nowadays, well dressed business men consider the boutonnière almost as indispensable as the pocket handkerchief. The carnation still leads in popularity, in red, maroon or in a special species . . . maroon with white edging. Excellent with business clothes. Dark complected gents lean toward the yellow carnation . . . and darn becoming it is, too. Second choice is the ever jaunty cornflower . . . a break for blond, blue-orbed chaps. In the Fall, clusters or pompoms in white or reddish bronze come into favor . . . from the very small size to larger versions, according to taste. Nothing fragile about any of these flowers . . . they're clean-cut, masculine. For evening wear, the white or maroon carnation is still standard equipment.

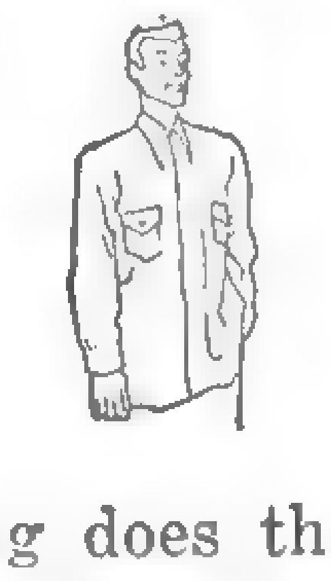
JUMBO SIZE SHOES. Wear a size 16 shoe? Ten to one you've had to get your shoes made to order at great trouble and expense. There's a concern up in New England which does a brisk *mail order* business in king size shoes . . . sizes 11½ to 16, mind you, and widths C, D, E, and triple E! They're old timers at designing out-size shoes which manage, through skillful proportioning, to look like regular sized shoes. And comfortable, too. The shoes have flexible leather innersoles; a special steel shank for strong support; lined tongue for added protection, 7 eyelets for a more graceful line. Obtainable in black or brown calfskin at an astonishingly low price . . . less, in fact, than many regular sized shoes.



HORSE BLANKET . . . and you don't need to own a horse. Smart addition to a college room, convertible car, or a football game, is the all wool blanket in race horse plaids. Bold and aggressive in Hialeah red, Churchill Downs blue or Belmont Green on a white background. A cheery relief for a chap's downy cot, after years of slumbering under army Khaki.



WASHABLE WOOL SHIRTS. Now you can buy an all wool shirt that can be dropped into any ordinary washing machine and come out with its color and size unchanged. A virgin wool fabric plus a new textile chemical processing does the job. The company completed a number of stringent tests to make sure the fabric was shrink resistant. They found, too, that it did not pick up stains or dirt and resisted moth damage.



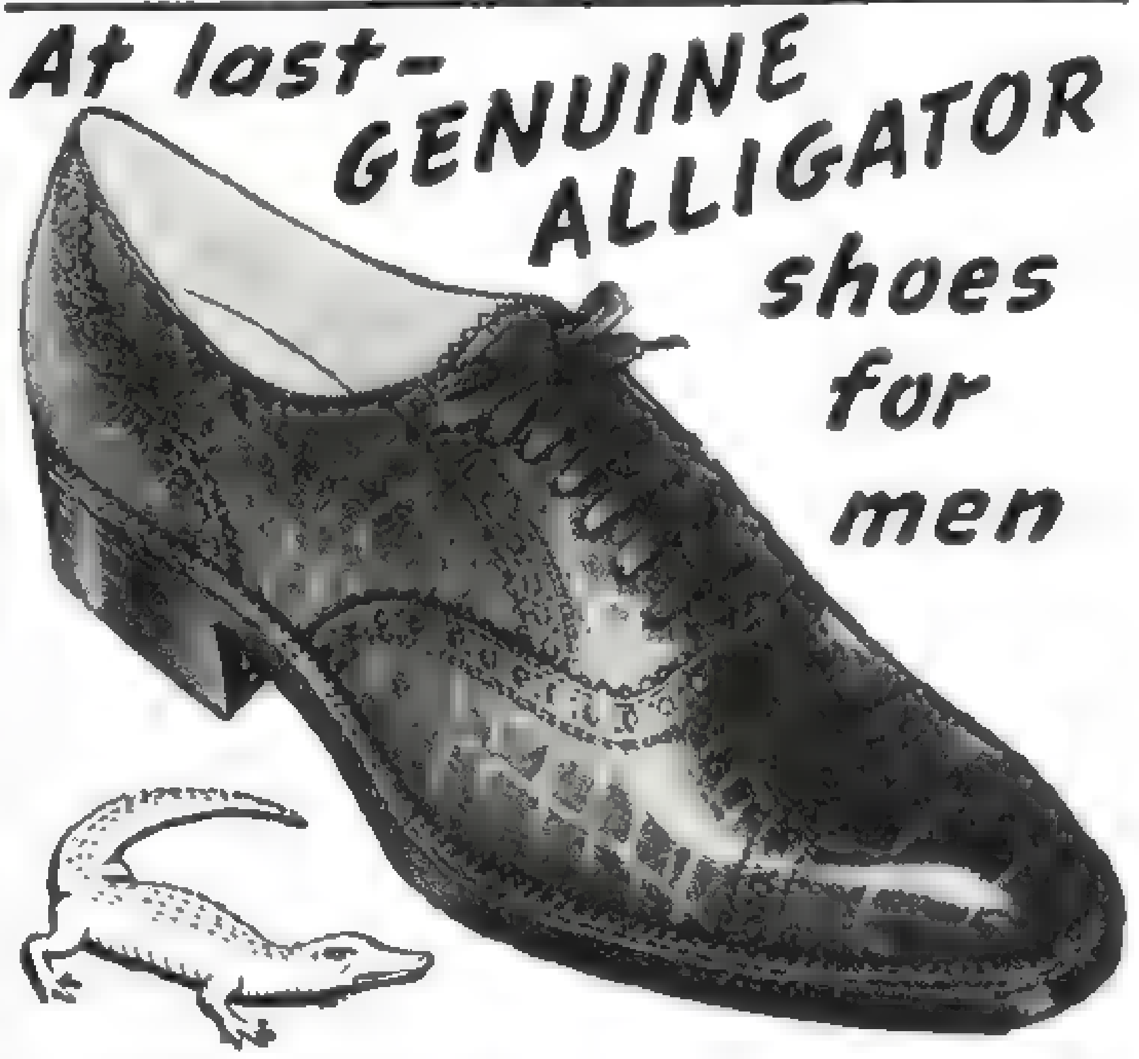
Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

BE FAIR TO YOUR Hair

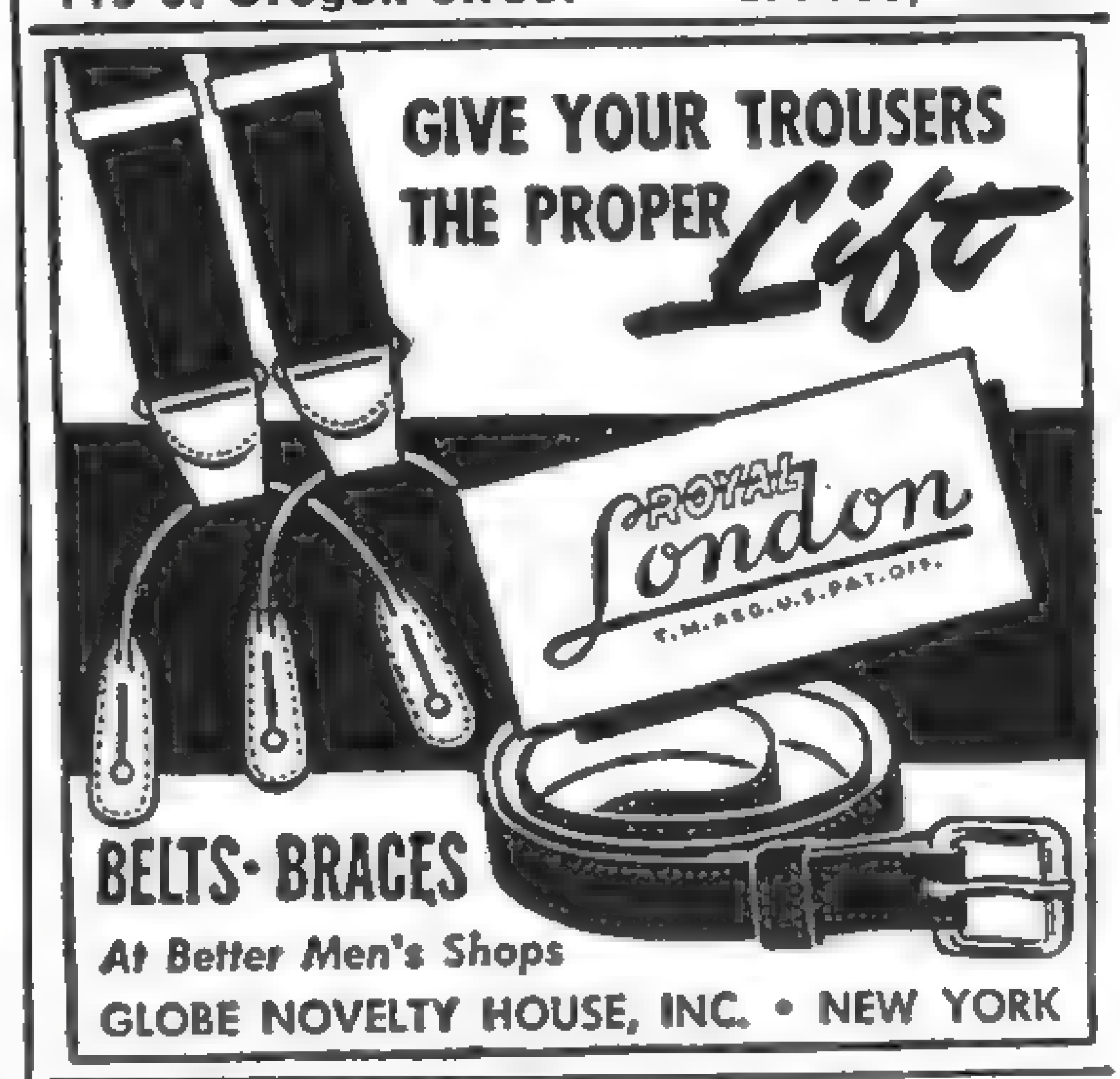
WAKE UP YOUR SCALP

Want better-looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing* . . . vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply *in your scalp.* Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write *now* for information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 161 South La Salle St., Chicago.


At last—GENUINE ALLIGATOR shoes for men

Something new—top grade alligator hide fashioned into men's smart footwear. Expertly handcrafted in Mexico on American lasts by Benet, renowned European bootmaker. Sturdy leather sole and heel, fully leather lined. Dressy, comfortable, long-wearing. Rich chocolate brown. "C" and wider, all lengths. Order by mail giving size. Money back guarantee. **$25**

Write for free literature about other styles.
NAVARRO BROS., *Importers of Shoes*
113 S. Oregon Street El Paso, Texas


GIVE YOUR TROUSERS THE PROPER *Lift*

ROYAL London

BELTS · BRACES
At Better Men's Shops
GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE, INC. • NEW YORK

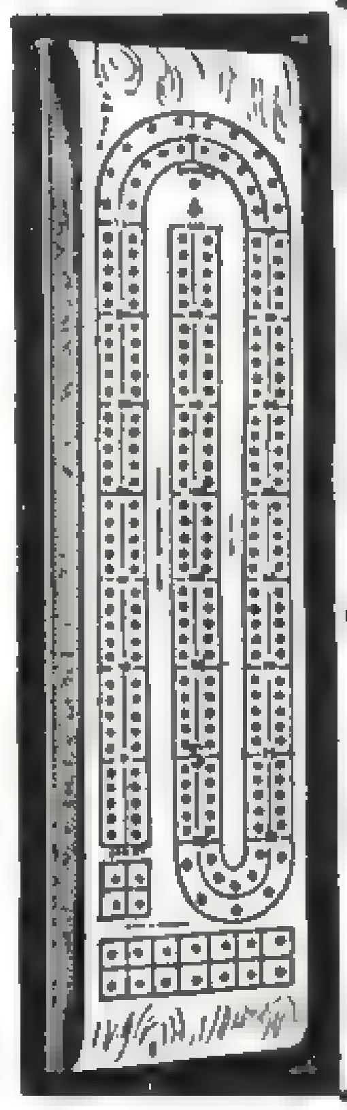
Tullaroan Fabrics for Gentlemen

Nationally Advertised
Is Nationally Known

If you are a CUSTOM TAILOR or BUYER in the CUSTOM DEPARTMENT of a large men's store, you are entitled to carry Tullaroan's fine WESTMINSTER WORSTED line.

If you haven't seen these beautiful worsteds, WRITE IMMEDIATELY, TODAY, FOR SAMPLES, or we will have our nearest representative call.

TULLAROAN FABRICS INC.
75 Westminster St., Providence, Rhode Is.

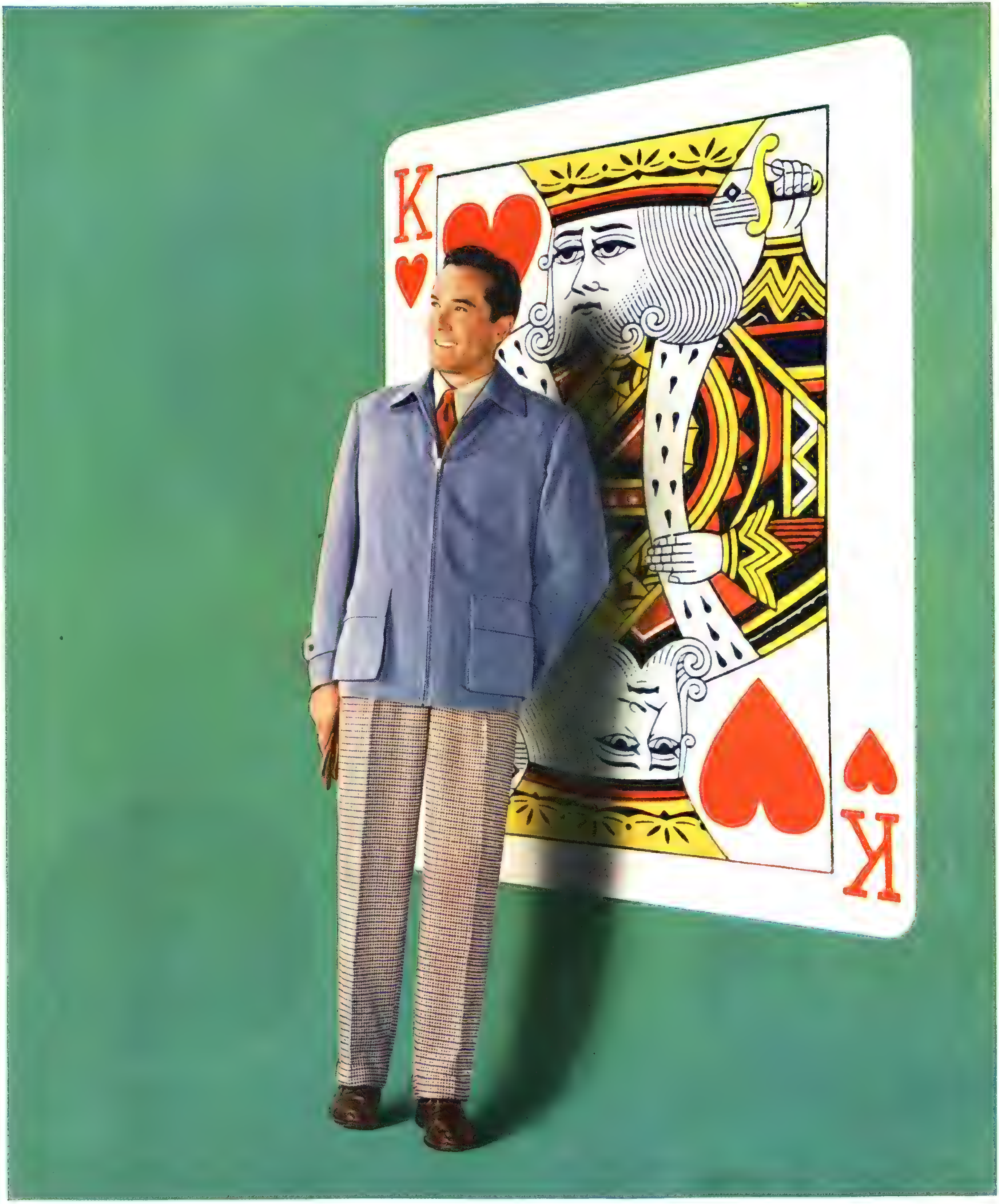

"Let's Play CRIBBAGE"
The Successor to Gin Rummy
More exciting—fascinating.

NEW BROOKS Cribbage Board
For easier, faster scoring.

• EXCLUSIVE FEATURES •
ONE CONTINUOUS TRACK
"AT-A-GLANCE" SCORING
PEGS "RACE" SIDE BY SIDE

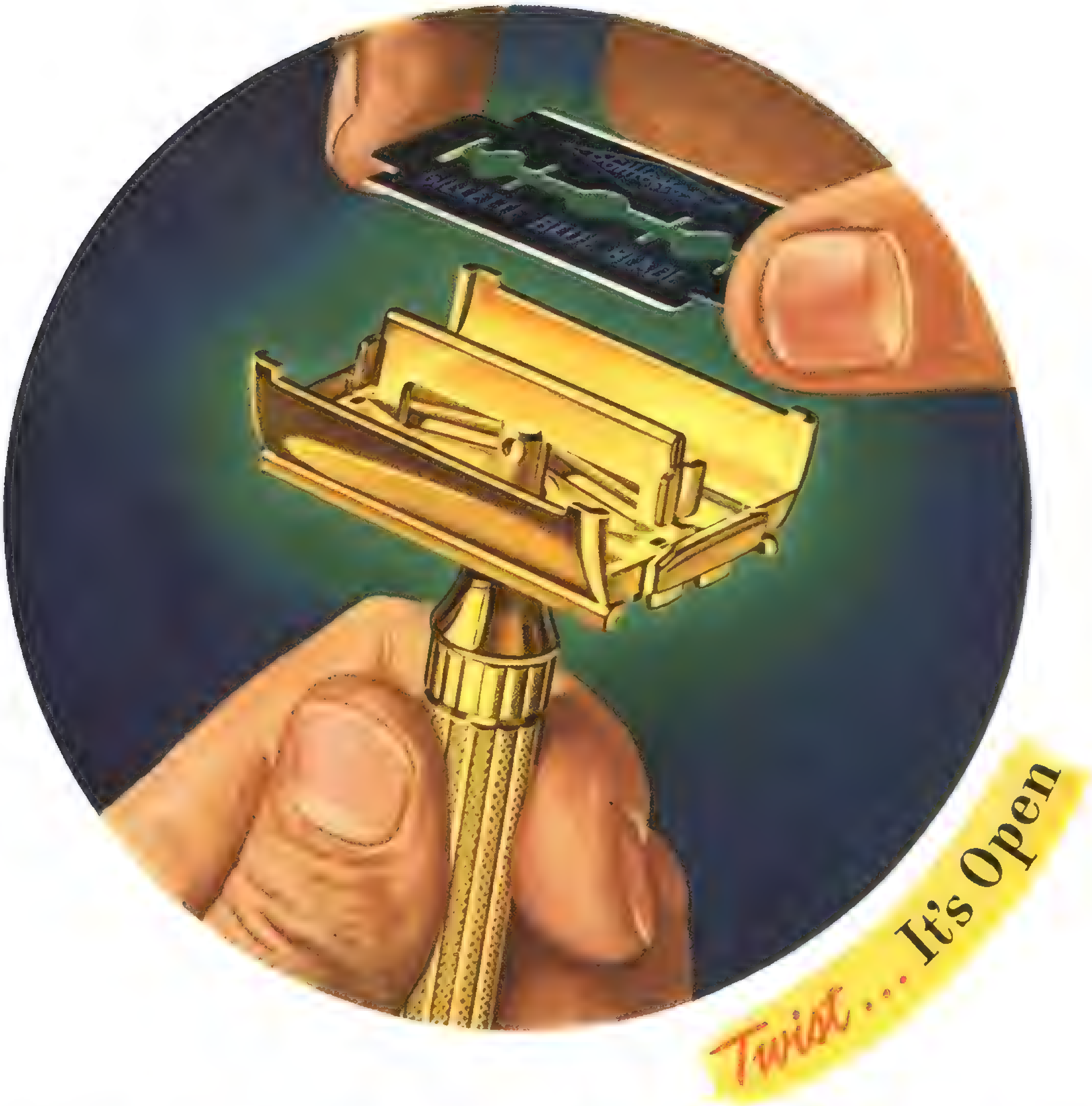
DE LUXE MODEL $3
POLISHED MAPLE
with Plastic Pegs. Gift boxed.
At your local Dealer or Write
GLANSON CO., 535 Fifth Ave., N.Y.17

A featherweight, super-smooth woolen with stamina! That's news! Here it is—custom-built into a jacket of quiet distinction. In every detail, this jacket exemplifies quality—including, of course, its Talon slide fastener.



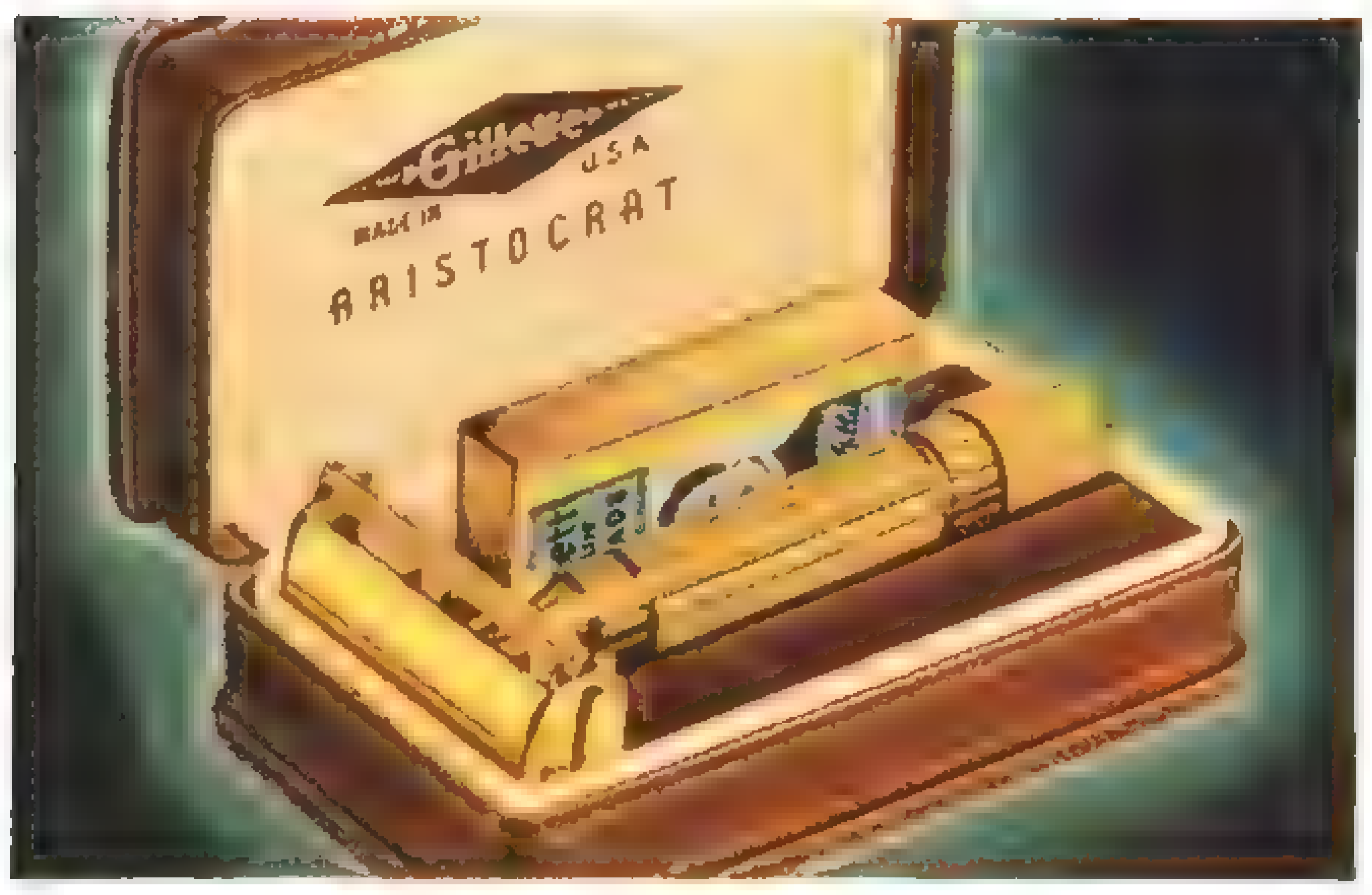
For Kings or better... You've got the ultimate in a jacket like this. A king couldn't beat the quality of its flawless material...its smooth-flowing Talon slide fastener. Yet, amazing thing...the same Talon fastener, a quality feature in this $100 sport jacket, is so inexpensive—so widely used—you'll find it in jackets at $9.95. Actually it adds extra value to each.

Talon
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER
TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.


GILLETTE BLUE BLADE
Twist . . . It's Open

You enjoy extra shaving speed and ease with the modern . .

Gillette One-Piece Razor!


Gillette
MADE IN U.S.A.
ARISTOCRAT

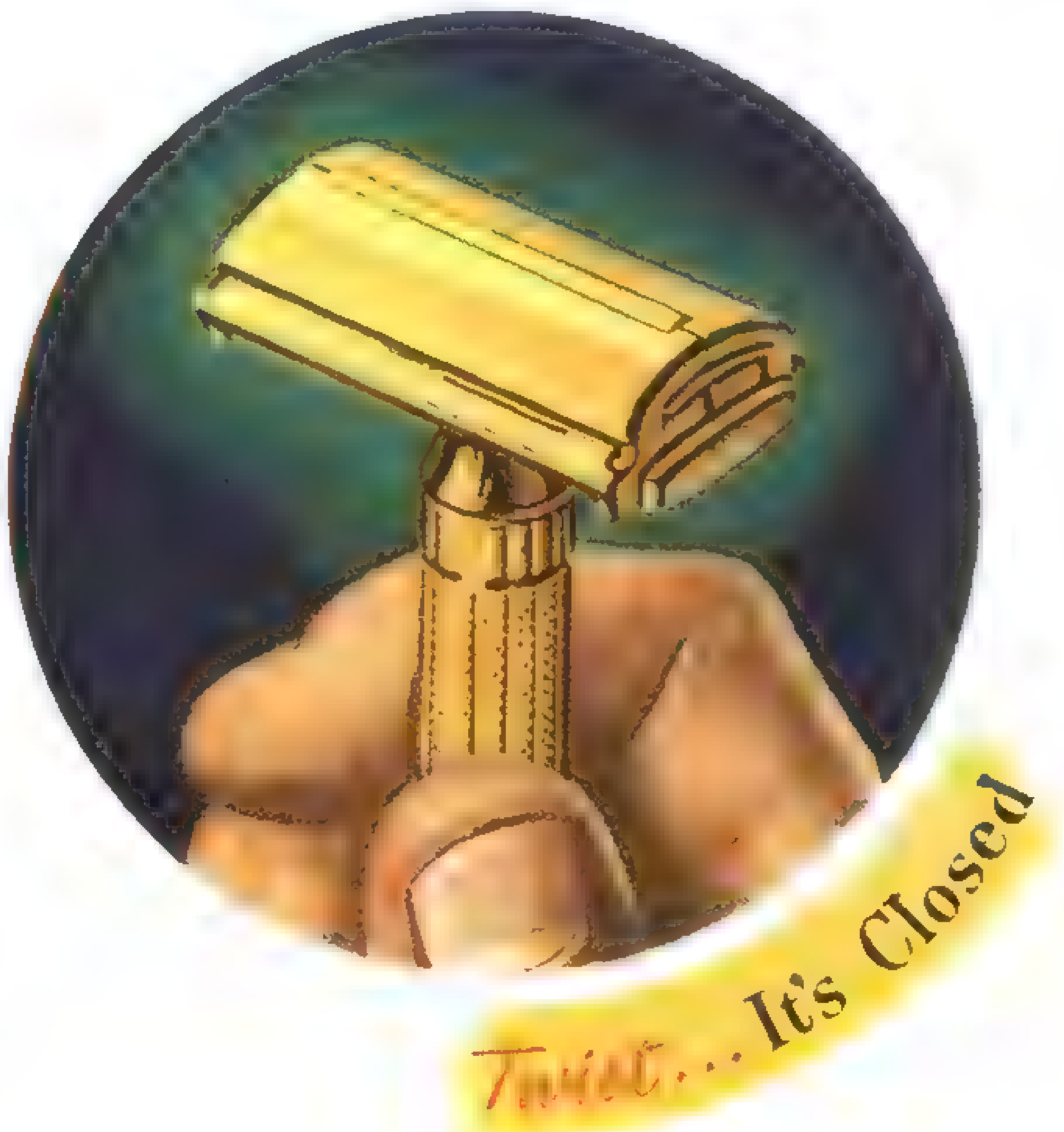
Gillette Aristocrat One-Piece Razor, gold-plated, with case and ten Gillette Blue Blades $3.79

Gillette
MADE IN U.S.A.
MILORD

Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor, gold-plated, with case and five Gillette Blue Blades $2.50

TO save time and shave with utmost comfort and convenience, get a Gillette One-Piece Razor. There's nothing to take apart or put together. You change blades in a jiffy. Twist . . . the razor opens. Twist again . . . your blade is locked in shaving position. To clean both razor and blade just loosen the holder, rinse and shake. See the Gillette Aristocrat and Gillette Milord One-Piece Razors. They're the finest shaving instruments money can buy. Either will give you years of satisfaction.

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston 6, Mass.


Twist . . . It's Closed

look *SHARP!* **feel** *SHARP!* **be** *SHARP!*

use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

Copyright, 1947, by Gillette Safety Razor Co.

Q.

Why do more men choose Jarman Shoes every season?

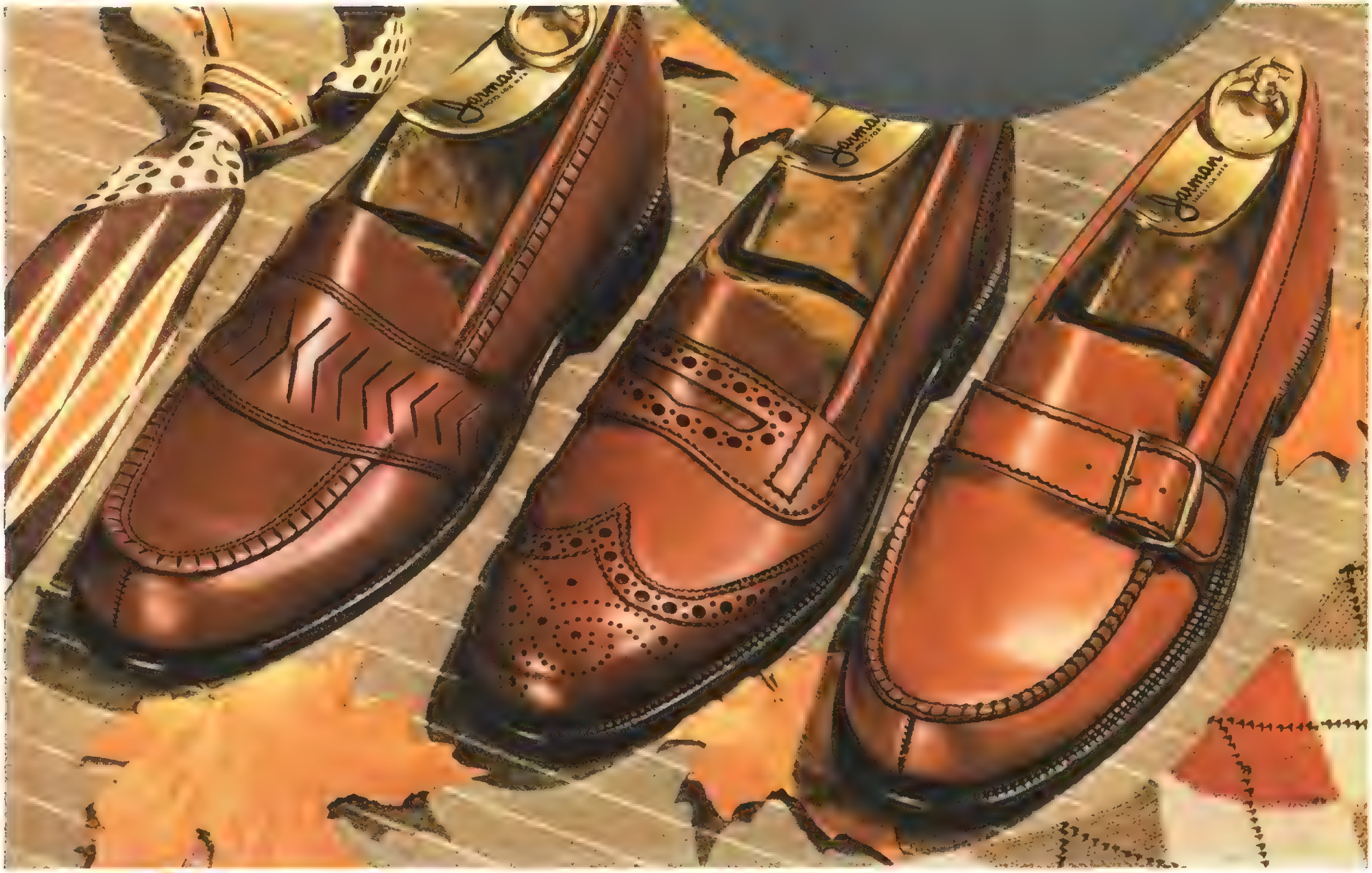
A.

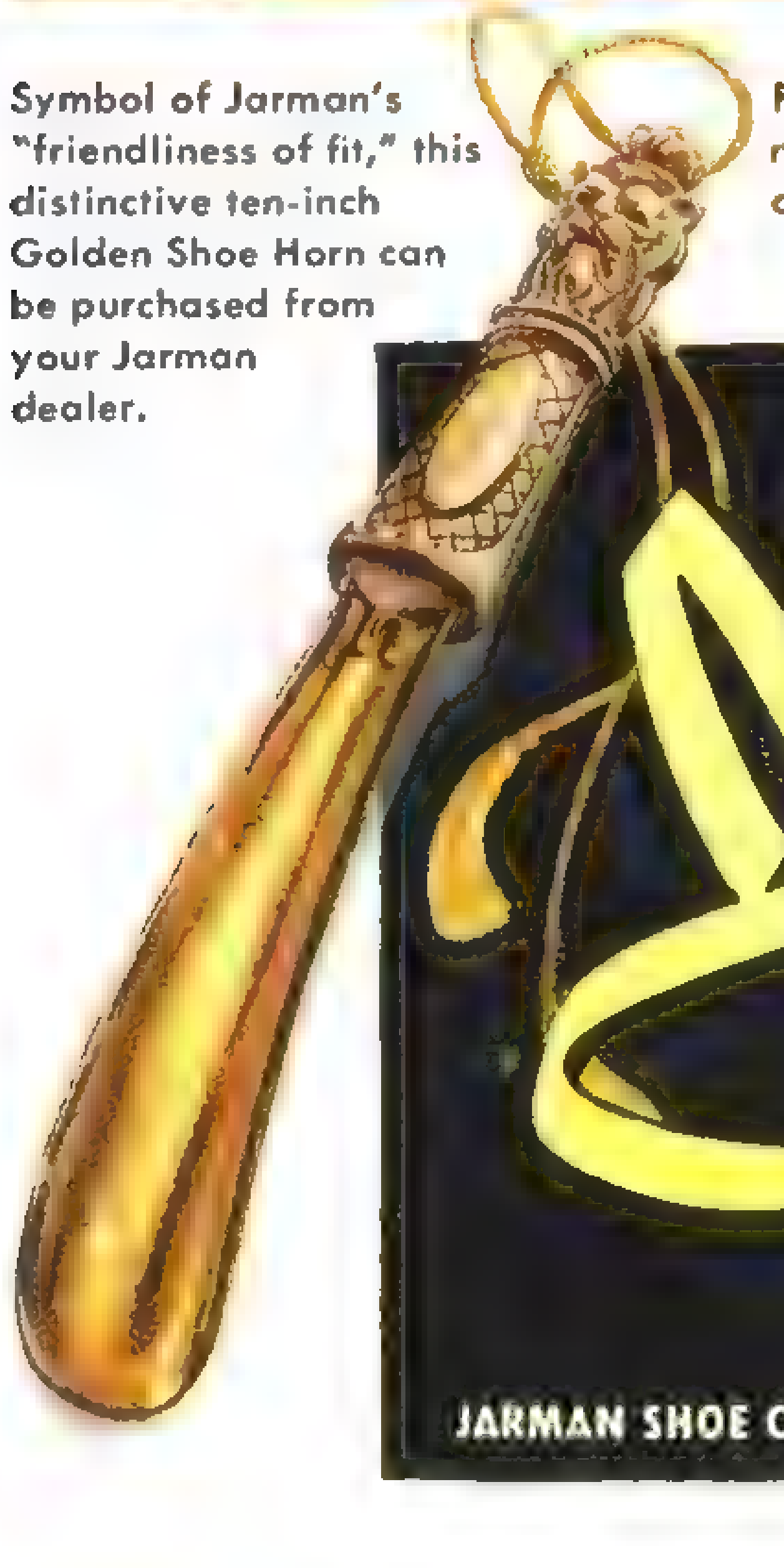
Look Smarter

with Jarman style leadership

Feel Better

with Jarman Friendliness of Fit





Symbol of Jarman's "friendliness of fit," this distinctive ten-inch Golden Shoe Horn can be purchased from your Jarman dealer.

For an entirely new idea in shoe design, Jarman offers you these new **"Town Leisuals."** Dress-shoe-styling plus the "slip-on" feature of casual footwear make them ideal for all informal town wear.

LEFT: Style 4140. A moccasin saddle with embossed vamp.

CENTER: Style 4138. Authentic wing tip in "boulevard brown."

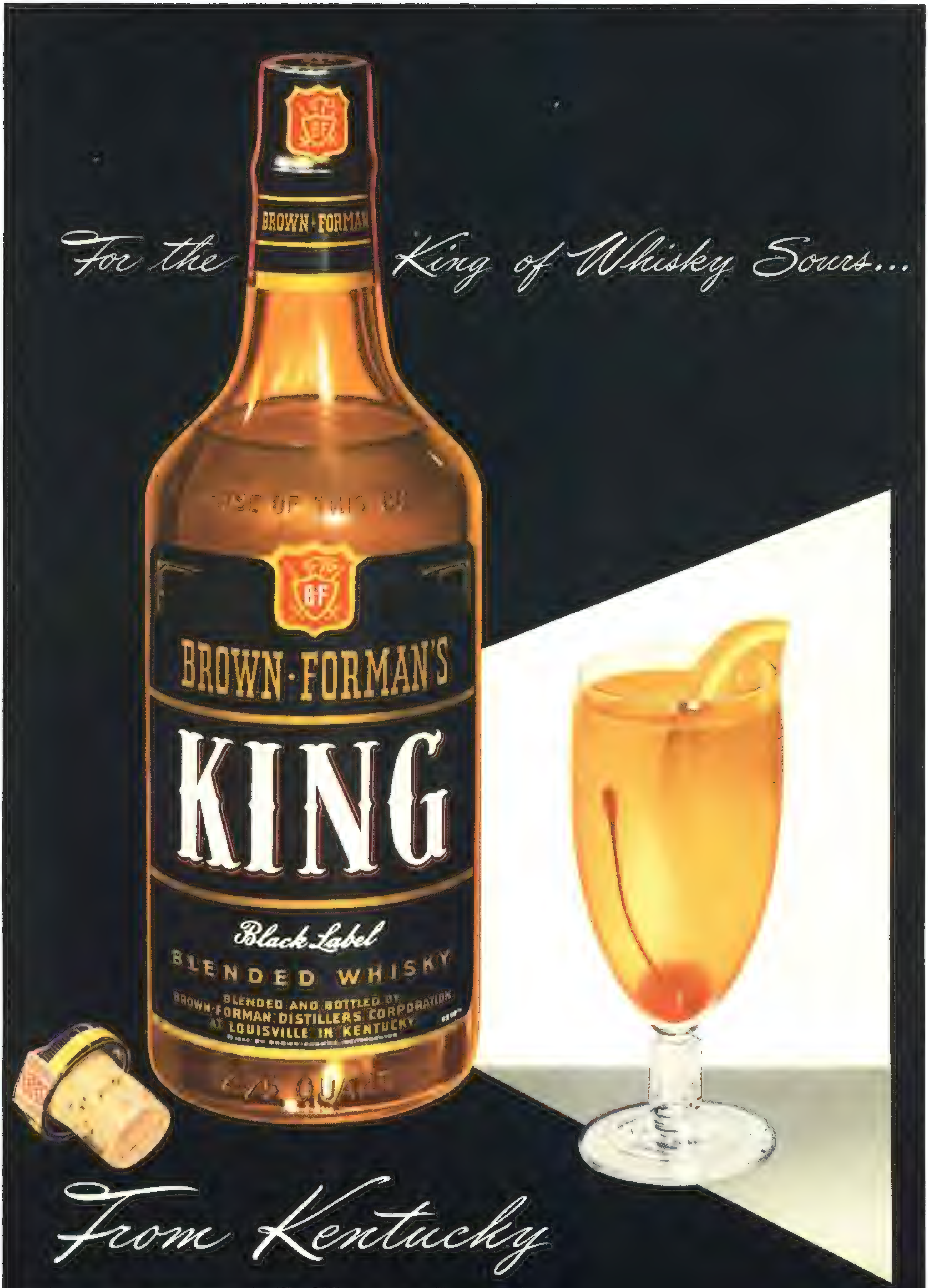
RIGHT: Style 4137. A smart "moc strap" in "golden harvest."

And if *you*, too, want to *look smarter* and *feel better*, make your next pair Jarmans. For regardless of occasion, there's a choice of smart, authentic patterns to please you — Jarman style experts see to that. And, because of Jarman's *friendliness of fit*, Jarmans give you *more* comfort and *longer* service — thanks to rich, soft leathers shaped on a last that follows every curve of your foot. And, too, in each Jarman there's something *extra* to make it a still smarter, better shoe . . . for example, the lightweight, flexible design, yet sturdy construction of Jarman's new "Town Leisuals" gives you complete foot freedom plus brogue protection at all times. So to look smarter and feel better *today*, step into a Jarman dealer's and step out in a pair of Jarmans.

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • DIV. OF GENERAL SHOE CORP. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

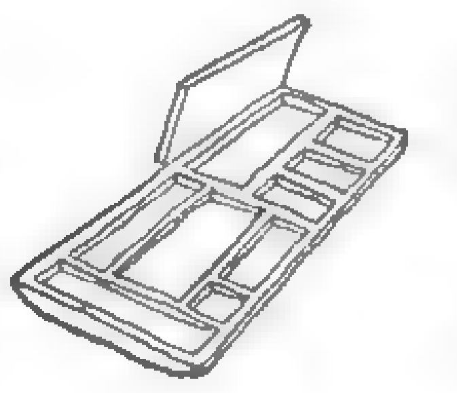

For the King of Whisky Sours...
BROWN-FORMAN
BF
BROWN-FORMAN'S
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
4/5 QUART
From Kentucky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • *At Louisville in Kentucky*

Blended whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 35% straight whiskies. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.

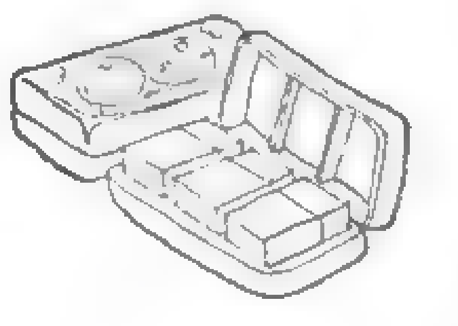
Talking Shop with Esquire

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE . . . and a place for everything. If your secretary has trouble keeping your desk drawer neat, help her out. You can buy a plastic tray consisting of nine full size compartments which will provide space for stamps, pens, rubber bands, papers, etc. Also contains a private locked compartment for cash or checks. Same contrivance could also be used to advantage, no doubt, in your top bureau drawer to keep cuff links and oddments in perfect order.

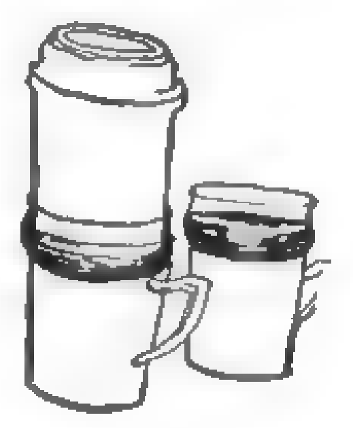


ELECTRIC WET SHAVER. If you like an electric shave, but not a dry one, here's the answer. Get yourself in a lather, then use this 5″ long cylindrical plastic razor which will give you a close shave with no pressure to bear. It's equipped with a surgical steel blade, honed to a keen edge which is required to take the fullest advantage of its 7,200 slick clean shaving strokes per minute (we didn't count them ourselves) but the makers claim it's all very accurate.

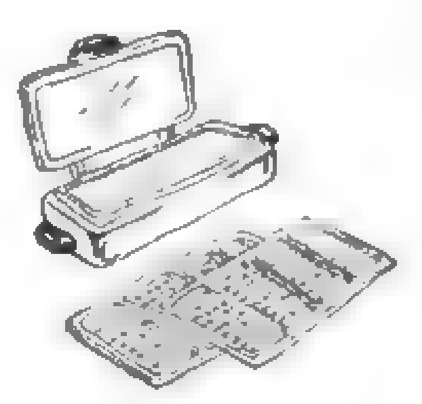
TRAVEL KIT for your toiletries, a handsome plastic box scarcely larger than three packs of cigarettes. In this shining black case, which bears in relief, the Eastern and Western hemispheres, on its top cover are three crystal bottles containing shave lotion, talc and cologne. The kit is leakproof, bottles will not fit into the case unless the caps are on securely. A little honey, in our estimation.



COFFEE POT-CUP. Latest invention in the individual coffee brewing department, is a coffee maker which brews a single cup of coffee right in the cup. No pot to wash, for cup and pot are one. This "little dripper" consists of a drip top of spun aluminum, a no-rust, adjustable screen of domed design; a plastic cover which serves as a lid to keep in heat during drip process (used afterwards as a coaster under the cup) and an 8 oz. safe edge glass cup holder with handles. Holder comes in bright breakfast room shades. Your coffee is brewed in 3½ minutes.



A SANDWICH OR A WAFFLE? Party givers will revel in a new electric contraption which combines the virtues of a sandwich toaster and a waffle grill. A hidden support provides for frying on both sandwich plates, and expanding hinges make it possible to do double decker sandwiches in the most professional drug store fountain style! When you want to make waffles, just use the interchangeable grids.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

A boon to restless sleepers

SLEEP SHADE
ORIGINAL PATENTED SLEEP MASK
Over 550,000 sold

SLEEP SHADES have won widespread medical approval. They exclude light so completely that not even the faintest glimmer penetrates through the eyelids.
SLEEP SHADES help rest tired eyes, relax tension, edgy nerves and promote sounder, more restful sleep day and night.
SLEEP SHADES alone are held gently, yet securely by guide elastics over and under each ear and the soft, adjustable tape around the back of the neck. They stay in place without slip or pull.
This patented fastening and the soft, stuffed frontal pad are special Sleep Shade features. They positively prevent pressure on the eyes and assure wearing comfort.
Be sure to order by name. "Sleep Shade" is trademarked and copyrighted.

Black Sateen $1
Pastel Satin Beauty Shades $2
Sold by leading stores in most cities
If not available at your store, order direct. Postage prepaid.
Full refund if not entirely satisfied

Sleep Shade Company
2949 Balboa Street
SAN FRANCISCO 21, CALIFORNIA

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB —AND A TEDDY BEAR, TOO!

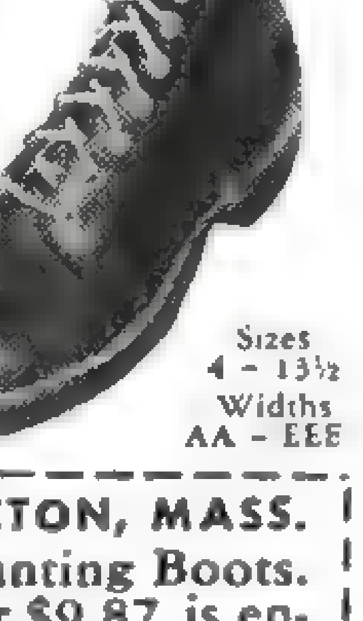
Musical Gifts—a child's delight! Lovable stuffed doll in pretty white organdy dress plays tuneful nursery rhymes. Knobby white lamb appropriately plays "Mary Had a Little Lamb". Satiny brown mohair Teddy Bear brings nursery rhyme melodies out of his cute red and white felt drum. All contain genuine Swiss Thorens musical movements. Order the complete set for your favorite tot. 17 in. DOLL $10.75—12 in. LAMB $9.75—9 in. BEAR $8.50. All orders postpaid.
SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG OF MANY DELIGHTFUL GIFTS

Susan Jay Gifts, inc.
302 E. Fordham Road, Dept. M-4, New York 58, N. Y.

A HONEY OF A TOBACCO!
COOKIE JAR
Aromatic PIPE MIXTURE
25¢
R. R. TOBIN TOBACCO CO. DETROIT

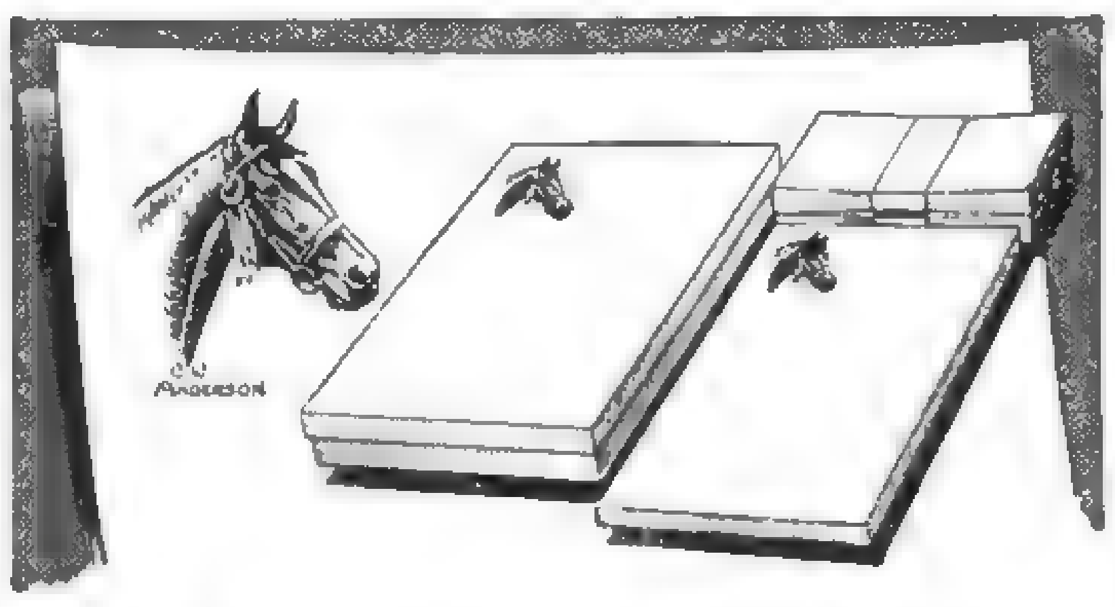
Take TURNS with
A HULL Automobile Compass
Drive right, without a moment's doubt, with Hull instrument quality. BEACONLITE illuminated for night driving, $5.95; STREAMLINE standard, $3.95. Ideal gifts. At your dealer's
Write for Circular
HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G10, Warren, Ohio

"JEWEL" ELECTRIC FOUNTAINS
For Home And Pools
In Metal, Stone, Natural Rock
Sparkling, bubbling, decorative fountains in metal, stone, natural rock. Cool and humidify atmosphere. Preserve furniture. Portable. No water connections. COLOR CHANGE FOUNTAINS. Send 25c for our large catalog describing patented color change fountains, water fall, and pump units. Also House and Garden Specialties. Est. 1880.
Jewel Electric & Mfg., 216-R W. Kinzie Street, Chicago 10, Illinois

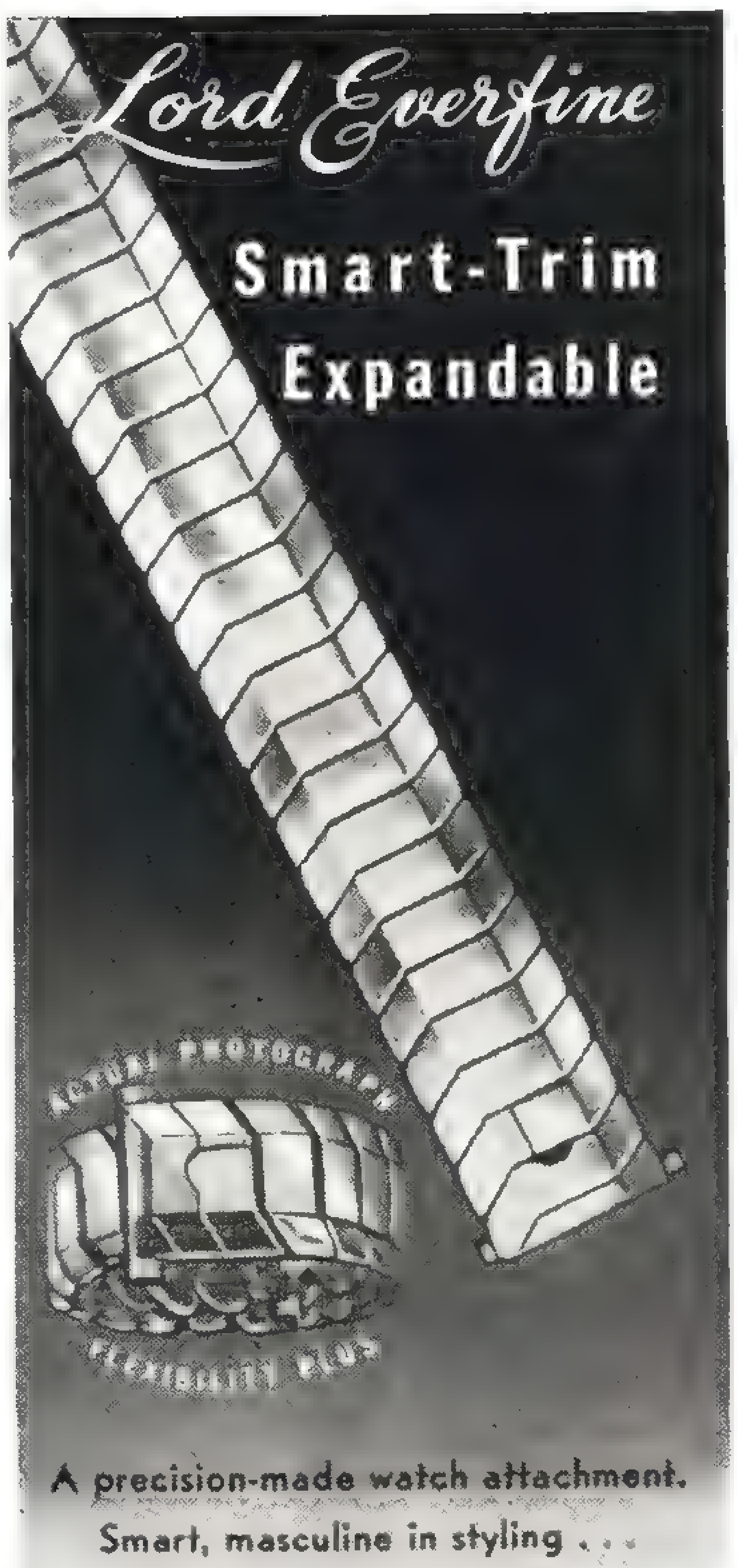


For Outdoor Men
PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS
Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war . . . *now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work . . . 10″ height; balanced construction; leather counter, filler, middlesole and hard box toe; steel shank; reinforcing instep tapes; wide toe and narrow heel; long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel
Only $9.87
plus postage
Sizes 4 - 13½ Widths AA - EEE

CORCORAN, INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots. Check Money Order for $9.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.
E-11
Name____________________
Address____________________
Regular shoe size and width__________



Attractive new Stationery for Horse Lovers
Delight your friends in the horsey set with a gift of this distinctive buff-colored bond letter paper decorated with a beautiful horsehead by the well-known artist C. W. Anderson. Box contains the unusually large quantity of 80 sheets, 7¼ by 10½, and 50 envelopes. Only $3.50 postage prepaid. Your money back if you are not delighted.
"little joe" Wiesenfeld Dept. B-21
Baltimore 1, Md.



A precision-made watch attachment. Smart, masculine in styling . . . gift packaged . . . Gold Filled. In yellow . . . pink . . . white.
GUARANTEE: Service Forever . . . no repair charges for mechanical defects.
EVERFINE JEWELRY MFG. CO.
PROVIDENCE 3, RHODE ISLAND
At Your Jewelers
Design Pat. Pend.

"WARM UP" before you play GOLF with the amazing new
PRAC-TEE
GOLF PRACTICE TEE & BALL
The ideal golfing aid . . . QUALITY made practice device . . . sturdily constructed with genuine hard rubber ball, flexible steel cable and heavy steel cadmium plated shaft . . . that will strengthen wrists, groove the swing and improve stance, grip and follow through. Many common faults are made readily apparent and can be CORRECTED by using PRAC-TEE. It enables the golfer to keep his head down as there is no need to look up.
Fully guaranteed against breakage or mechanical defects.
$4
If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct. Ohio residents please add 12c Sales Tax.
PRAC-TEE CO. INC.
10 NORTH MAIN ST.
DAYTON 2, OHIO

MT. ROCK COATS

They fit!

MT. ROCK
COAT

HAVE YOU ALWAYS HATED YOURSELF IN A COAT? I HAVE. GR-R-R-R!

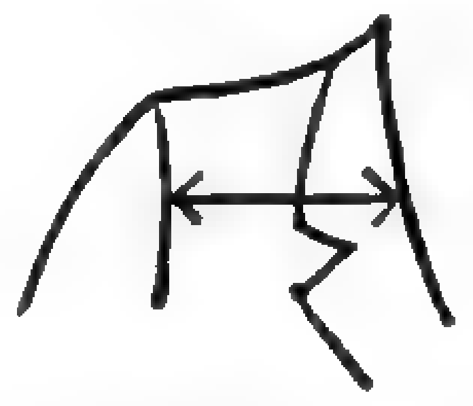
Until this year I don't honestly think I've ever had a coat that really fit.

I've looked in mirrors and in store window reflections (yes, we men do that, too) and there was my collar yapping out behind . . . and my lapels bulging out in front, showing my suit underneath. And my "skirt" hiked up in front, and slapping me behind.

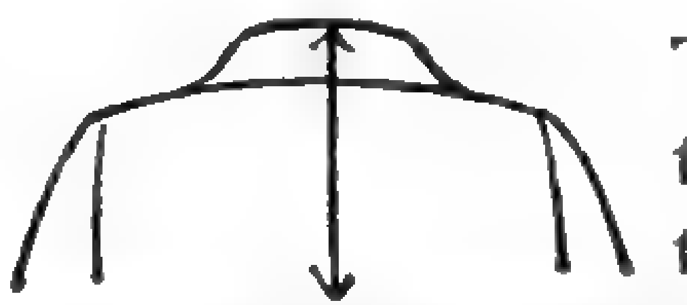
Why has it taken somebody 20 centuries to learn how to make coats to fit males?

Thank Heaven, MT. ROCK got the idea.

They found that about 10 new measurements would do it. For instance, they increased the width from here to here:

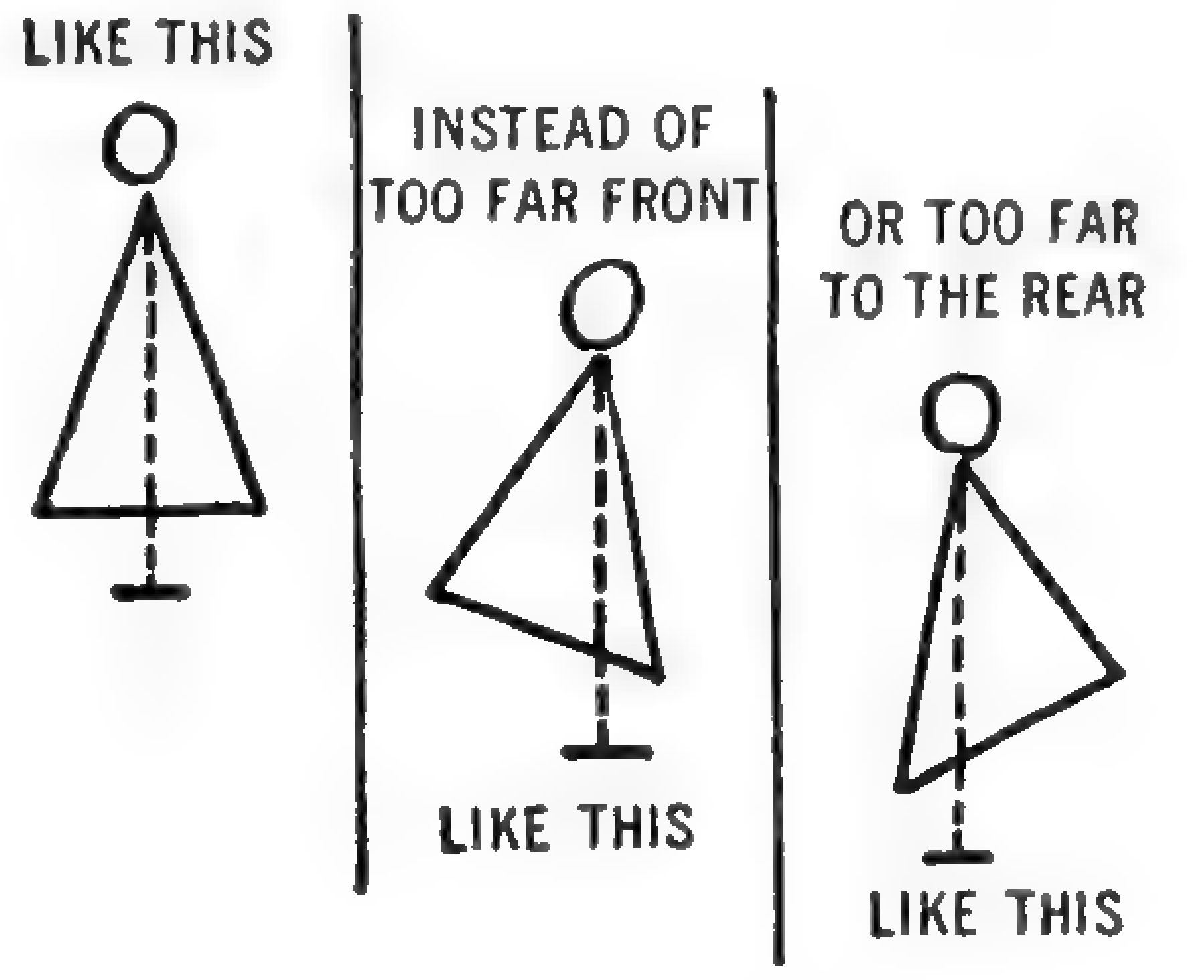


This helped defeat lapel bulge.



Then they increased the depth from here to here: This helps prevent that gulch in your collar at the back of your neck.

Then they made the coat to hang perfectly on the shoulders, so that you stand in the middle. And six or eight other engineering ideas that give the world the first (as far as I know) painless coat.



These coats are called MT. ROCK—and for the first time in my life I don't feel like a yokel in my coat.

MT. ROCK COATS ARE AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Akron, Ohio—THE YEAGER CO.
Albany, N. Y.—C. L. SUMMER
Albion, N. Y.—SAMMET'S STORE, INC.
Allentown, Pa.—KOCH BROS.
Altoona, Pa.—WESTFALL'S
Amherst, Mass.—E. M. SWITZER JR., INC.
Amherst, Mass.—THOMAS F. WALSH
Amsterdam, N. Y.—SOCHIN'S
Ann Arbor, Mich.—FIEGEL'S
Asbury Park, N. J.—SHUTT'S CLOTHIERS
Asheville, N. C.—M. V. MOORE & CO.
Ashland, Ky.—YOUNGDALE'S MEN'S SHOP
Ashtabula, Ohio—HEATH & WOOD
Atchison, Kansas—GEORGE H. FALTER
Atlanta, Ga.—PARKS-CHAMBERS
Atlantic City, N. J.—ALGAR & COMPANY
Auburn, N. Y.—
MARSHALL'S CLOTHING STORE
Baltimore, Md.—
ISAAC HAMBURGER & SONS
Baltimore, Md.—WARNER & CO.
Bangor, Maine—LYFORD-WOODWARD CO.
Barre, Vt.—F. H. ROGERS & CO.
Batavia, N. Y.—E. J. BEARDSLEY CO.
Bath, N. Y.—M. COHN & SONS
Battle Creek, Mich.—PAUL R. BUTTON
Bay City, Mich.—FORD'S
Bayshore, N. Y.—NEW MEN'S SHOP
Beaver Falls, Pa.—TAYLOR'S
Bellevue, Wash.—STEIL & NORQUIST, INC.
Bellows Falls, Vt.—J. J. FENTON CO., INC.
Bennington, Vt.—ADAMS CLOTHES SHOP
Berkeley, Calif.—MALIK
Berwick, Pa.—MEN'S QUALITY SHOP
Biddeford, Maine—
LEWIS POLAKEWICH, INC.

Binghamton, N. Y.—SALL-STEARNS
Binghamton, N. Y.—
SISSON BROS. WELDEN CO.
Birmingham, Ala.—
BURGER-PHILLIPS
Bloomsburg, Pa.—LEE-PAT'S
Boise, Idaho—RALPH DAVIS
Boise, Idaho—MEFFERT & JOHNSON
Boston, Mass.—JORDAN MARSH CO.
Boston, Mass.—KENNEDY'S, INC.
Bradford, Pa.—THE JAS. R. EVANS CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.—DAVIS & SAVARD
Bristol, Conn.—SAVARD & McCARTHY
Brockton, Mass.—LINEHAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.—ABRAHAM & STRAUS
Brooklyn, N. Y.—SAM & MACK
Buffalo, N. Y.—THE KLEINHANS CO.
Burlington, Vt.—HAYES & CARNEY, INC.
Cambridge, Mass.—
HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY
Canaan, Conn.—JOHN A. BIANCHI
Canandaigua, N. Y.—SHENKMAN'S
Carbondale, Pa.—McCANN BROS.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—THE SYNDICATE
Champaign, Ill.—JOS. KUHN & CO.
Charleroi, Pa.—WOLF'S
Charlotte, N. C.—JACK WOOD, LTD.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—THE NEW DAVIDSON'S
Chicago, Ill.—IRVING BOGIN, INC.
Chicago, Ill.—CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.
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Decatur, Ind.—CAL E. PETERSON
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Denver, Colo.—
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Des Moines, Iowa—FRANKEL'S
Des Moines, Iowa—THE NEW UTICA
Detroit, Mich.—F. G. CLAYTON CO.
Detroit, Mich.—DEMERY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.—E. J. HICKEY CO.
Detroit, Mich.—ROBERTS & CO.
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Duluth, Minn.—McGREGOR & SODERSTROM
Dunkirk, N. Y.—LEVY'S
East Liverpool, Ohio—FRANK DIAMOND
East Los Angeles, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Easton, Pa.—JACOB MAYER
East Orange, N. J.—DONALD BUNCE CO.
Elgin, Ill.—CHARLES M. DANNER
Elmira, N. Y.—BURT'S, INC.
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Everett, Wash.—
HANK GAUL'S SHOP FOR MEN
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Ft. Worth, Texas—JOHN L. ASHE
Ft. Worth, Texas—W. C. STRIPLING CO.
Framingham, Mass.—
CARPENTER'S MEN'S STORE
Glendale, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Grand Rapids, Mich.—WURZBURG'S
Green Bay, Wisc.—C. A. GROSS CO.
Greenfield, Mass.—
H. G. CARSON CO., INC.
Greensboro, N. C.—YOUNTS DeBOE
Greensburg, Ind.—J. M. WOODFILL'S SONS
Greenville, N. C.—FRANK WILSON
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Harrisburg, Pa.—DOUTRICH'S
Hartford, Conn.—
STACKPOLE, MOORE & TRYON
Hastings, Nebr.—J. H. SPOTTS
Haverhill, Mass.—MACARTNEY'S
Hazelton, Pa.—FRUMKIN BROS.
Hempstead, N. Y.—HARRY WOLF
Hoboken, N. J.—GEISMARS
Hollywood, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Holyoke, Mass.—E. O'CONNOR & CO.
Hoquiam, Wash.—TOM FINCH MEN'S WEAR
Hornell, N. Y.—THOMAS F. KINNEY
Houston, Texas—NORTON-DITTO CO.
Hudson, N. Y.—KRITZMAN-MASKIN
Huntington, N. Y.—FIEGERMAN & WEISS
Huntington, W. Va.—AMSBARY & JOHNSON

Huntington, W. Va.—MALPY-KOPP, INC.
Huntington Park, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Ilion, N. Y.—FIFIELD'S
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. STRAUSS & CO.
Iowa City, Iowa—BREMER'S
Ithaca, N. Y.—MORRIS MEN'S STORE
Jackson, Mich.—HARRINGTON'S
Jamaica, N. Y.—B. GERTZ, INC.
Jeanette, Pa.—KATZ'S
Jefferson City, Mo.—MEYERHARDT'S
Jersey City, N. J.—YESTON'S
Johnson City, N. Y.—MEN'S QUALITY SHOP
Joliet, Ill.—AL BASKIN
Kansas City, Mo.—WOOLF BROS.
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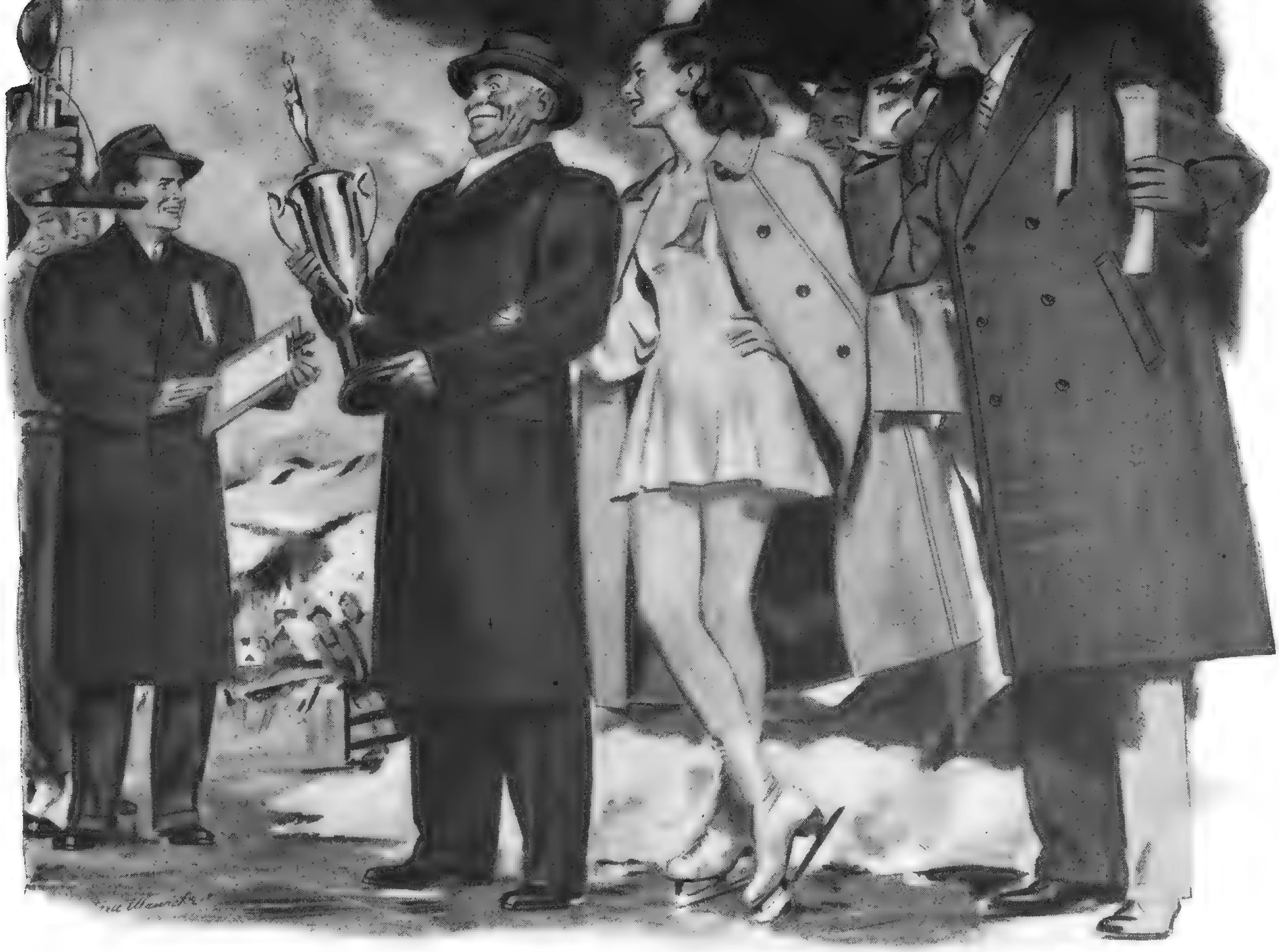
Kingston, N. Y.—JACOBSONS
Lancaster, Ohio—HAMMOND'S
Lawrence, Mass.—R. J. MACARTNEY CO.
Lee, Mass.—J. T. OWENS
Le Roy, N. Y.—HEAMAN CLO. CO.
Lewisburg, Pa.—BROUGH'S
Lewiston, Maine—CRONIN & ROOT
Lexington, Ky.—ANGELUCCI & RINGO
Lincoln, Nebr.—MAGEE'S
Little Rock, Ark.—
PFEIFERS OF ARKANSAS
Lockport, N. Y.—M. D. CLAPSATTLE
Long Beach, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Los Angeles, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Louisville, Ky.—LOEVENHART & CO.
Lowell, Mass.—PHIL McGOWAN
Lubbock, Texas—
WALTON'S STORE FOR MEN
Lynn, Mass.—KENNEDY'S, INC.
Lyons, N. Y.—DANIEL P. MORAN & CO.



MT. ROCK COATS ... *like Champion and Trophy*—*They fit!* ... The Short Man. The Medium Man. The Tall Man.

When the last applause has died and the judges' returns are in at the National Figure Skating Championships, the winner of the championship is awarded the coveted cup. A trophy that fits like a MT. ROCK coat. ***Left:*** The Irving, single-breasted, full-cut overcoat with slash pockets and set-in sleeves. Shown in rich MT. ROCK Alpacian fabric. ***Center:*** The Boynton, fly front model with set-in sleeves and patch pockets. Shown in the famous MT. ROCK Fleece fabric. ***Right:*** The Dunning, double-breasted, town-ulster model with set-in sleeves, slash pockets and full collar. Shown in colorful MT. ROCK Cheviot fabric. ***The Champ:*** D. Boone, rounded shoulder raglan with convertible collar, gold buttons. Shown in camel fleece. It's a MT. ROCK too! Write for Don Herold's story, "This man just had a fit."

MT. ROCK COATS • 15 HAND STREET • ROCHESTER, N. Y.
TOPCOATS & OVERCOATS $50 TO $80

FEATURING EXCLUSIVE FABRICS BY ARDSLEY, *Cerey*, *CONTINENTAL*, AND Worumbo

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Mahanoy City, Pa.—MILES & TIMM
Malden, Mass.—BENOIT DUFF CO.
Manchester, N. H.—THE MANHATTAN SHOP
Marlboro, Mass.—J. M. CARPENTER
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McKeesport, Pa.—KALCHSTEIN'S
Medford, Mass.—THOS. O'BRIEN & SONS
Medina, N. Y.—J. & G. W. MURDOCK
Melrose, Mass.—ALECK'S CLOTHES SHOP
Memphis, Tenn.—PHIL A. HALLE
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Norfolk, Va.—FRANK THOMAS
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Westfield, Mass.—H. S. EATON CLO. CO.
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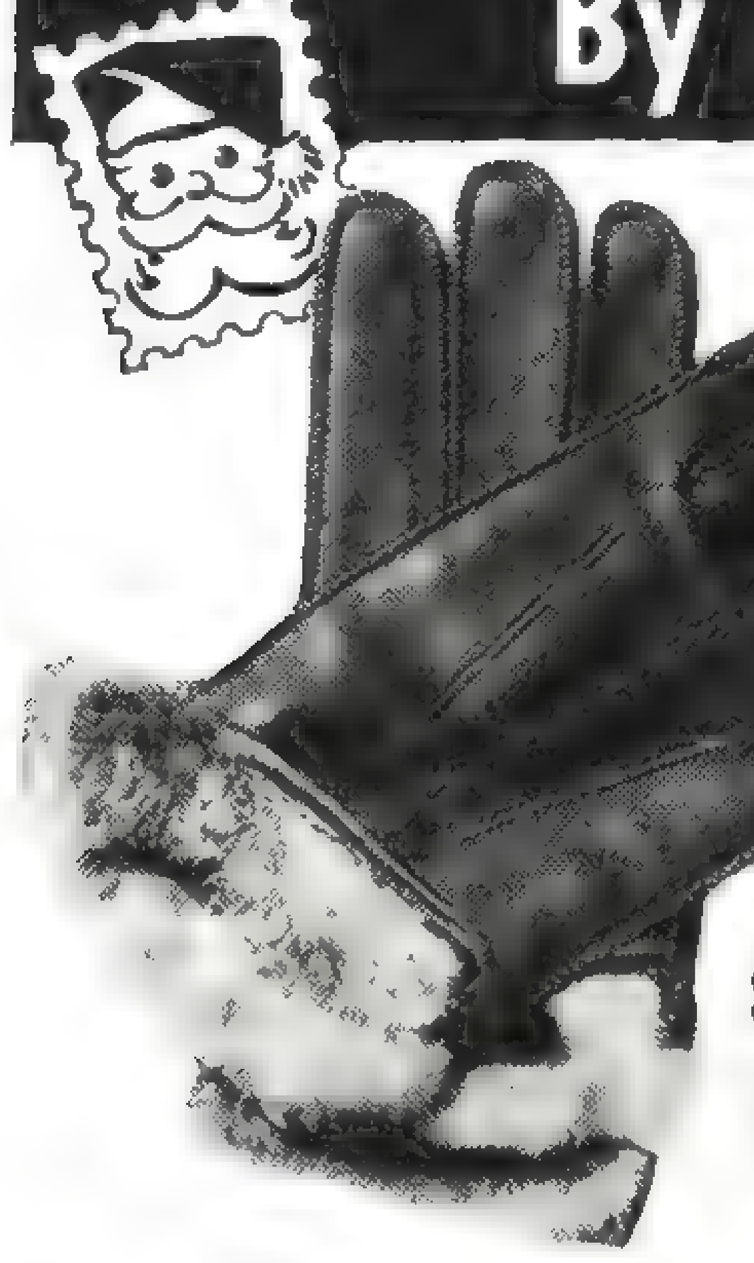
Wheeling, W. Va.—MAX CRONE & CO.
Wichita, Kansas—WOOLF BROS.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—THE HUB
Williamsport, Pa.—HOOVER & GEHRON
Williamstown, Mass.—HOUSE OF WALSH
Willimantic, Conn.—THE CHURCH REED CO.
Wilmington, Del.—TOADVINE'S
Winston-Salem, N. C.—NORMAN STOCKTON, INC.
Woonsocket, R. I.—MOUSSEAU'S
Wooster, Ohio—NICK AMSTER
Worcester, Mass.—WARE PRATT CO.
Yonkers, N. Y.—PADOW CLOTHES
York, Pa.—LEHMAYER'S
Youngstown, Ohio—THE G. M. McKELVEY CO.

Be Santa Claus By Mail



$6.95
Full Fur-lined Genuine Capeskin Gloves.

Here's the Easy, Economical Way to Buy a Gift for Yourself . . . and for Every Man on Your List.

No. 602—When he steps out into the cold outdoors . . . he'll bless you for thinking of these. They're handsome enough for any wear, warm enough for any weather. They're so warm because they're full fur-lined, genuine Capeskin. Sizes 7½ to 11. Brown or black. Also in grey suede.

ADLER SHOPS for MEN

Mail Order Dept.
249 West 42nd Street
New York 18, N. Y.
Send ________ pairs Fur-lined Gloves
Size_____ Color__________
Size_____ Color__________
☐ C.O.D. ☐ CHECK ☐ M.O.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________

Money will be refunded if purchase does not give you entire satisfaction. Please include 15c extra for postage (25c west of the Miss. and outside U. S.)
E-11

It's New! BUTTON-DOWN WINDSOR SHIRT

Now— the two favorites combined! We've united the smart neatness of the Windsor collar with the carefree casualness of the button-down! Result: The most beautiful shirt you've ever seen, topped by a collar correctly spaced for the popular Windsor knot! Tailored in the custom-manner, of lustrous white broadcloth or white, soft oxford. Plain or French cuffs.

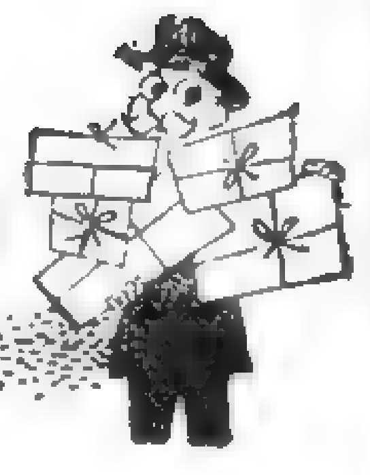
COLLAR SIZES: 13 TO 18½ SLEEVE LENGTHS: 30 TO 38 $6.50 PLUS 25¢ POSTAGE

Order the correct tie for your new shirt! 52 inches long and 5 inches wide! Hand-loomed 100% wool. Choice of checks, plaids, and solid colors, $3.50.

Stern Bros. PLANKINTON ARCADE MILWAUKEE 3, WIS.
Nationally Recognized Custom Shirtmakers

SEND ME ☐ BROADCLOTH ☐ OXFORD SHIRTS
COLLAR SIZE ☐ SLEEVE LENGTH ☐
PLAIN CUFFS ☐ FRENCH CUFFS ☐
(PLEASE WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS ON SEPARATE SHEET AND ATTACH TO ORDER COUPON)
Send for Leaflet Describing Shirts With Other Collar Styles

Talking Shop with Esquire



ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS. A gift shop in Manhattan, has revived the gracious custom followed by our grandparents, of sending a single piece of silver every Christmas or birthday or both, to little girl babies, or little girls. By the time the little girl comes of age, she has a complete trousseau of sterling silver . . . and the donor has gift problems solved neatly and easily. Fine idea for busy uncles, doting Grandpaws, office hirlings to send the Boss's baby, etc. Plan works simply. The shop sends you photographs of the various silver patterns from which to make your selection. Fill out the order blank, enclose dough and you're started. You will be given an account number, and will be automatically reminded in plenty of time when the next date is due (birthdays, etc.). The gift comes beautifully wrapped in white satin ribbon with a handsome gift card enclosed.

MATCH BOX CARDS. You can send through the mails, a pack of giant size matches (4x3¼") the cover decorated with a Santa head and your name imprinted. Another smart idea . . . send a personal message on a gold or silver metallic card . . . do your own signature by means of a stylus. The result on the metal, looks like real engraving. Cards come a dozen to the box, complete with stylus.

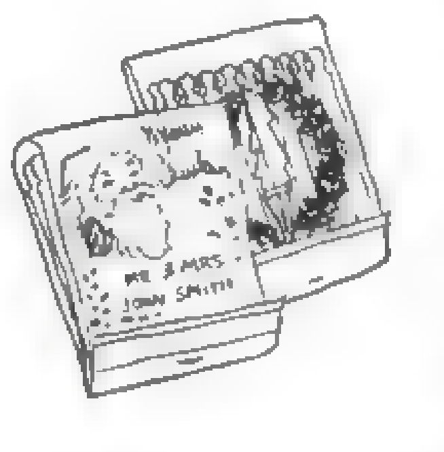
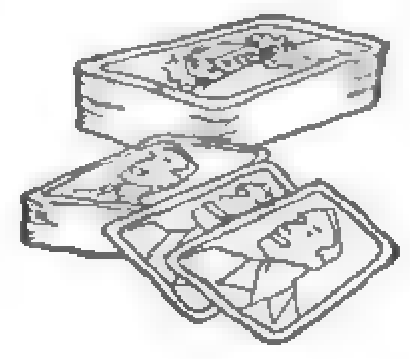
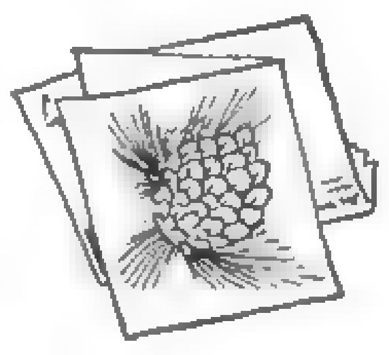


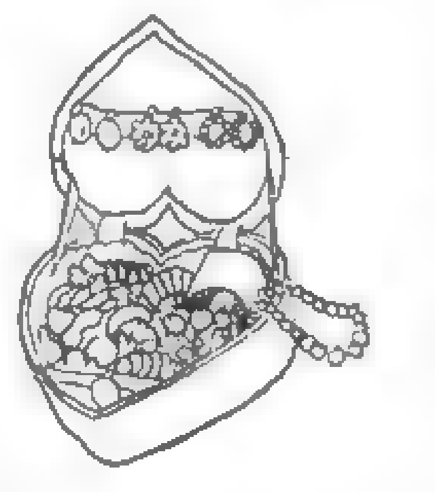
PHOTO PLAYING CARDS. Here's an original gift idea with personal appeal for all sexes, all ages. Next time you visit friends or relatives, steal a snapshot of the baby, children, dog, house, yacht, car, etc. Send the snapshot to a gift shop, and they'll reproduce the picture on the backs of a deck of playing cards. Photos are reproduced in one color, blue or red, and the cards are bordered in bright red or blue and silver. Two decks come in a velour double deck case. Your girl will never forget you, if you have your face leering up at her 52 times!



TALLY-HO! Other categories suitable for men's cards: the hunting print type of card . . . coach and four; hunters, game birds, etc. Or the hale fellow, homey variety bucolic snow scenes, colorful barn dance, horse and sleigh. And for a strong uncloying version of the religious concept: a beautiful card of the three wise men bearing gifts, the whole scene done in the manner of a fine mosaic. In the modern genre, a card of dark forest green with a large brown pine cone and gilded pine branches its only decor; and for real chichi . . . a white card with free hand stripes of magenta and chartreuse.



GIVE HER YOUR HEART. For big girls, here's a dilly, bound to curry favor. A large red leather jewel box shaped like a heart. Slashed across its top in gold letters the lady's entire first name. Inside of heart is lined elegantly with velvet, and filled with specially built places for rings, pins, etc. Looks like a lot, for the money.



THE MATTER OF CHRISTMAS CARDS. If you find the selection of suitable Christmas cards a considerable chore, and if you want to escape the gush and frills, the traditional stars, camels and angel motifs, take heed. There is available, a group of cards done by gallery artists . . . full color reproductions of the finest paintings of internationally known artists. Degas, for example, does a Christmas card with great male appeal called "Jockey's in the field"; conservatives can select a masterpiece by Renior, Rousseau, Van Gogh. Moderns will gravitate toward a flaming red canna lily done in Georgia O'Keefe's flamboyant style, or a Salvidor Dali conception of two angels or three kings. Each card is choice enough to be framed when the festivities are over.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

now personalized
Easterling

Drastically reduced. Always nationally advertised at $4.00 each, now you may buy direct from the manufacturer at $2.00 each or $4.00 (postpaid — no tax) for the matching set.

Our wafer-thin compact and handsome cigarette case for twenty cigarettes, shown above, are beautifully styled with individual EASTERLING designs etched into jeweler's bronze.

We can personalize each case with one of your initials FREE.

Also available with stallion's head, Scottie dog, royal crown motif . . . same prices.

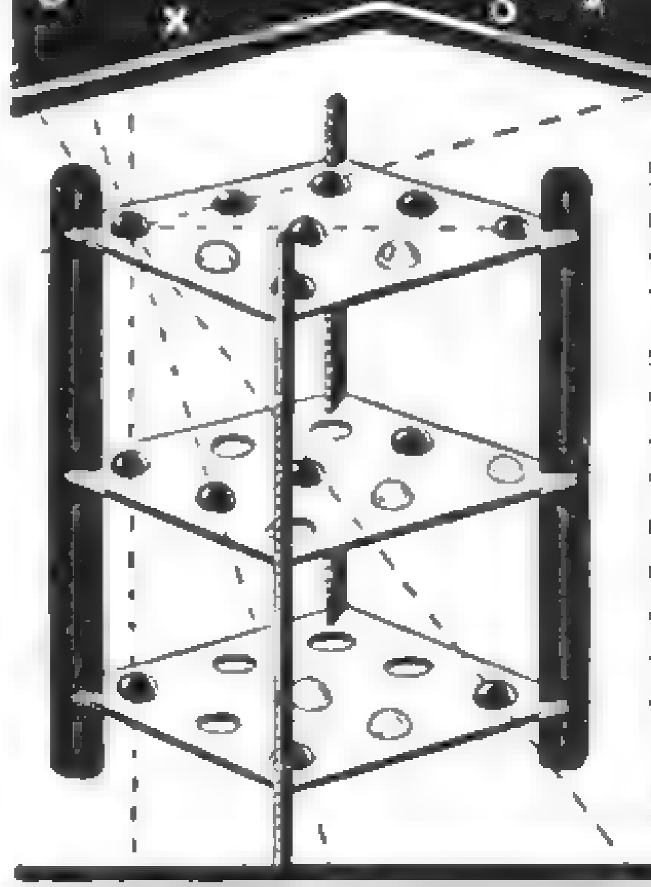
Order one, two or more cases in any combination desired . . . save 50%. For Christmas and all gift occasions . . . for him . . . for her . . . remember EASTERLING.

donaldson company, 31 bedford st., boston 11, mass.

ELECTRIC CORN POPPER
Watch through the glass top as the popcorn bursts into big snowy fluffs! Popper is handsome polished aluminum. AC-DC. 9.95
★ FREE GIFT CATALOG *with pictures of hundreds of smart, original gifts. Send for your copy today!*

LEWIS & CONGER
Ave. of Americas at 45th St., N.Y. 19, N. Y.

DOUBLE CROSS The New 3-Dimensional Game of the Old Favorite Tic-Tak-Toe



DOUBLE CROSS, the new modern version of the old favorite Tic-Tak-Toe for two to four players provides fun and competition for all. Sturdily built and played with beautiful agate marbles in four colors on three-tiered pearl gray suede-like stands, affording numerous combinations for fascinating entertainment
Only $1.00 postpaid No C O D
Send check or money order to

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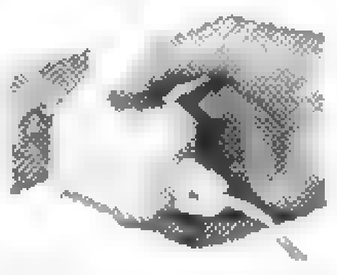
Your ELECTRIC SHAVER is LOAFING

Your a-c/d-c shaver can give much faster . . . cleaner . . . smoother shaves. RANGER Electronic Inverter* changes house current to direct current — increases cutting efficiency up to 88% — better for motor, too. Usually eliminates shaver radio static. Approved by Underwriters Laboratories.

Just Plug It In • Styled In Ivory Plastic



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FORST'S
CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
Smokehouse
KINGSTON, NEW YORK
THE 80-YEAR-OLD SMOKEHOUSE WHERE TRADITIONS ARE MAINTAINED IN THE MODERN MANNER

A GIFT A TREAT for a Gala Holiday

FORST'S CATSKILL MOUNTAIN Smoked Turkey PRODUCTS

Select Forst's gifts this season for those you favor most. Choose among deliciously different Forst's delicacies—varying in price from $4.75 to $44.50—send off your list and enjoy the pre-holiday season, knowing that your gift shopping is solved with incomparable good taste!

Forst's Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey
Perfect for Holiday Entertaining, Ideal as a Gift—Ready to Serve!

First, a luscious, taste-teasing, palate-pleasing whole Forst's Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey. Holiday festivities are incomplete without one of these choice, young, full-breasted birds, cured in rare herbs and spices, and then smoke-cooked in air-conditioned smokehouses to golden-brown perfection over fragrant applewood embers. Whole Forst's Smoked Turkeys range from 8 to 18 lbs., net smoked weight. Price $1.50 per pound. All ready to slice and serve.

Three Tempting Assortments of Smoked Turkey Delicacies
Vacuum-Packed to be Enjoyed Any Time—ALL the Time!

SLICED SMOKED TURKEY—Generous slices of tender, juicy white meat, rich full-flavored dark meat. Nothing added but flavorful turkey broth. • HANDI-CUT SMOKED TURKEY—Both white and dark meat, cubed to make perfect à la king and creamed dishes, salads, sandwiches, etc. • SMOKED TURKEY PATE—A zesty spread for canapés, hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches, etc. *All are ready to eat—and keep without refrigeration until opened.*

CHOOSE FROM 3 POPULAR ASSORTMENTS:

NEW AMSTERDAM SELECTION—12—½-lb. cans—4 ea. of Pâté, Handi-Cut, Sliced. *Only* **$16.00**
HENDRIK HUDSON SELECTION—6—½-lb. cans—2 ea. of Pâté, Handi-Cut, Sliced. *Only* **$8.50**
PETER STUYVESANT SELECTION—3—½-lb. cans—1 ea. of Pâté, Handi-Cut, Sliced. *Only* **$4.75**

The Gift of Gifts—A Taste Thrill for Every Season

Finally, there is that rarest, most unusual gift-membership in Forst's exclusive "Delicacy of the Season" Club, details of which are given in the panel below.

You just select the Forst's gifts desired, make up your list—and mail it to us with your check! We do the rest! All orders festively packed and shipped delivery charges prepaid anywhere in continental U. S. or Canada. Supplies limited! Order NOW!

THE FORST'S • KINGSTON, N. Y.

IMPORTANT! All Forst's Catskill Mountain Products Are Government Inspected.

FORST'S "Delicacy of the Season" Club

A GIFT THAT SAYS "MERRY CHRISTMAS" ALL YEAR 'ROUND

CHRISTMAS

A Gift membership in the "Delicacy of the Season" Club will delight friends and influence customers all year long.

At Christmas, members receive an 8 to 10 lb. golden-brown Forst's Smoked Turkey. At Easter, a tender, tempting 10 to 12 lb. Catskill Mountain Smoked Ham, sugar-cured and smoked Southern style, ready to eat.

In July, the Hendrik Hudson Assortment of picnic snack-tidbits—vacuum-packed in six half-pound cans—Sliced Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey, zesty Forst's Smoked Turkey Pâté, multi-useful Forst's Handi-Cut Smoked Turkey.

Finally, Fall will bring a generous 4 lb. package of spicy smoked pork sausage and a whole 8 to 10 lb. strip of luscious Catskill Mountain Bacon.

All this for a total cost of only $44.50 — delivery prepaid on all gifts, anywhere in continental U. S. or Canada.

In addition to the engraved Membership Certificate, a personalized greeting card accompanies each gift.

4TH OF JULY

EASTER

AUTUMN

THE FORST'S CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKEHOUSE
Route 148, Kingston, N. Y.

☐ I enclose Gift List and check for $________ Please ship the Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey Products checked below, charges prepaid.

......Whole Birds, weight . . . . . (8 to 18). lbs. at $1.50 lb. $______
......New Amsterdam Selections (12—½-lb. cans) at $16.00 $______
......Hendrik Hudson Selections (6—½-lb. cans) at $8.50 $______
......Peter Stuyvesant Selections (3—½-lb. cans) at $4.75 $______

Approximate date required..................

*Your Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*________________ *Zone*____ *State*________

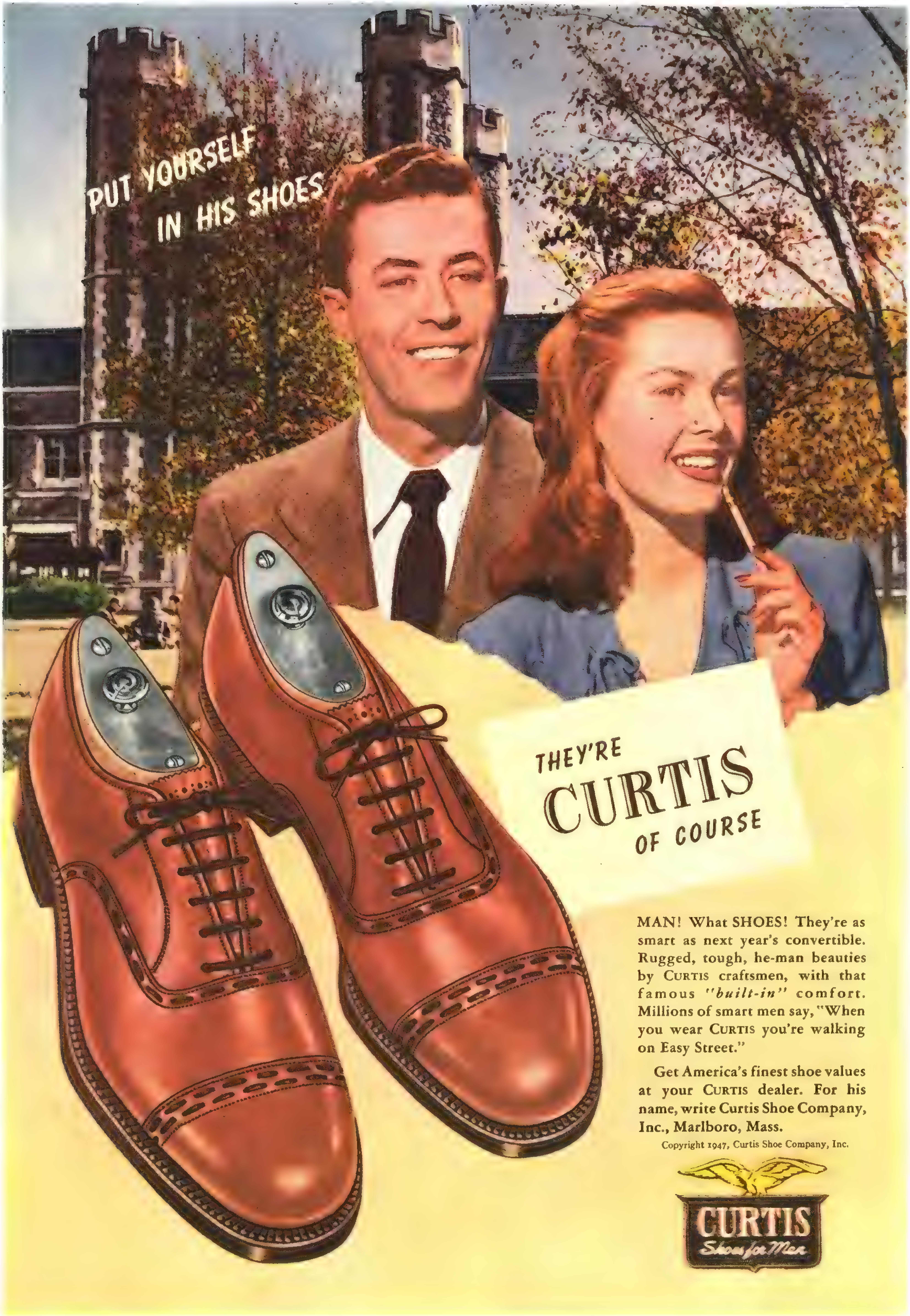
NOTE: We attempt to fill your order as closely as possible, but turkeys may be slightly under or over the weight specified.

"DELICACY OF THE SEASON" CLUB ORDER

☐ I am attaching herewith my Gift List and check for $________ to cover________memberships in your "Delicacy of the Season" Club, at $44.50 per membership. It is understood that each person on my list is to receive the four gifts described in your advertisement; also, the engraved initiation Membership Certificate.

*Your Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*________________ *Zone*____ *State*________

FORST'S BANK REFERENCES: State of New York National Bank, Kingston, N. Y. • Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company, N. Y. C.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IN HIS SHOES
THEY'RE
CURTIS
OF COURSE
CURTIS
Shoes for Men

MAN! What SHOES! They're as smart as next year's convertible. Rugged, tough, he-man beauties by Curtis craftsmen, with that famous *"built-in"* comfort. Millions of smart men say, "When you wear Curtis you're walking on Easy Street."

Get America's finest shoe values at your Curtis dealer. For his name, write Curtis Shoe Company, Inc., Marlboro, Mass.

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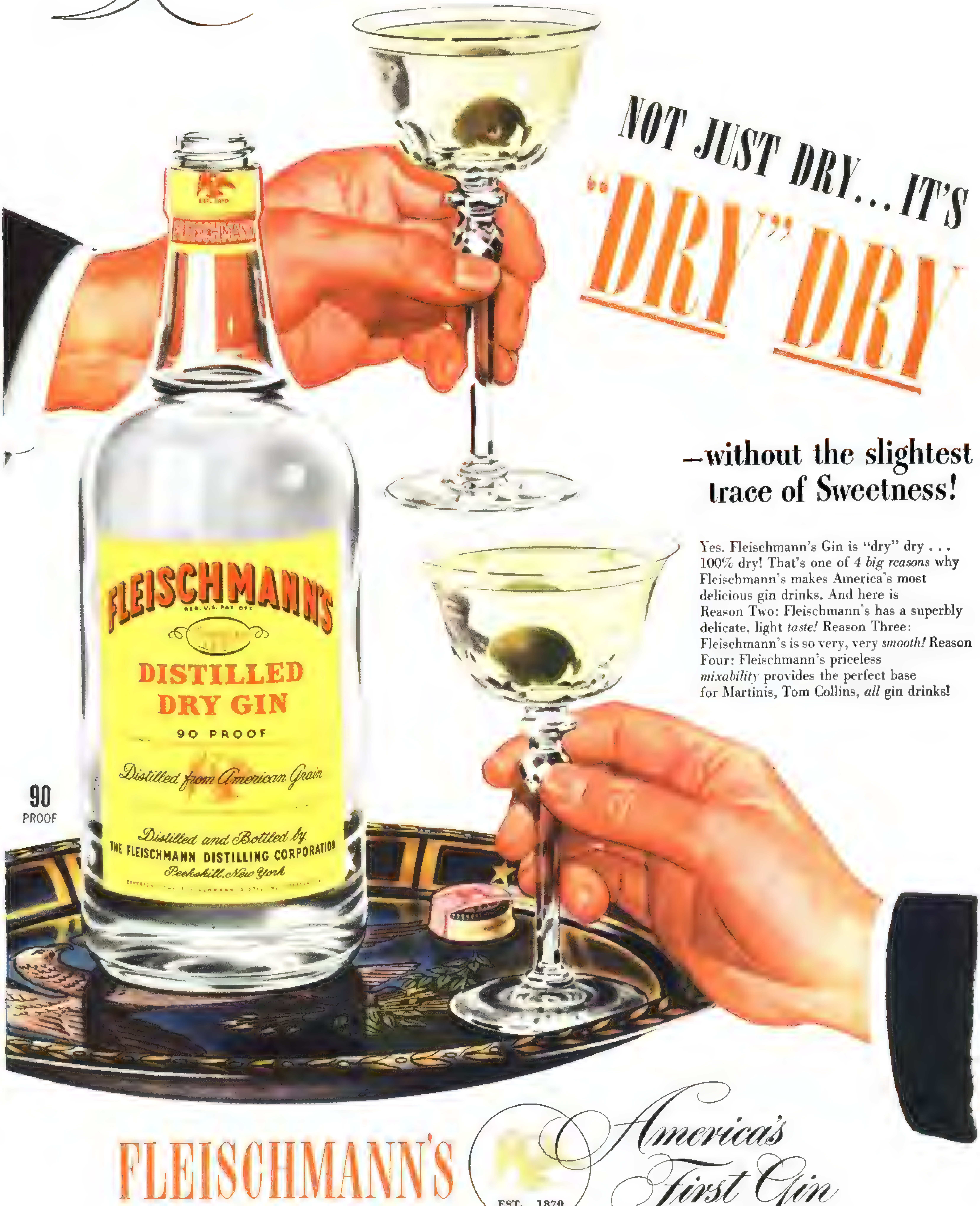
No Wonder Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Martini!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FLEISCHMANN
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
Peekskill, New York

NOT JUST DRY... IT'S "DRY" DRY

–without the slightest trace of Sweetness!

Yes. Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! That's one of *4 big reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks. And here is Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly delicate, light *taste!* Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very *smooth!* Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless *mixability* provides the perfect base for Martinis, Tom Collins, *all* gin drinks!

90
PROOF

FLEISCHMANN'S EST. 1870 *America's First Gin*

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN—90 PROOF. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

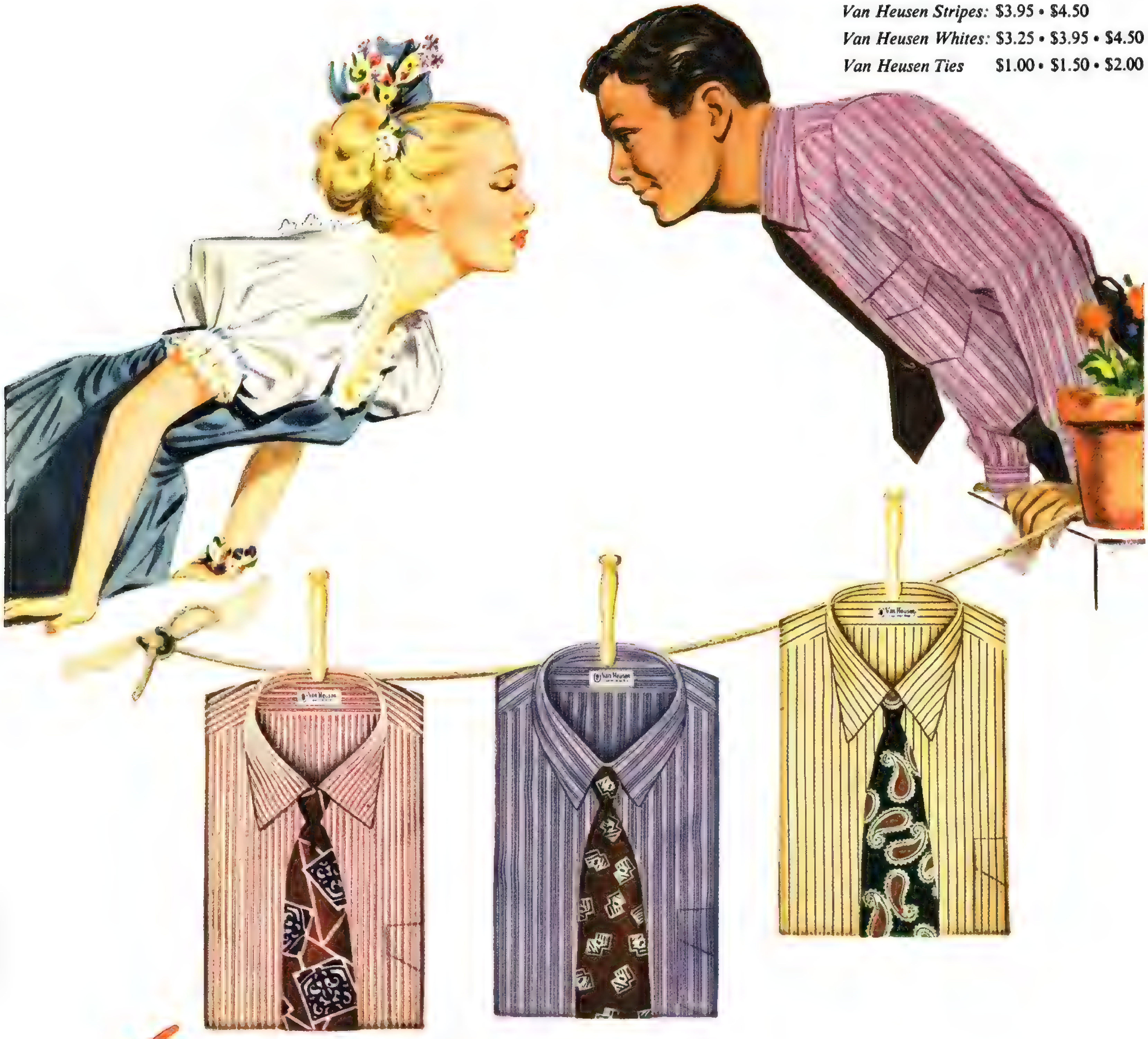
You get across in stripes...

• Women go for a smart line. Van Heusen gives you the season's smartest in a great new collection of striped shirts. Pick your favorites . . . you'll find the right collar model for yourself among them! Van Heusen sewmanship and quality get across too:

1. A perfect fitting low-set collar.
2. Action-tailored shoulders, armholes, elbows.
3. Figure tapered lines.
4. Tug-proof pearl buttons.
5. Laboratory tested fabrics.
6. Sanforized.
7. Approved by American Institute of Laundering.
8. A new shirt free if your Van Heusen Shirt shrinks out of size.

See your dealer today. He'll come across with the right stripes for you!

Van Heusen Stripes:	$3.95 • $4.50
Van Heusen Whites:	$3.25 • $3.95 • $4.50
Van Heusen Ties	$1.00 • $1.50 • $2.00



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Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

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$3.50
postpaid

Here's a splendid gift for "HER" that's truly personal. It's a set of 12 Powder Puffs, made of fluffy baby lambskin; each puff personalized with monogram or FIRST NAME, in gold. Packed in clear, after-use plastic box.

Send check or money order.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Finest Quality
HAVANA CIGARS
½ USUAL PRICE

CORONAS
Clear Havana
Hand Made
Long Filler
5" long
Box of 50— $6.50

Enjoy the utmost in smoking pleasure. Only clear Havana cigars, made by hand, shipped FRESH direct from factory to you, can give you such luxury smoking.

All Cubano Cigars are made of choice 100% Havana tobaccos—wrapper, binder, filler. Hence their fragrant richness, mellow flavor, smooth drawing, even burning. And by ordering direct you save HALF the usual price.

Tell us whether you like light, medium or dark wrappers, mild or pungent fillers. We'll make the cigars to suit your individual taste.

ORDER ON APPROVAL. Smoke 2 or 3. If not delighted, return the remainder and we will refund the *full price*. *Order today.*

WE PAY POSTAGE — SEND CHECK or MONEY ORDER (C.O.D.'s accepted)

Prices per Box of 50:

CORONAS (5") $8.50
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CUBANO CIGAR CO. KEY WEST, FLA.

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TALLER
INSTANTLY!

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HITE-BUILDERS
IN YOUR
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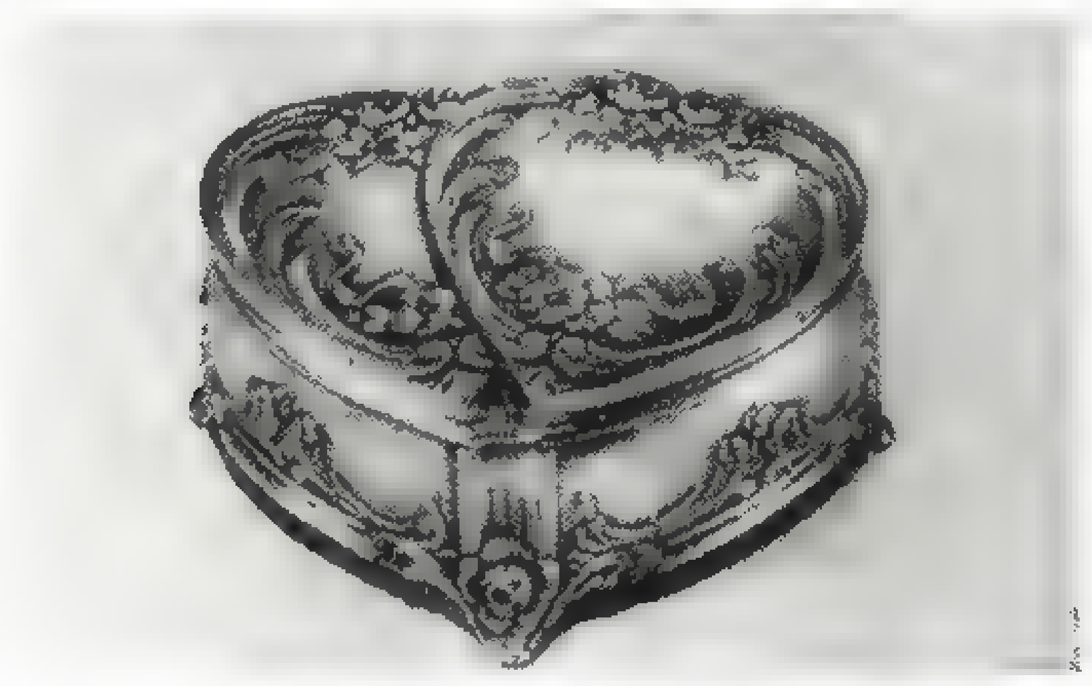
Want more respect? . . . more opportunity? Then increase your height INSTANTLY with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible, comfortable, easy to wear. Made to last years. Amazingly low-priced!

SEND NO MONEY

Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

DAVIS MFG. CO.
Dept. E-308, Loveland, Ohio

Only
$1.95
A PAIR



HEART INTEREST!

A gift to please most any girl . . . this jewel box lined with softest plush. Silver plated metal with an embossed design of hearts entwined. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send check or money order.

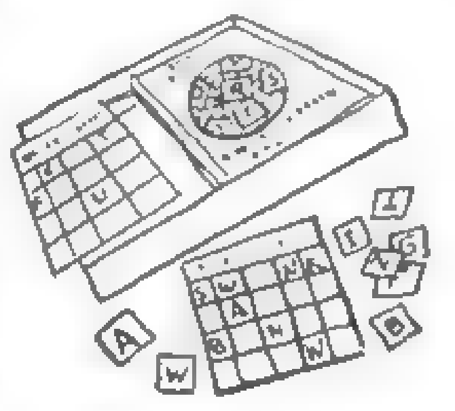
$4.50 post paid
(*incl. tax*)

Send for FREE booklet of attractive gifts

Spencer Gifts
Easton, Pennsylvania

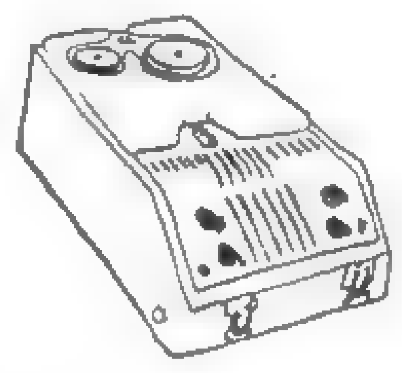
Talking Shop with Esquire

CROSSWORD LOTTO . . . a combination of word building technique and the classic favorite, Lotto. Words must be completed in horizontal or vertical lines on the card.



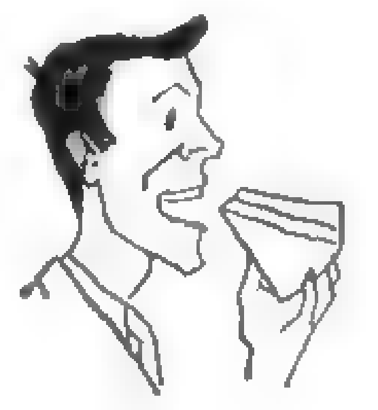
FOR BUSINESS USE the recorder is invaluable. For field reports . . . sales, purchasing, engineering contracts can be reported quickly and completely to the home office. Hand written reports are no longer necessary. Can also be used for dictating long memoranda and reports at home which may be later transcribed. Lectures can be recorded, played back, studied and re-edited and polished for final delivery. Language and speech courses can be given with proper emphasis on diction and delivery . . . the portable is so convenient, it can be carried from class to class.

PORTABLE WIRE RECORDER. Remember that famous Crosby radio show, when Jolson appeared for the first time as guest star? Haven't you wished you could hear it again and again? You could have. That's where the wire recorder comes in. Here's a simple looking machine which records and plays back radio programs, phonograph music, voices of friends, home talent plays, baby's first words, family gatherings . . . in fact, every audible sound can be played back with amazing fidelity. Machine comes in a convenient suitcase, weighing only 27 lbs., complete with microphone and three spools of wire, two ¼ hour, one ½ hour. The mike may be held in your hand, suspended or placed on the table or floor.



ICE CUBES DROP OUT LIKE MAGIC. We've seen many an ice cube tray . . . but this one tops 'em all for ease of execution and flawless performance. Here goes. The tray is of lightweight aluminum (open all the way round like a frame). Into this fit 8 to 12 plastic cups, each one an individual mold for your ice cube. Each cup has a dimple in the bottom . . . just lift out the number of cubes you need, press the dimple, and out pops the cube. And we do mean pop. No stress or strain, no "under the hot water" treatment.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT CAKE. Skipping nimbly to the West coast, we wish to comment on one of the most amazing fruit concoctions we've encountered to date. No routine fruit cake, this. Instead, you behold huge whole pecans, whole cherries, large hunks of pineapple, citron and other ingredients, loosely and magically held together with some cakey substance. Rich as all get out, and completely different.



Ranger

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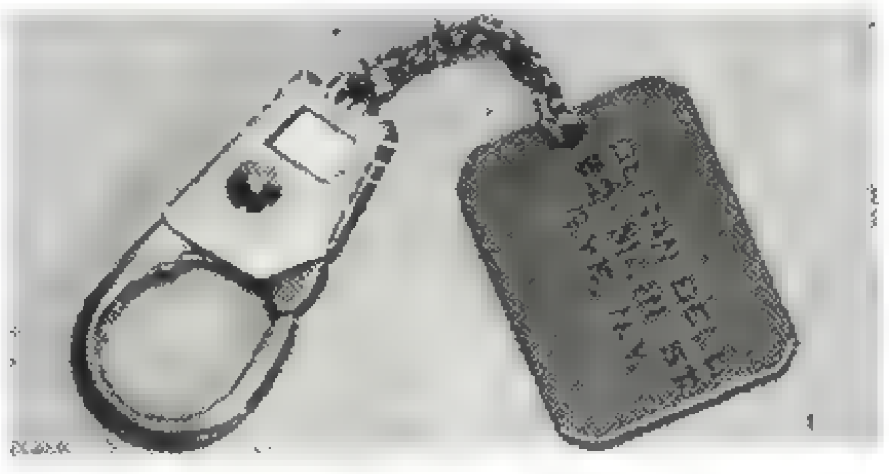

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Luminous panel glows in the dark! Non-tarnishing gold finish, Trigger catch locks keys in place. Name plate engraved—monogram or name and address. Swell for you or your No. 1 gal! PPD., no C.O.D.'s $2.00

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Your signature duplicated on Monarch size fine quality white bond. Blue or black printing. Send signature in black ink on white card. 80 sheets, 80 envelopes, PPD. $6.00

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HERE'S A CLEVER LITTLE NUMBER!
"Frigid-Digits"
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A FROZEN ASSET TO EVERY DRINK

Added CHILL *Plus* IDENTIFICATION

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8! Know whose drink is whose! Just freeze these gaily-colored, water-filled numerals in your ice-tray. Then **FLOAT** one in each glass. They'll **COOLLY** remind everyone your drink is **EXCLUSIVELY YOURS.**

Shatterproof crystal plastic, with water forever sealed in. **TASTELESS—ODORLESS. LAST INDEFINITELY.**

When entertaining more than eight, use different colored sets. Your choice of this exciting assortment: Tangerine, Cherry Red, Mint Green, Lime, Hawaiian Blue, Mexicali Rose, Lemon Yellow, Georgia Peach, Concord Grape, Burgundy, Apple Green, Hollywood Orchid.

GIFT BOX OF 8
NUMERALS 1 TO 8. ONE COLOR PER BOX
$2.25
ADD 10C FOR DELIVERY

"FRIGID-DIGITS"
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Horse Lovers!
Collectors!
Gift Seekers!

Magnificent Western Stallion with beautifully-wrought detachable Mexican Saddle and separate green felt saddle blanket . . . or . . . Sleek, authentic English Thoroughbred Hunter with rider . . . In gleaming *hand-cast, hand-buffed* bronze plate with copper highlights on mane, tail and saddle. Exquisitely hand-wrought throughout. Authentic in every detail. Real Collectors' items.

Shipped postpaid anywhere in Continental U. S. on MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If not completely delighted, return within 5 days after receipt for FULL REFUND.

No Federal Tax (Sales Tax in California)

$30
Wt. approx. 18#

8⅜" x 9"
$25
Wt. appr. 4½#

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223 -27 W. Redondo Blvd., Inglewood, Calif.

Please send me postpaid Western ☐ English ☐ Horse
I Enclose Check ☐ Money Order ☐ For ________
No C. O. D.'s please

NAME ________

ADDRESS ________

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FALL ON ITS FACE?

Pretty embarrassing when your prize Old Fashioned flops, isn't it? A perfectly balanced Old Fashioned would have better manners—but balance is up to you.

Angostura aromatic bitters ensures the harmonious blending of ingredients—gives your Old Fashioned the balance of a tightrope walker, and a rich, tangy personality all its own.

FREE! Professional Mixing Guide. Gives recipe for a perfect Old Fashioned—and for more than 250 other drinks. Write to Angostura Wuppermann Corp., 304 E. 45th St., New York 17, New York.

ANGOSTURA
TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
AROMATIC BITTERS

"It's What You Put In—
To Make The Flavor Come Out"

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

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HOUSE
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Imported from England

The world's
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Quality
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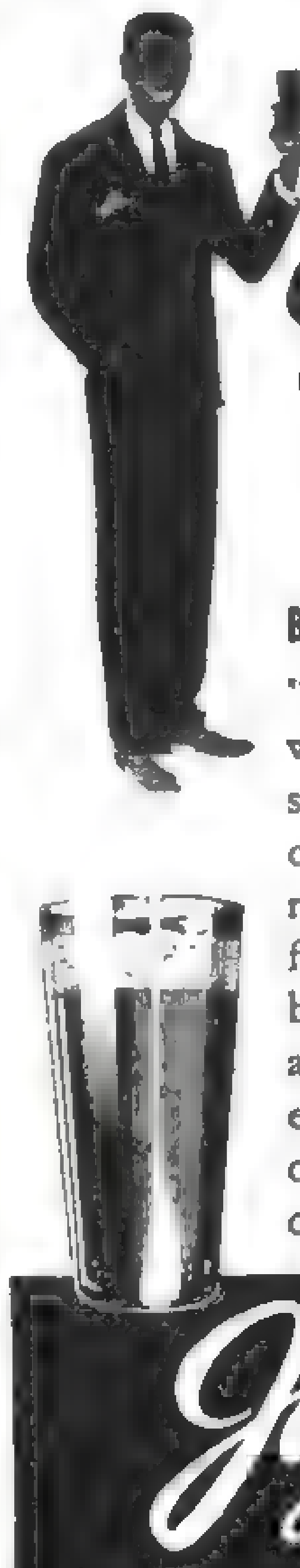
Painting the Town with Esquire

(Editor's Note: New York night clubs and supper clubs, especially the smaller, West-side places, have a way of switching entertainment suddenly, so it's best to check last minute if you're looking for something in particular. Food, drink and atmosphere remain pretty constant.)

NOW IN NOVEMBER as the Winter season gains momentum, smart New Yorkers are flocking back to the cozy, intimate spots so warm and comfortable (and usually strategically close to home or theatre) — as insurance against snow flurries and rain—and, inevitably the taxi shortage. Wise theatregoers think of Sardi's and phone ahead to young Vincent Sardi or Renee Carroll who'll insure that reservation, speed your pre-curtain dinner and nudge you at overture time. Dinty Moore's, too, is central for the theatre as is the Sorrento, Ruby Foo's, Henri Mouquin's, Tony Soma's (52nd St.), Jack & Charlie's '21,' (phone ahead to Vincent!), Jack Bleeck's Artists and Writers Restaurant (call Ernest)—or, of course, the ever-reliable Stork where veteran doorman Albino will whistle up a cab and dispatch you posthaste to your theatre. Reservations only at the Stork, remember. (Phone Victor—or Joe Arcy, if you crave the exclusive Cub Room.)

STILL THINKING of your wining & dining comfort and Manhattan's transport problem in perverse, early-Winter weather, Esquire-about-town jotted down some pertinent marginal notes about the following: (all rather closely-bunched in midtown, within sprintable distance in a rain-squall or blizzard) — Coq Rouge, charming intimacy, as ever, with unsurpassed French cuisine and cellar. Dancing — Crest Room — strictly Continental, dancing from 10 on with light entertainment toward midnight . . . Dogwood Room — no dancing, but real Southern cooking in pleasantest surroundings. Excellent bar with bourbon, of course, aplenty . . . Cherio's—a favorite with the magazine and book publishing & writing crowd, especially at luncheon. Sheer wizardry (French-Italian) in the kitchen, and Cherio himself, a peerless mixer, at the little bar. One of those spots that couples like to think of as *'our place'* . . . Little Club — really charming small cafe-restaurant with characteristic oinkily-oinkily piano after ten. French specialties and a limited, but adequate, cellar. Important: open Sundays from cocktail hour . . . Nicky Quattrochiocci's El Borracho, of course, is a must, if only for a look at the Kiss Room. But linger on for cocktails and dinner. Tres, as they say, chic . . . Passy, open Sundays, is consistently excellent as to cuisine (French), cellar, and service — and is just a step from the best East Side supper clubs.

For information about any specific hotel, restaurant or night club, write "Esquire-about-town," 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Discerning Dissertation

BETWEEN SIPS OF JAMAICA PUNCH*

"Know where 'planter's punch' was invented? In Jamaica, by the sugar planters. They used Jamaica's delicate rich, old, pot-stilled rums . . . with the smooth, subtle flavour that has never successfully been imitated to this day! As far as I'm concerned, the only 'planter's punch' is Jamaica Punch—the only rums for any drink are Jamaica Rums!"

Jamaica Rums
QUALITY CONTROLLED BY LAW SINCE 1661
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

MOST
BEAUTIFUL
NIGHT CLUB
IN THE COUNTRY!
Says DAMON RUNYON

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY • FOR DINNER AT 8 • SUPPER AT 12
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

NICKY BLAIR'S
CARNIVAL
In The Hotel Capitol
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NEW YORK

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The famous Anthony & Cleopatra, Columbus & Isabella; The Afghan Serenade, Case 142; The Happy Couple, Uncle Tom's Cabanal 3-10" records. . . . . . . Album No. 8 $4.47*

BELLE BAKER

Songs that made her famous. 2-10" records. . . . . Album $2.63*
(Combination price for both albums $6.95)*

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Two famous 10" records—The Old Sow Song—How Fights Start in Saloons! Ent 261/259 . $1.58*
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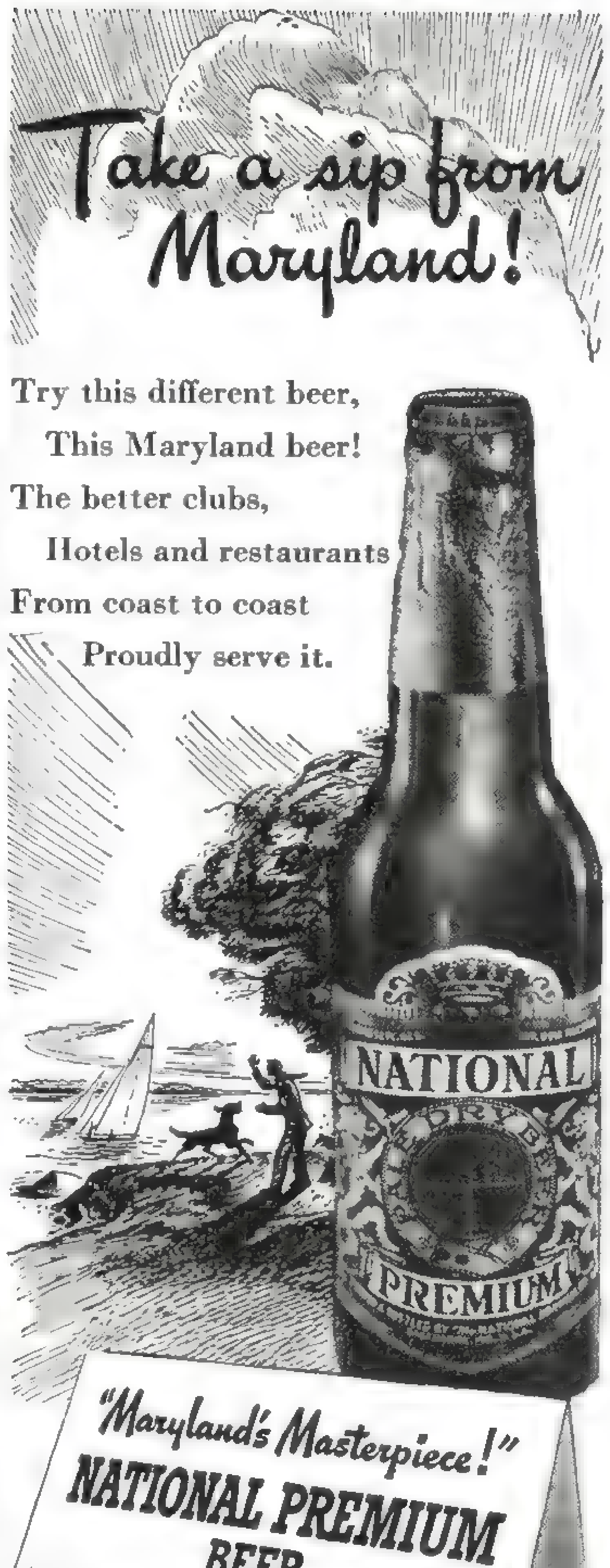
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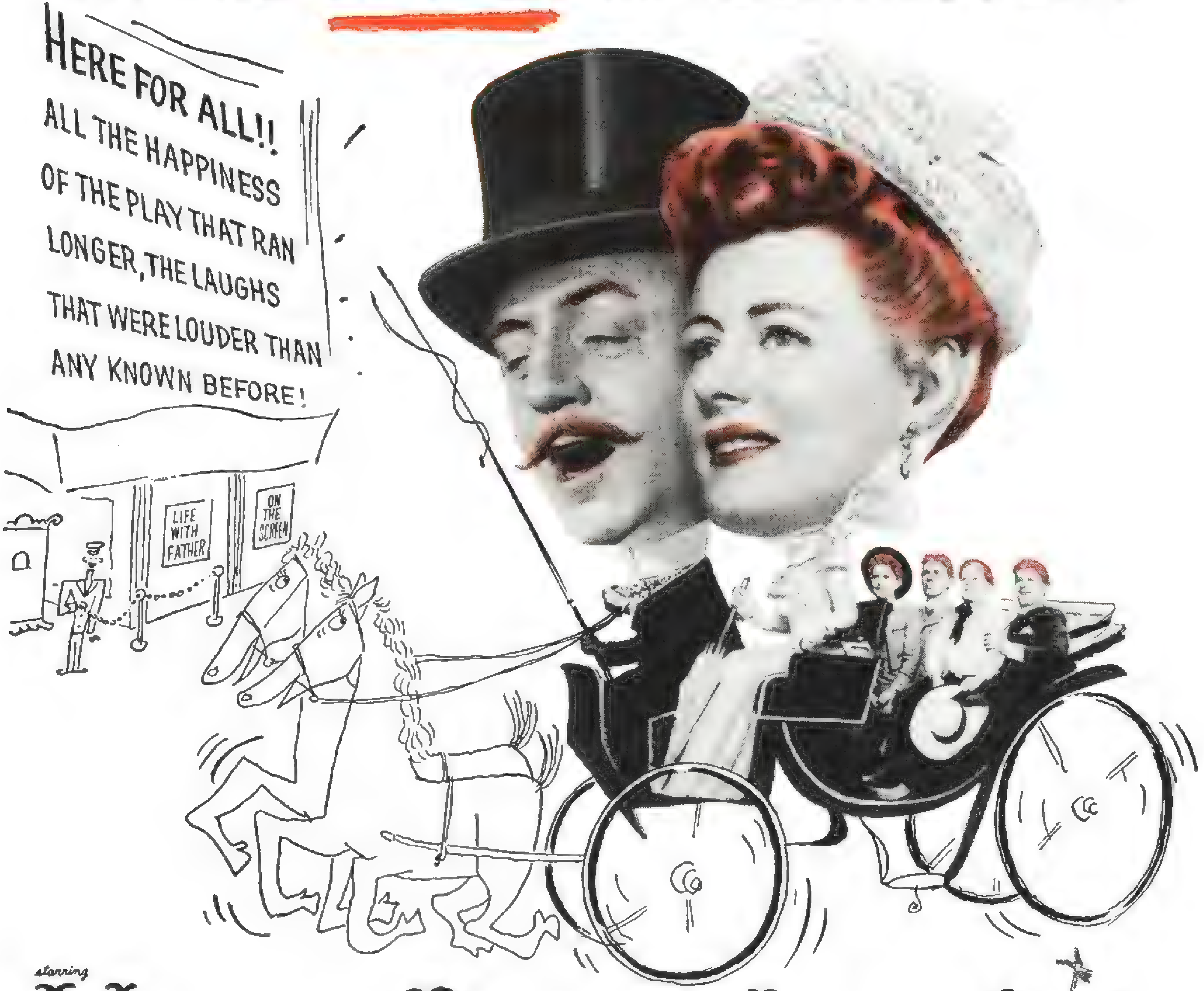

HERE FOR ALL!!
ALL THE HAPPINESS OF THE PLAY THAT RAN LONGER, THE LAUGHS THAT WERE LOUDER THAN ANY KNOWN BEFORE!
LIFE WITH FATHER
ON THE SCREEN

starring

WILLIAM POWELL ⋆ IRENE DUNNE

with

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

From the original play by

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

EDMUND GWENN · ZASU PITTS

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by

ROBERT BUCKNER

WB

Painting the Town with Esquire

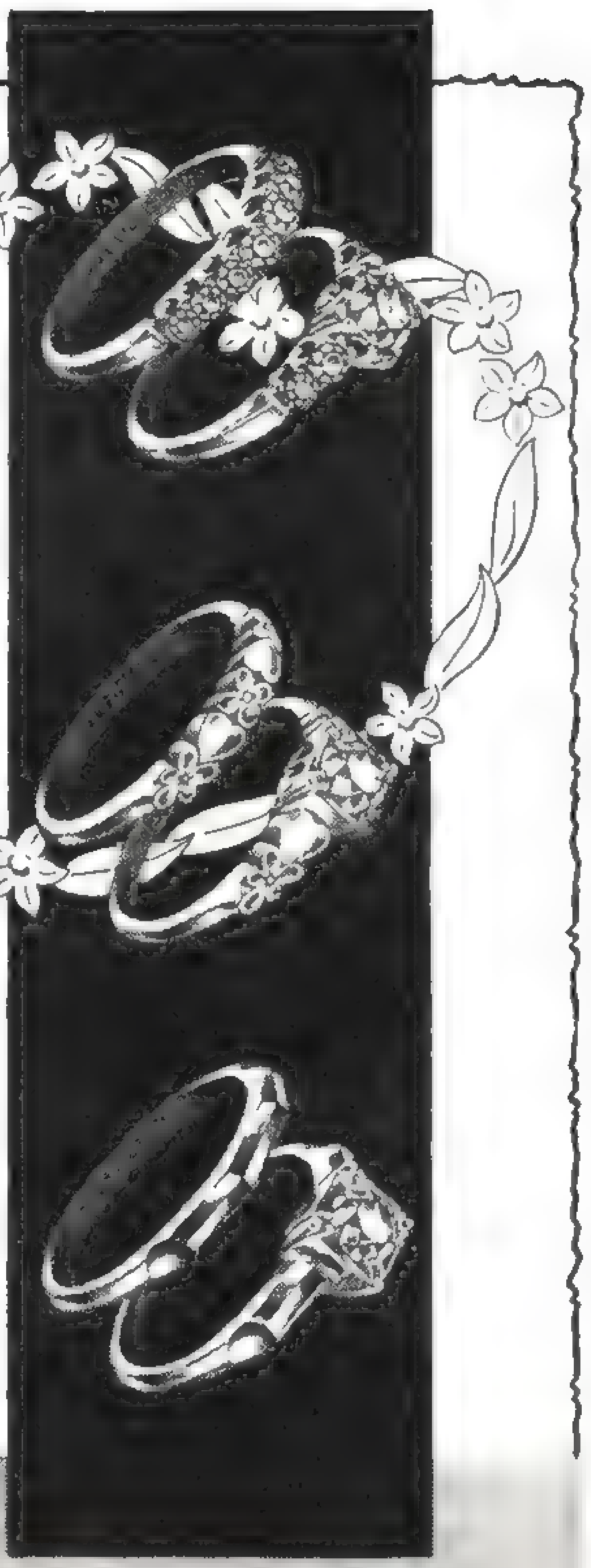
IF YOUR HOTEL or apartment is upper East Side and you're going on to the theatre (allow a minimum of 10 mins. for cross-town traffic), Louise's tucked-away downstairs restaurant is perfect. At 302 E. 58th. Really wonderful antipasto, veal parmigiana and rare roast beef, all on the 'ready' list, with special steak cuts, chops and chicken if you've more time. Fine mixed drinks and rare bonded ryes and bourbons. Excellent service. But Louise's is small and very popular. Phone Dick for reservations. And one block south and around the corner is Loujon's, intimate, French and very good, indeed, boasting a fine cellar and unhurried but splendid service. Mike Uranj's Sutton Restaurant at 58th and First Ave., offers fine before-theatre steaks, chops and prime ribs of beef plus seafoods in season, plus French and Italian specialties. Nick, the barman, makes one of the pleasantest Martinis you're likely to find around. Ditto for his Old Fashions. Also in this general sector and ESQUIREcommended! — Hapsburg House, featuring good Viennese food, a small but select cellar and attentive service, all set off by Ludwig Bemelmans' charming wall decor . . . John Ganzi's Palm Restaurant, the old newspaper bar & grill gone upstage and a trifle expensive, but still gold as gold throughout, with the same old cartoons on the walls and the same efficient kitchen. A la carte only . . . McCarthy's charcoal-broiled steaks, chops, Idaho baked potatoes, perfect answer to a Sunday night when so many Manhattan restaurants shut down.

IN THE HOLLYWOOD MANNER, (or New York's idea of it) the sleek new decor at the Monte Carlo is luring in its usual Winter quota of the screen colony's glamour girls and New York's cafe society, with dancing to anyone's taste, 'til closing. Better dress weekends. Phone ahead, always. Not even S.R.O., late Sundays when doors open at 5. Food's excellent, but out-of-towners seem to prefer dinner elsewhere, fetching up here after midnight, and they may have the right idea. No table-hopping, please, and autograph-seekers are firmly discouraged.

RARE BURGUNDIES, hard to come at by even the most persistent and discriminating winebibbers these days, are still available at the blue-blooded Colony Restaurant, at Henri Mouquin's, '21,' the Stork Club, at Cafe des Nations (in limited quantities), at Voisin and, perhaps, (to a few old customers) at Nino's. No more Romanee Conti for several years. Tip to determined gourmets: the old Lafayette downtown is still hoarding in its famous cellars an unascertained amount of really good Margaux, '33, Chateau Marquis de Terme, '24 and Chateau Montrose, '37. The Lafayette's fare is unvaryingly excellent and, as always, if your garcon takes a fancy to you, you can have 'most anything in the house.

LATE NIGHTERS in a hurry (and it's humanly possible to cover only so many spots, even in a New York evening) like the swift service and Broadway-Hollywood-sports writer & fighter atmosphere and, of course, the excellent food at Toots Shor's tasteful and well-celebrated 51st Street place. Squab, steak, chicken, mutton chops or corned beef and cabbage. But phone ahead or you'll get caught in the crush . . . Similar in atmosphere and a peer in the charcoal broiled department is Al Schacht's steak house on W. 52nd . . . Likewise, Manhattan's newest steak house, The Press Box, on West 45th, and the Red Coach Grill, which also offers delicious lobster and New England specialties, including chowder and steamed clams. George Lockhart here is a master barman . . . And, very late in the evening, you'll naturally head for either of Arnold Reuben's fabulous all-night restaurants where the scrambled eggs and Canadian bacon, the triple- and four-decker sandwiches are named after Reuben's famous patrons of two decades. Reuben's newest plant comprises restaurant, bar, Men's Bar & Grill, florist's shop, pastry and gift shops, barber shop and everything but Turkish baths (which may have appeared by the time we're in print). Winchell and Lyons (and most of the New York and Hollywood people they write about) show up here sooner or later. Usually later. It's also a good place to read the morning papers.

For information about any specific hotel, restaurant or night club, write "Esquire-about-town," 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



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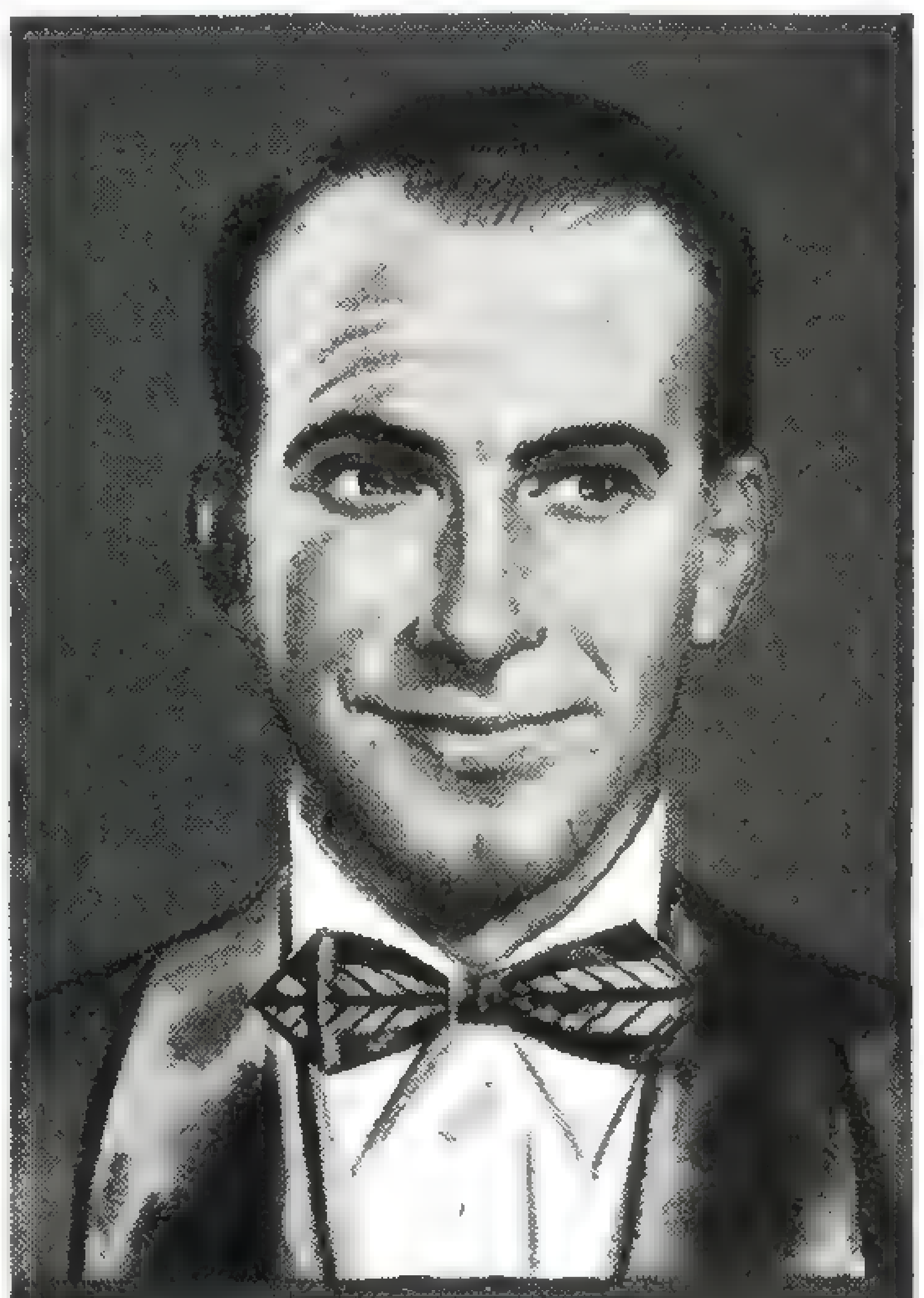

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Sherman introduces black and silver formal bows . . in tie-it-yourself panel styles that reverse to become black bows. Also maroon and silver, midnight blue and silver. Available, too, in ready-tied clipper* formal bows. All $1.50. Send for free booklet "How to tie a Bow Tie."

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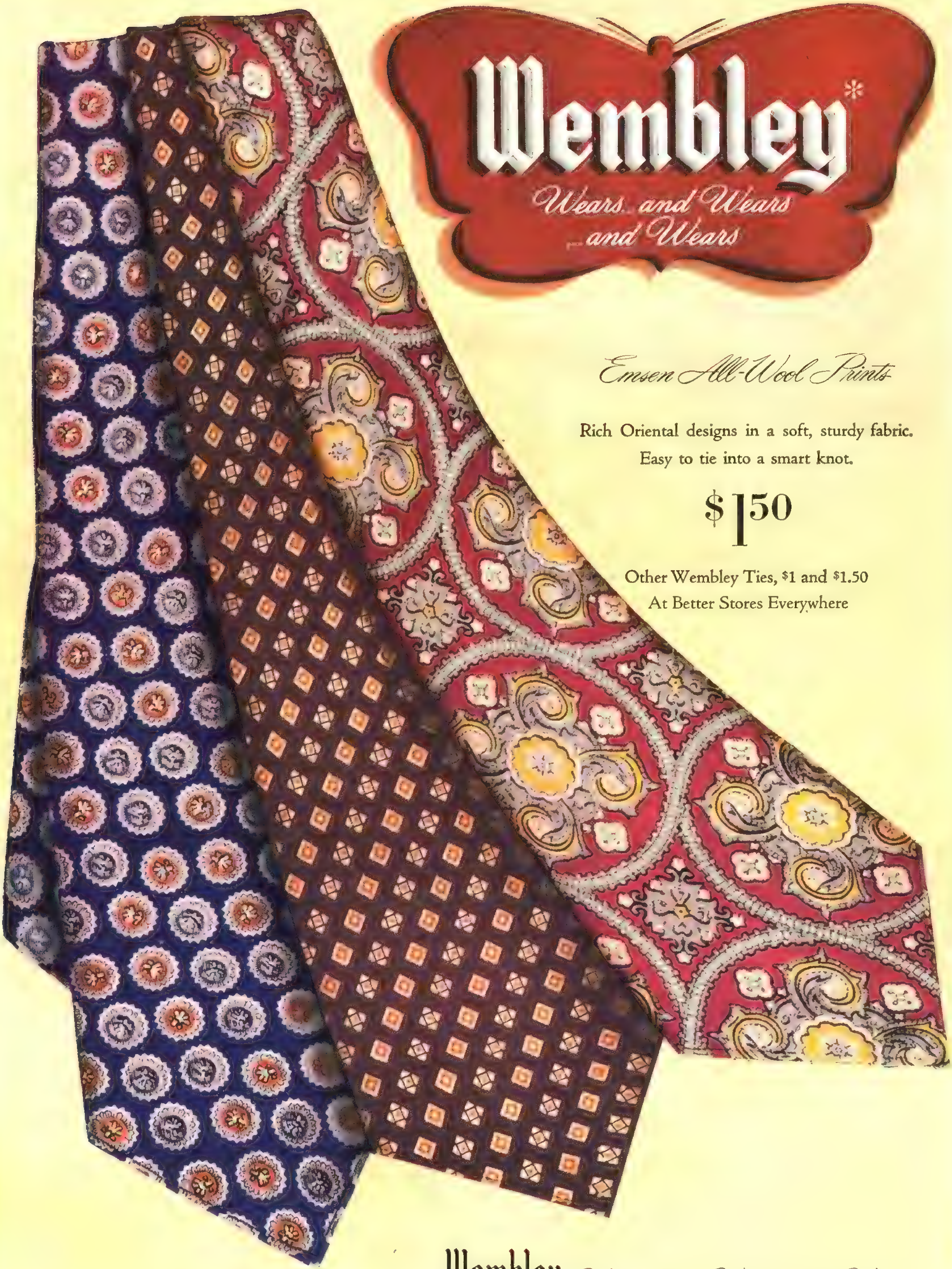

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Kaywoodie
New York-London

Matched Grain Kaywoodies such as these are the only pipes in the world with the natural flame pattern, carefully matched. Their beauty of grain identifies them anywhere. "Companion Set" case lined with velvet and satin. $25

All pipes on this page have the Kaywoodie Synchro-Stem fitment which has been preferred by smokers over other filters and pipe-mountings for 20 years.

Precious Block Meerschaum, mined at Eski-Sher, Turkey—fashioned by hand with the touch of the old Viennese carvers, into beautiful cigarette holder to complement your jewelry. Each contains the Kaywoodie Fitment which cools and cleans your smoke. Mouthpieces of Rock Ambera. Single holder, in case lined with velvet and satin, $5. Also set of two contrasting holders, not illustrated, $10

Kaywoodie
New York-London

Handsomely-cut Turkish Block Meerschaum Cigar holder, with Rock Ambera mouthpiece. Inside it the Kaywoodie fitment that cools and cleans smoke, stopping an average of ¼ lb. of tar in a year. In case lined with velvet and satin. $5

Kaywoodie
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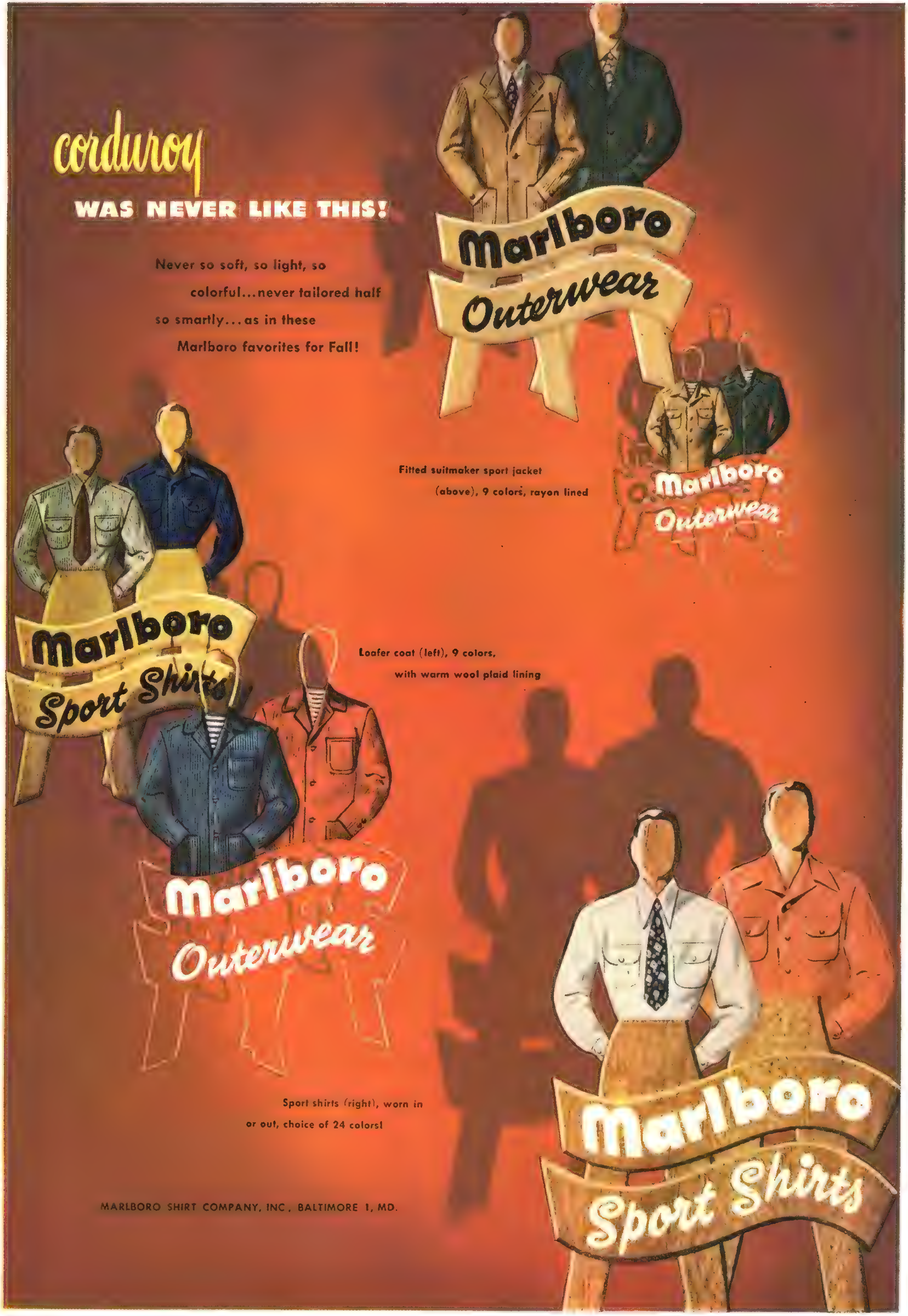
The best authorities on rare woods agree that Kaywoodie Centennial briars are among the real rarities on the world market. This is due to scarcity of briar of this uniformity of texture. Centennial Briar is as rare as thuya, Brazilian tulip, or Macassar ebony which are worth 8 to 12 times as much as mahogany. So fine is the grain, it is often less than a hair's breadth, yet pipe is light and comfortable. Kaywoodie original Natural Finish reveals the grain in all its beauty. Its band is solid. $25

If rich Walnut finish is preferred, ask for "Ninety-Fiver" Kaywoodie, $20. (*not illustrated*).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Marlboro Sport Shirts

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Never so soft, so light, so colorful...never tailored half so smartly...as in these Marlboro favorites for Fall!

Fitted suitmaker sport jacket (above), 9 colors, rayon lined

Loafer coat (left), 9 colors, with warm wool plaid lining

Sport shirts (right), worn in or out, choice of 24 colors!

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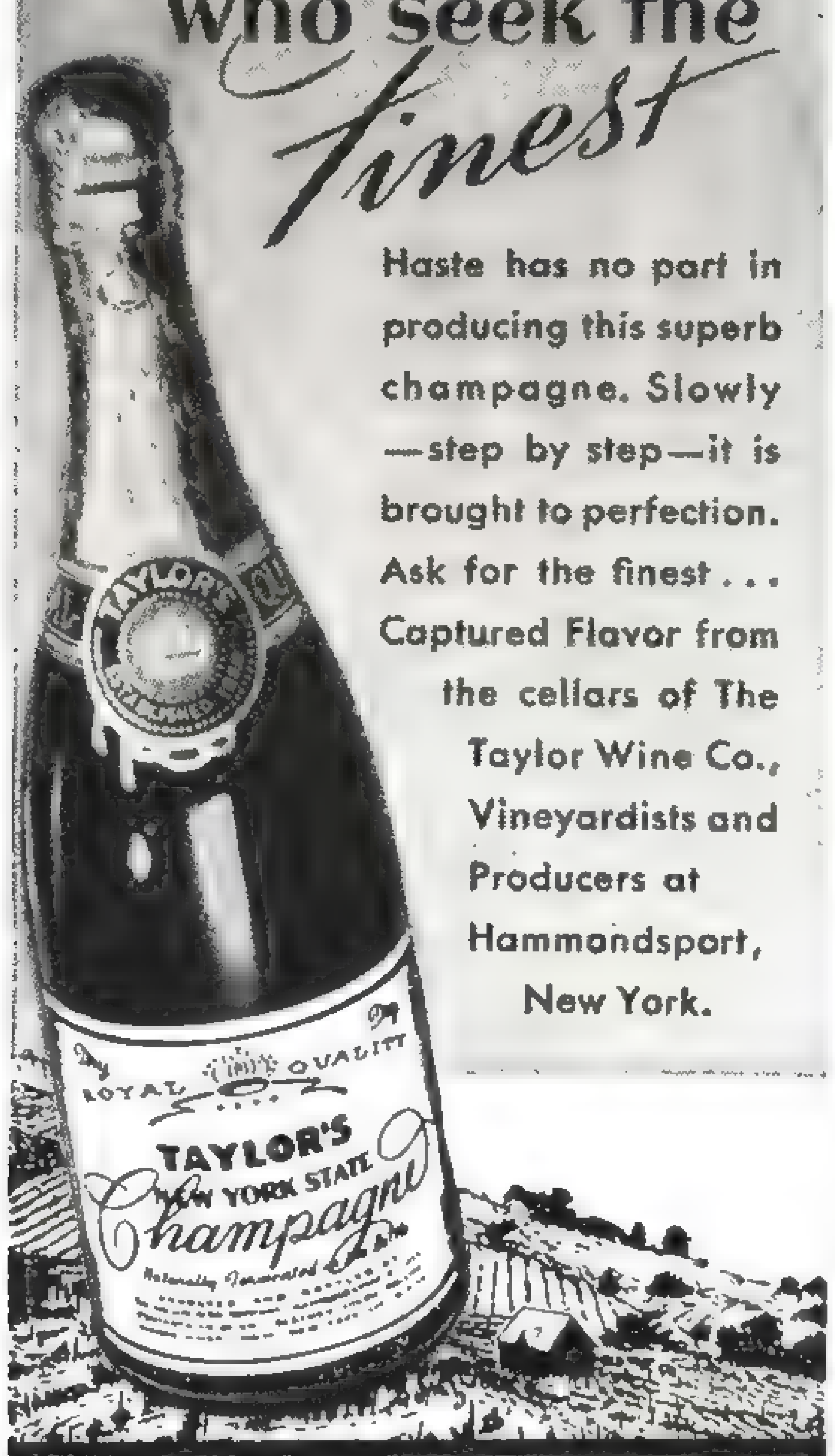

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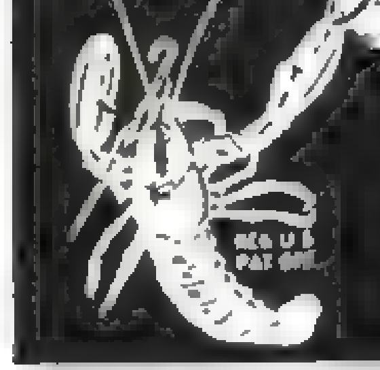
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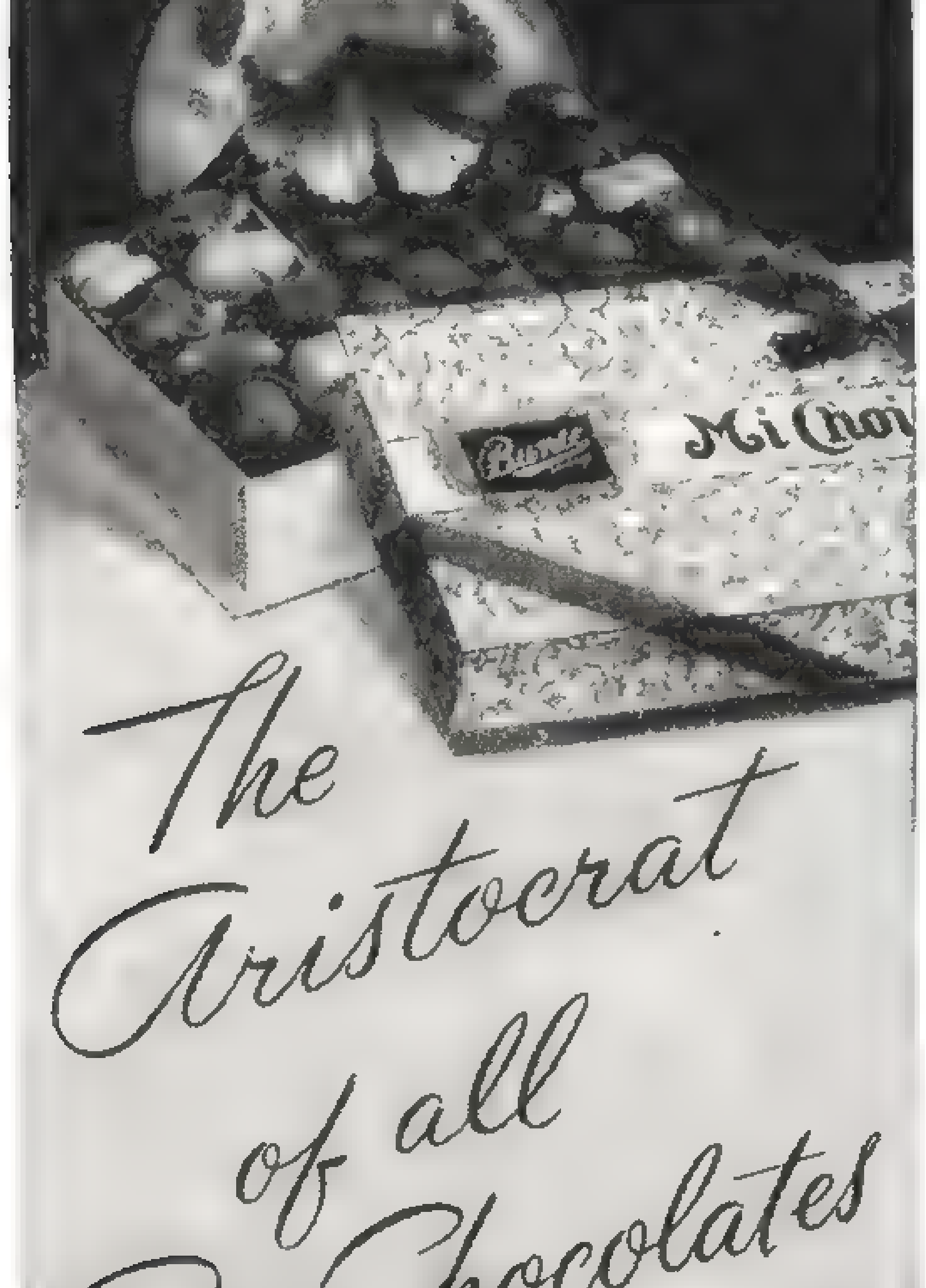

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Painting the Town with Esquire

ESQUIREcommended! — Tony's Cafe Trouville: good French cuisine in a smart atmosphere with incidental piano music . . . Scribe's Pen and Pencil, Tim Costello's, Bleeck's, Inkwell, Miramar, Louis'. (W. 48th) Pietro's—(favorite good-eating and newspaper & magazine atmosphere spots in & around newspaper row) . . . Lum Fong's, Ruby Foo's, Yank Sing for fanciers of Cantonese specialties . . . And a quick tour of the Greenwich Village scene might cover: Cafe Society Downtown, Nick's, Delaney's, El Chico and Jimmy Kelly's on Sullivan Street.

FLORIDA CALLS many a frostbitten Easterner this time of year, but we've detected what looks like incipient consumer-resistance to the jampacked big Miami, Boca Raton and Ft. Lauderdale hotels; to routine hotel-cooked food and understaffed hostelries, sky-high couvert and minimum charges in the night clubs and bistros—and a general weariness with bigtime black market and its offspring, bigtime gambling. If our prognosis is correct, *ESQUIREcommended!* is Key West —or, more specifically, tiny Casa Cayo Hueso (Inn), at the southernmost tip of the southernmost piece of the U. S. Strictly informal. Pack only T-shirts, your Oxford bags and plenty of shorts — and tell the lady sun-suits, swimsuits and dirndls. Unsurpassed seafood, fresh from the best game fishing grounds in the world; real Southern cooking, with a touch of exotic West Indian flavor. Cuban specialties and dishes dreamed up in Haiti, Jamaica and Nassau. Gay, the barman, mixes incredibly palatable cocoanut and rum cocktails (16 varieties), or authoritative Martinis, daiquiris, swizzles or what you will. H.C. and Diane Rose are your hosts, but they're far more like fellow holidayers. The sun's blazing hot, the tradewinds cool and the Gulf and Atlantic waters are irresistible, with white sandy beach at your doorway. Warning: better wire ahead. The Casa's small and immensely popular! . . . For those who want to dress, the big resortish Hotel Casa Marina is the answer. And if you *must* risk those hard-earned clams, well, there's a modest dice game, chemin', roulette and vingt-et-un in the back room of every first class bar on the Key.

ESQUIREcommended! in Arizona's wonderlands is Castle Hot Springs Hotel, spang in an oasis 74 miles from Phoenix airport by hotel station-wagon. Food from the Waldorf (of the caliber made famous by the late Lucius Boomer) served, for luncheon if you so desire, alongside the mineral springs pool adjoining the main building and bar . . . hot and cool mineral springs with four swimming pools . . . a hundred riding horses . . . golf, tennis, badminton . . . cowboy singing each evening, and dancing Saturday, in the long, comfortable bar — all 11½ hours from New York by air. Reservations only! (in December).

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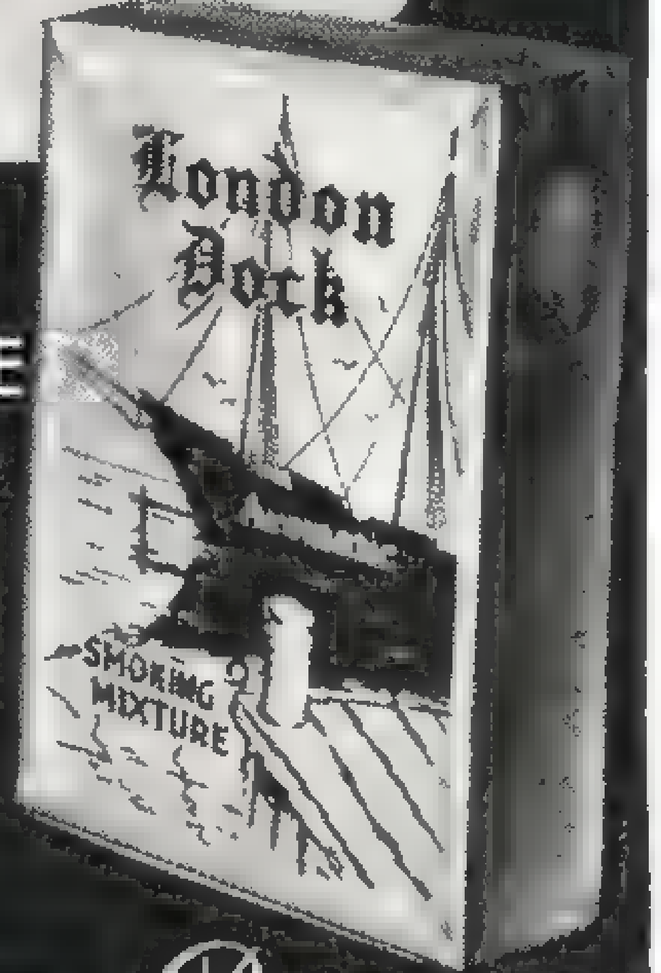

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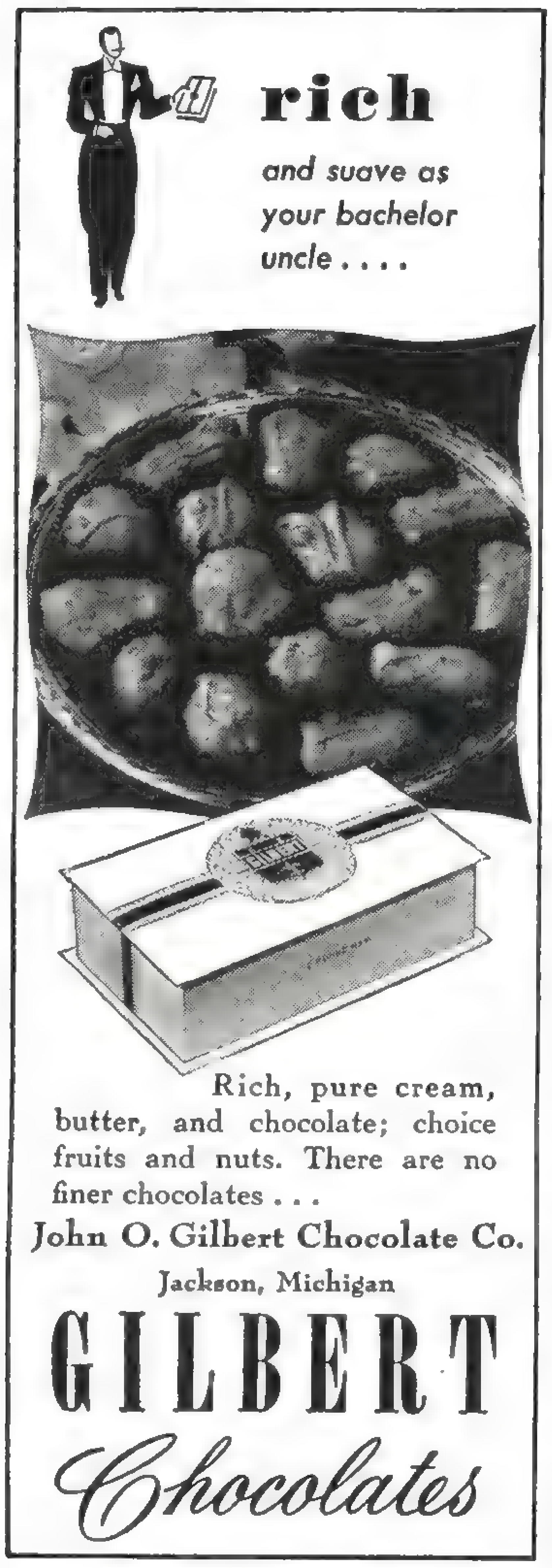
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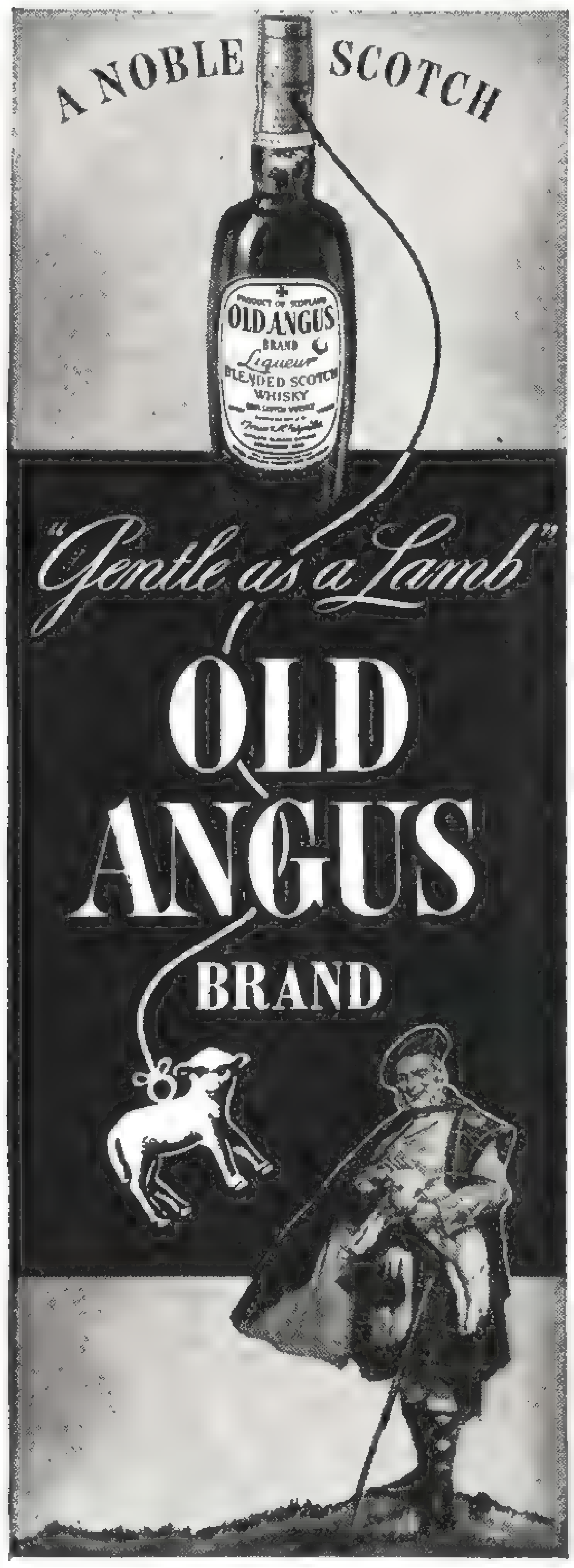
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Painting the Town with Esquire

MAN HERE plays fine piano—young Jimmy Harris, that is, alternating his jazz piano with a swing ensemble at the pleasantly rough & ready Hickory House in the west Fifties' . . . George Rickson is still at the piano at the cozy Gamecock in the Forties' . . . Royal Banks plays and sings his own ditties at Eleanor's in the upper Forties', while Cy Walter maintains his sway in the delightful Drake Room uptown at 440 Park Avenue.

JUST OUT OF TOWN—Emily Shaw's warming, comfortable inn at Poundridge, N. Y., (Route 9-A), offers hot grog, mulled wine or buttered rum to cold motorists, with such larder as succulent roast turkey, brown-sugared baked ham, duck, chicken and home-made condiments . . . U. S. Hotel Thayer at West Point. For those who'd like to combine a visit to the academy with fine American food and drink and, on weekends, the romantic atmosphere of young ladies 'dragging' with their West Pointers . . . Beau Sejour, in the township of Beth Page, L. I., is still probably your best Long Island bet for fine French dishes, cooked to order and by reservation only . . . In Connecticut, the famed Silvermine Tavern continues to draw a discriminating clientele for its home-cooked New England specialties. Rustic old tavern atmosphere and an excellent, if temperamental, barman... Also ESQUIREcommended!—Cobb's Mill Inn, Weston, Westport, Conn. . . . White Turkey Inn, Danbury, Conn. . . . Old Drovers Inn, Dover Plains, N. Y., . . . Red Coach Inn, Closter, N. J.

CALIFORNIA BECKONS to veteran Winter vacationers who fondly remember the wonderful dry heat and the burning sun of La Quinta Hotel in the desert . . . The Hollywoodian luxury of the Desert Inn at Palm Springs, with magnificent food, wines, dancing—and the desert nights . . . Or, seaward, Santa Monica's celebrated Del Mar Beach Club . . . Laguna Beach's four fine resort hotels, the spate of excellent seafood and drink, and salt spray from the Pacific . . . And who could forget Monterey Peninsula and Del Monte Lodge; exquisite luncheons and dinners, fine wines and liqueurs, all served in the Lodge's beautifully appointed dinner and supper rooms overlooking Pebble Beach and the tumbling surf? Or forget Pop Ernst's shrimp specialties—on the Monterey pier—the broiled and buttery, aromatic shellfish, the succulent game fish, the abalone steaks known only to this part of the world?

IN HOLLYWOOD, Mike Romanoff's and Dave Chasen's are still the top targets for tonight of the stars and star-makers, the producers, directors and writers of the screen colony. Romanoff's French cuisine is splendid, and the long bar is congenial, especially at lunch and cocktail time. Chasen's broiled beef-bone specialty is a come-on at all times. But phone ahead, both places, and go early . . . Also recommended: Ciro's (expensive, but good, entertainment); Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom's—for good food, lusty entertainment and dancing. Go late. Better phone.

ESQUIREcommended! . . . Nino's . . . Place Elegante . . . La Marquise . . . No. 1. Fifth Avenue . . . Miramar . . . Sorrento . . . Hapsburg House . . . The Little Club . . . Peter's Backyard . . . Flamingo . . . Louises . . . At the Little Club, by the way, the late-night specialty is something called Melba Gold'n Crisp, a doughnut filled with half-peach (center up), ice cream filler and the whole topped with Melba sauce.

STRICTLY KOSHER dining lures real gourmets to Phil Gluckstern's tasteful restaurant in the upper West Forties where, one suspects, the designer has borrowed a few ideas from Chicago's famous Pump Room—the white leather booths, wall brackets, subdued lighting, splendid service. Resemblance stops there, however, for Gluckstern *is* strictly kosher: no dairy products—butter, cream (even sour cream with the delicious borscht); no pork; no meat cuts beyond any animal's midriff; fresh-killed beef, etc. But you don't mind. *Au contraire,* this is exquisite food beautifully served, a rare experience for anybody. Otto, the genial barman, is a veteran of show business (he hoofed in Irving Berlin's *Yip Yip Yaphank*), but, more importantly, knows the autogenesis of a good Ward-8, a Martini, or a luscious daiquiri. Call Paxton for reservations. *ESQUIREcommended!*

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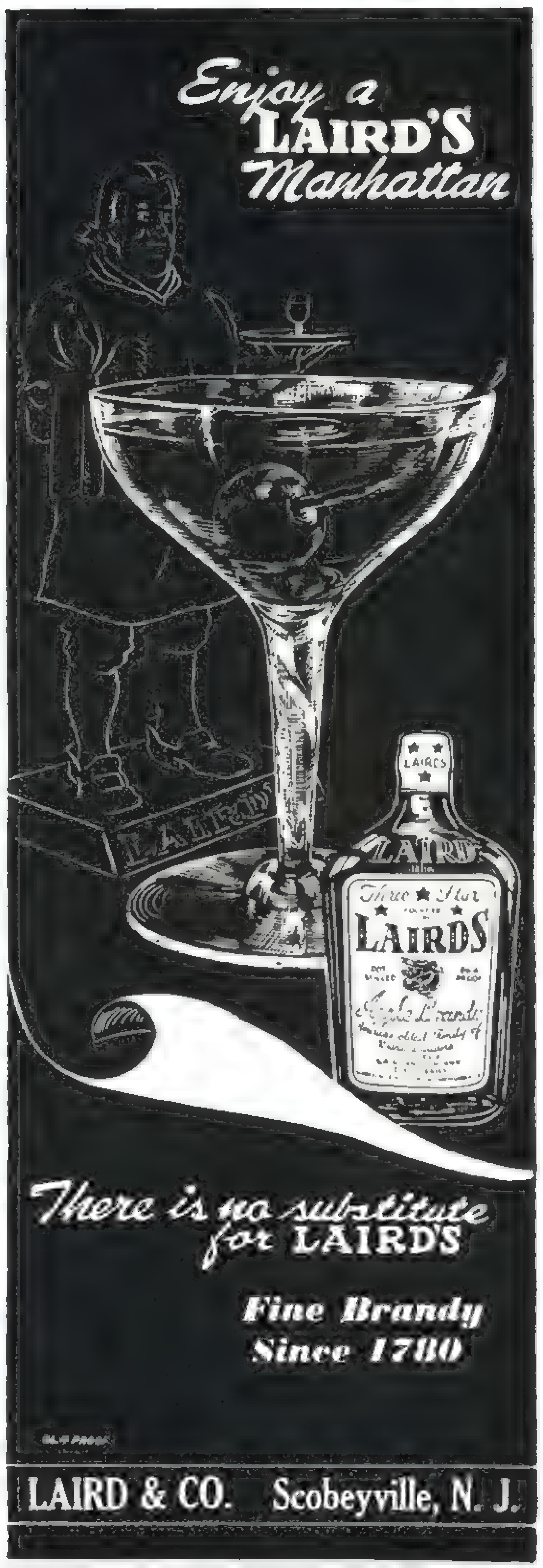
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ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S

THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE

It's one thirty a.m. and Perry Mason—his eye to a crack in the hotel-room door—is drawing up a *timetable for murder!*

In the next two hours, a whole parade of mysterious visitors sneaks past that door and into Room 511. Nobody knows it then, but *every* one of those visitors is a candidate for the noose! For, lying flat in a pool of gore, is the room's very-dead occupant, complete with a razor-edge sword in his chest!

Up to that point, it had been a simple case of lost property. Perry and Della Street found it in a wrecked jalopy —a complete fan-dancer's wardrobe, consisting of two feather fans and a pair of white slippers. But when the gorgeous Cheri Chi-Chi shows up to claim her property, she seems to think she has lost a *wounded saddle horse!*

Perry's bewilderment hits bottom when his shapely client steals his car and disappears—and later is found burying a *bloody fan!*

Finally, comes the courtroom scene where you catch your first breath—as Perry ties the prosecutor in knots, dazzles the judge and jury with his brilliant logic, and pins the crime on the *real culprit!*

Why We Want to Give You This Book FREE

"THE CASE OF THE FAN-DANCER'S HORSE" is Erle Stanley Gardner's very latest Perry Mason thriller-diller. It's selling everywhere right now for $2.50. But we want to give you a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE —to introduce you to the many advantages of belonging to the Detective Book Club.

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Backstage with Esquire

D. D. Beauchamp

After a year and a half at De Pauw University, D. D. BEAUCHAMP rebelled against formal education. Having discovered that he felt the same way about office jobs, he worked at a series of less confining occupations, including driving trucks, cabs and tractors, playing the saxophone in a dance band, surveying and bricklaying. He then became a free-lance writer, with an interval in the Army Air Forces, during which, he says, "I spent seventeen months learning to fly airplanes and wound up in a cryptography school at Chanute Field, Illinois. This caused a certain amount of confusion in Army circles and elsewhere, not to mention the confusion it caused me. The result was that I was discharged in 1944 along with several thousand other fledgling birdmen who found themselves in a similar predicament. I was separated from the Army in Monterey, California, came to Los Angeles to celebrate and fell into a rewrite job on a screen play for Hedy LaMarr. I've been here ever since, dividing my time between magazine writing and movie work." His *The Forbidden Game* appears on page 64.

MEL MATISON (*The Best of Relations*, page 112) reports that since his last appearance in these columns, he has moved from Woonsocket, Rhode Island, to Boston. His present apartment has only one drawback. "I have a room all to myself," he complains, "complete with chair, desk, ash tray, typewriter and manuscript paper. Now I can't fall back on that old Woonsocket gag: 'How the hell can I work in here with everybody coming in for a bath?' "

William Francis

WILLIAM FRANCIS (whose *Crime Without Punishment* appears on page 124) lives in Laguna Beach, California, where he paints houses between accepted stories. He served for three-and-a-half years in the Army Air Force as a photographer, and prior to the war he had three mysteries published by William Morrow & Company. Since leaving the UCLA he has, like a true Esquire writer, worked at diverse occupations ranging from bartender to ice-cream maker in New Zealand and photo-chemical worker in Los Angeles.

DAVID PARTRIDGE, whose *Proof Positive*, on page 69, will probably send readers scurrying for his recently published anthology, *Crimes of Passion*, sent us this word portrait: "Born in a dignified brownstone in New York—attended a stuffy private school—then Harvard—then years of self-indulgence and travel here and abroad, until, abruptly, the silver spoon dropped out of my mouth. The overfed dilettante was transformed into a lean and angry free-lance, and while I have since grown less lean, I hope I have lost none of my anger. Without making too many compromises I have managed to sell some hundred stories, and have translated at least a million words, notably medical books. During the war I was with the OWI (French Section). My second marriage seems to be doing nicely. We have a wire-haired dachshund who likes fruit, especially bananas."

Byron W. Dalrymple

BYRON W. DALRYMPLE learned to play the clarinet at a tender age, an experience which eventually provided his college education, for clarinet led to saxophone, and the two of them put him through the University of Michigan. After playing in several name bands he became a musical arranger for bands and for radio. Then he took up writing, at first tentatively, along with a wartime job at General Motors, then full time, selling scripts to most of the popular magazines. His recent book, published by McGraw-Hill, has the imposing title: *Panfish: The Art and Enjoyment of Light-Tackle Fishing for the Common Fish of the United States.* His first article for Esquire, *The Duck and I*, appears on page 114.

JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS is now in Europe doing a feature series for several United States and Canadian newspapers. A thirty-two-year-old Texan, he attended Texas University, T.C.U., and the University of Missouri. In the early part of the war he worked for the China National Aviation Corporation (flight operations on the Himalayan hump route) and returned to the United States as an editor of *Leatherneck*, official Marine Corps magazine. After his discharge in '45 he lived for a year in San Miguel Allande, Mexico, where his three-year-old son easily outdistanced him in picking up Spanish profanity. Perhaps his new novel, *Carapace*, will be out by the time you read this. He has also written *The Shivering Chorus Girls* (a mystery) and *The Inheritors*.

Arthur D'Arcy (Bobby) Locke

ARTHUR D'ARCY (BOBBY) LOCKE, author of *Golf's War of Nerves*, has won more prize money in the United States than all other foreign golfers combined. A native of Transvaal, South Africa, he won the South African Boys Championship when he was fourteen; became leading amateur in British Open Championships of 1936 and '37 and the Irish Open of '36. Seeking new fields he turned professional in '38 and won everything that was handy, including the South African Open, the South African Professional, the Irish Open, Transvaal Open and New Zealand Open. Among other achievements in his U.S. tour, he set a new course record of 65 at Charles River Country Club near Boston, while winning the Goodall Round Robin Tournament.

Since leaving the Army Air Corps, where, as captain, he served all the way from the Pentagon to the Southwest Pacific, DONALD HOUGH has had two books published: *The Camelephamoose* and *Darling I Am Home.*

FRANK O'ROURKE's most recent book is *E Company*: he is working on another one, between stories for *Collier's*, the *Post* and other magazines including this one—currently *The Foot of the Cliff*, page 70.

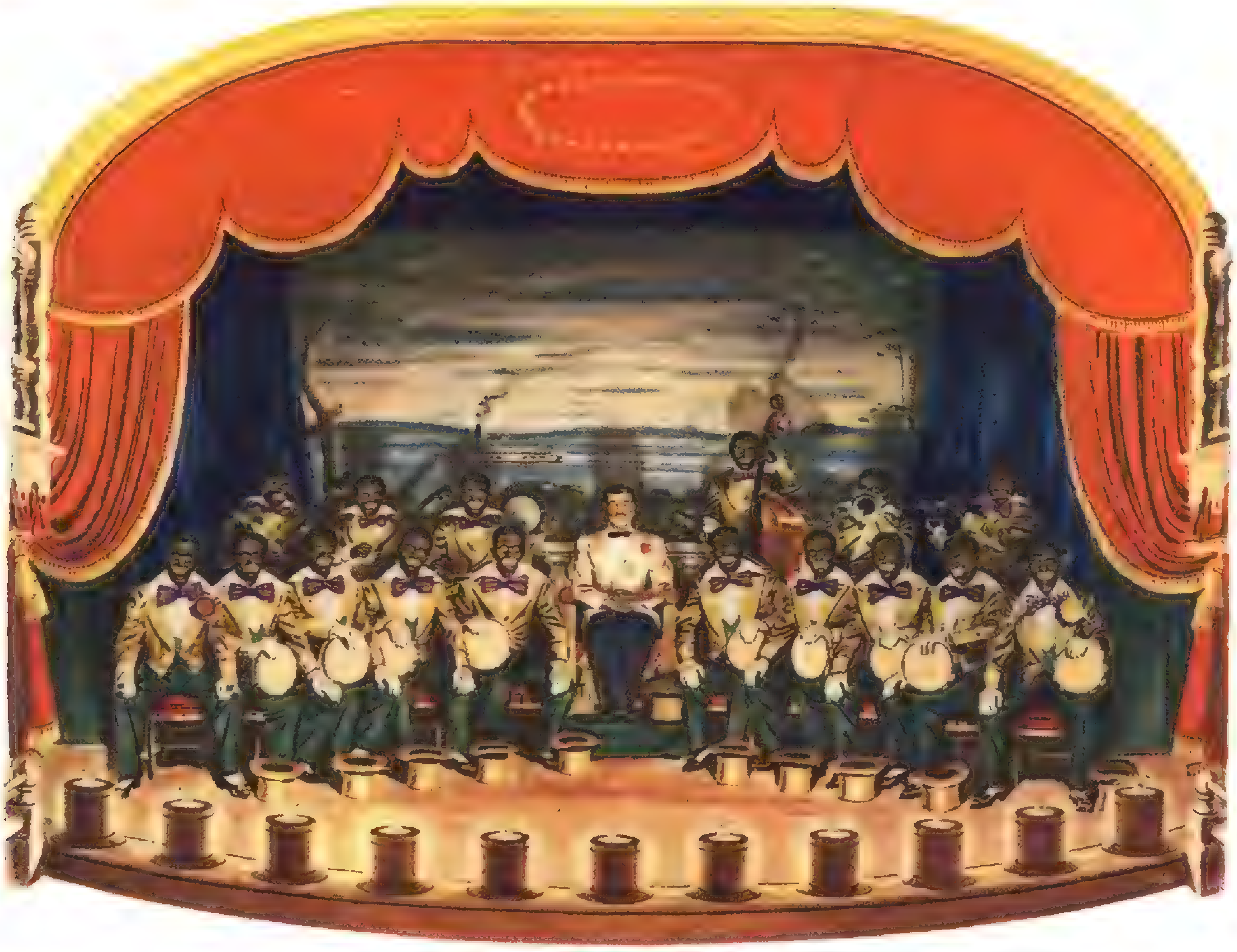
Robert V. Radius

"The dappled pattern of my existence began thirty-four years ago here in Chicago," says ROBERT V. RADIUS. "My education includes courses in business, music, science and journalism. During the war I served in the Asiatic Pacific theater as a radar operator. A long association with music and musicians has yielded much interesting story material and in what time my job as sales representative for RCA Victor will allow, I am planning the fictional version of these musical asides." His *Skirmish in Counterpoint* is on page 94.

RUDOLPH UMLAND has had some forty stories and articles published —"mostly in the little magazines and mostly of a nature which taxes the credulity of their readers. Why readers should react this way I don't know; the older I become the easier I find it to believe anything. When I was very young and naïve I read nothing but realism and believed nothing which didn't have a simple explanation. I soon found my working days provided more than enough realism and spent my evenings with books which provided an escape. Two years with the U. S. Army during World War II made me more of an escapist than ever. I now live in Lincoln, Nebraska, with my wife and three children. I find the world my children live in a happier world than that of adults, so I spend as much time as I can in the world of my children."

"I notice the other writers before taking up writing have done all sorts of things, like jerking sodas in the Badlands," complains FRED SCHWED, JR. "My former occupation, a dozen years in Wall Street does not make hot copy, nor does the fact that I attended Princeton and live in Rowayton, Connecticut." He has written articles for various magazines, some of them collaborations, and is the author of two books with the intriguing titles: *Wacky, the Small Boy* and *Where Are the Customers' Yachts?*.

American Originals



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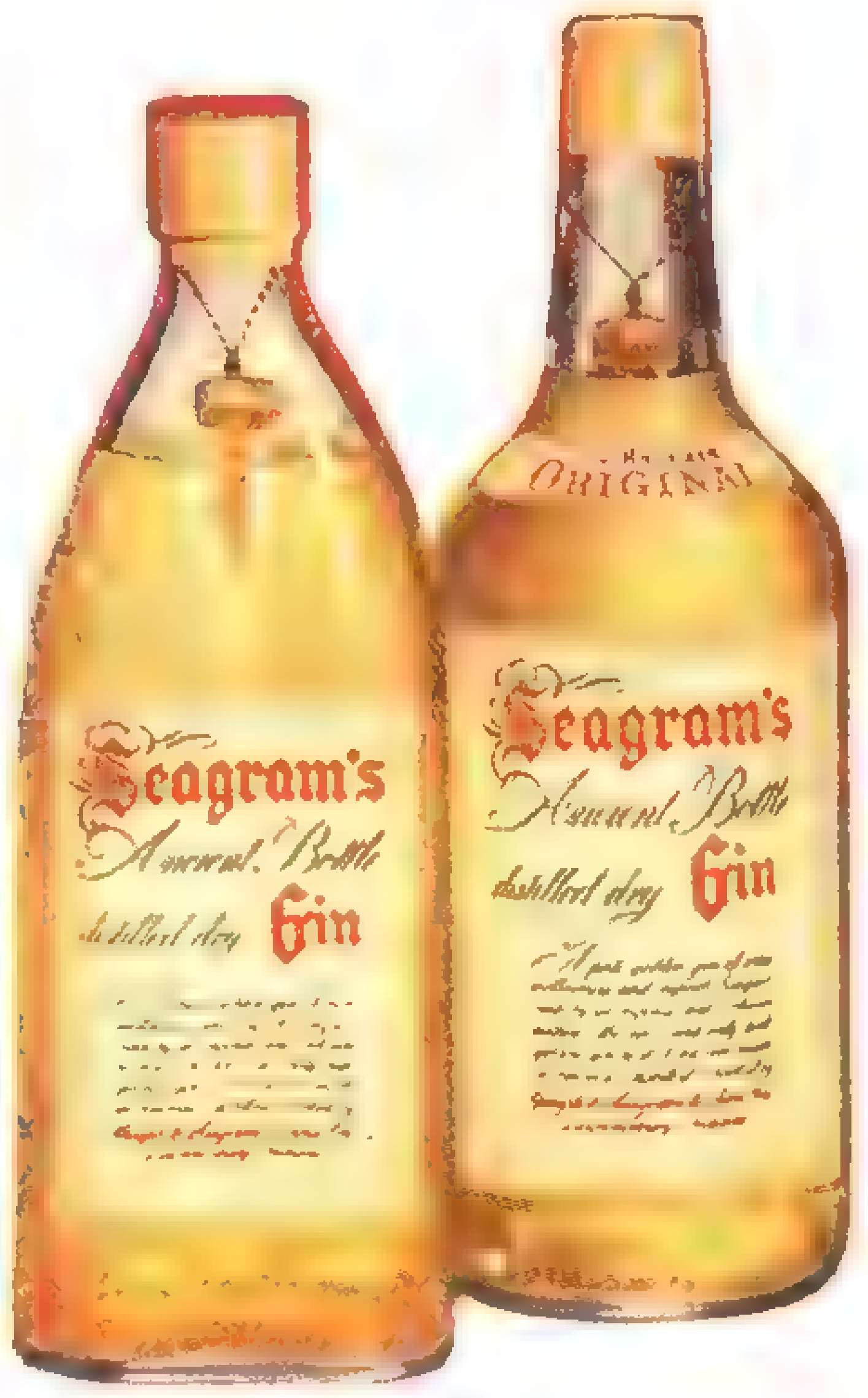

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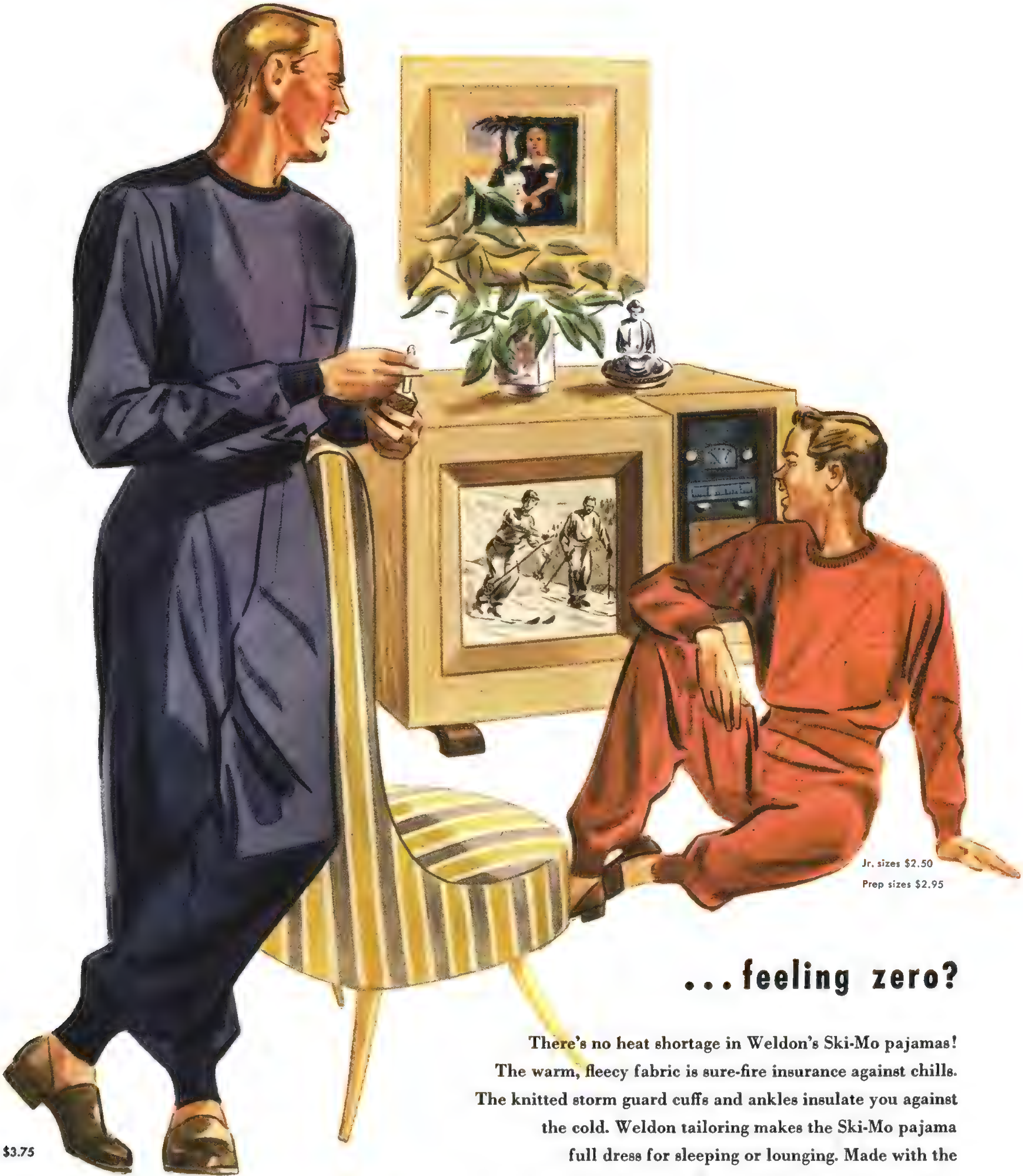

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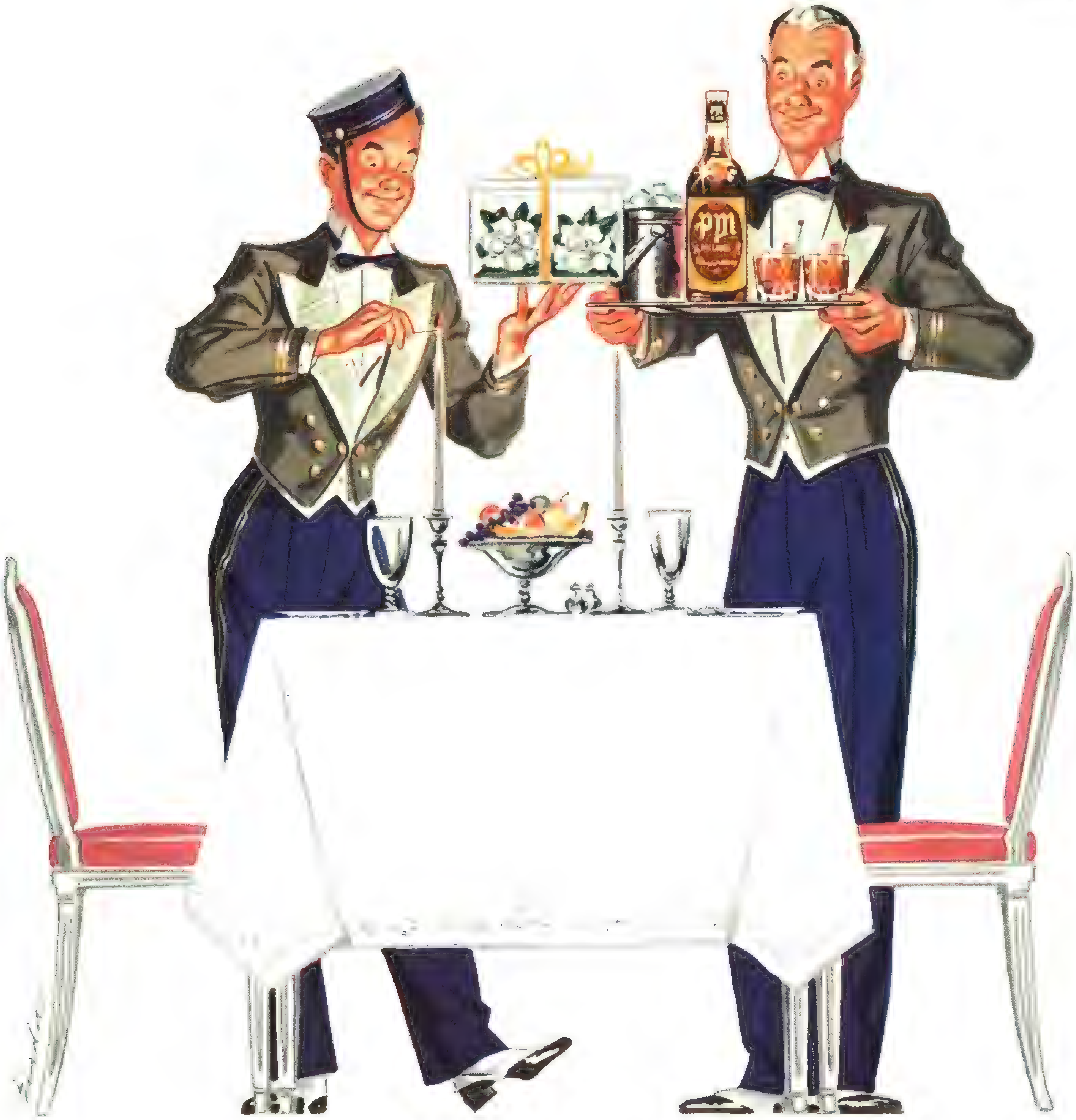

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Says Patrick to Michael,
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PM de Luxe! . . . served with gardenias du jour . . .
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THIS MAN'S WORLD:

The Agony Column

Hunting pinks may grow frayed and fade, but love and letters still flourish in the England of today

by **PAUL GALLICO**

CLASSIFIED ADS
PERSONAL COLUMN

WM. DuBOIS

SOUTH DEVON, ENGLAND: For a cross section of life as it is lived in Great Britain today, amidst the impoverishment caused by two wars, I would commend to you the famous and wonderful Personal Column on the front page of the *Times* of London, wherein the British people continue to expose their needs, their hopes, their wants, their fears, and sometimes too the beating of their hearts. More than ever it makes fascinating reading. I study it daily, because it tells me much, provides me with romance, mystery, laughs and learning.

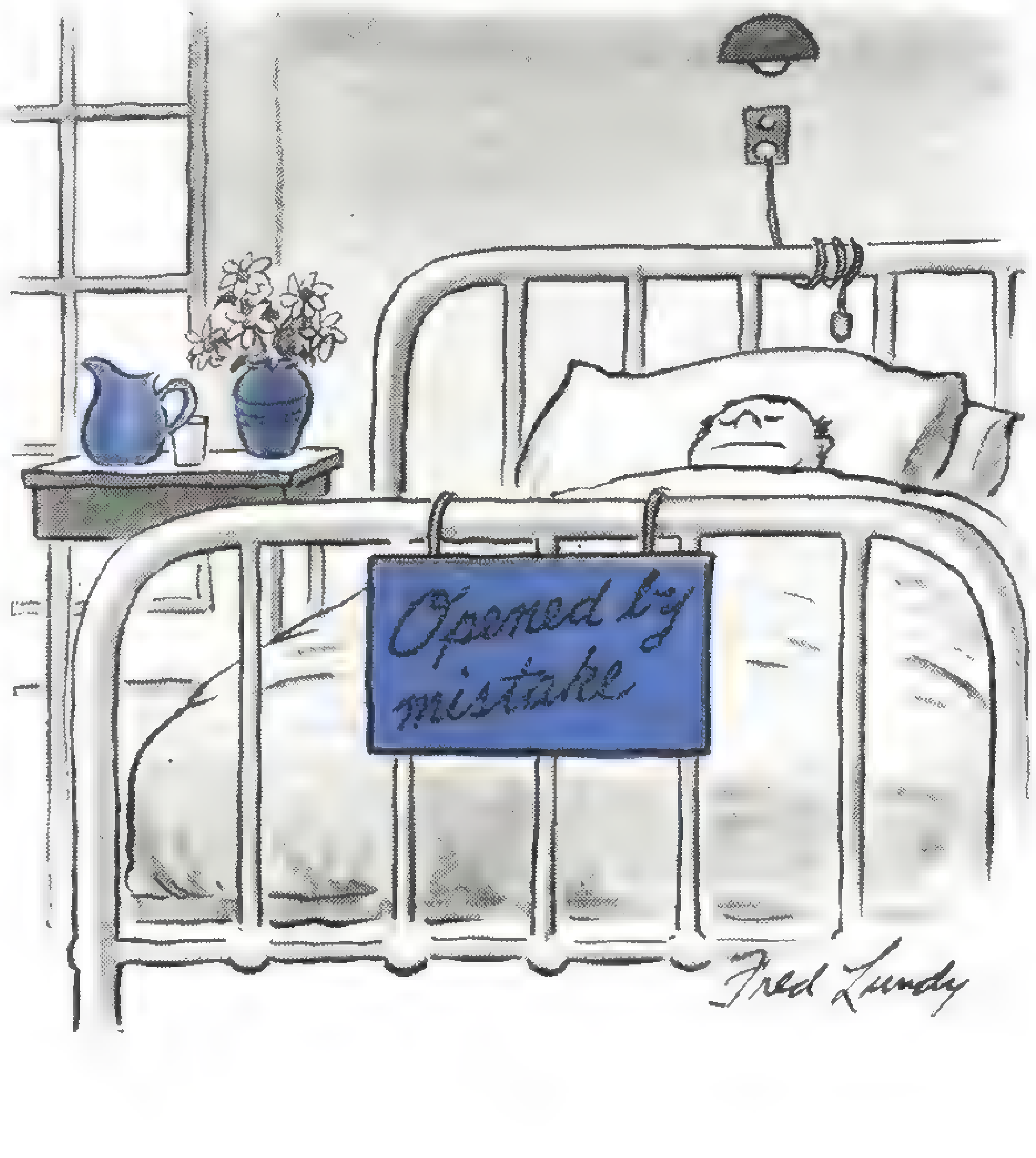
The Personal Column is a fabulous hodgepodge of private and commercial advertisements, no more than three or four lines in length: things for sale, things wanted to buy, positions wanted, heirlooms to be sacrificed for cash, with an occasional sentimental lacing of more intimate messages meant for but one other pair of eyes alone.

Hearken, for instance, to this simple confession and promise: "I LOVE YOU, D., and shall wait. Please write.—Maureen." Lucky "D." His Maureen loves him, she will be patient. She asks no more than that he shall set pen to paper.

Neighbor to this item is the plaint of another fair one who has a different need. "WANTED, ELASTIC PANTEES. Also Silk or Nylon stockings, Size 9, light beige. Write price and particulars to Box L.933, The Times."

Aye, Maureen has got her man. Box No. L.933, that enterprising anonymous maid with the size 9 puppies, is just setting out and armoring for the hunt.

Next comes one I must confess baffles me somewhat. "LADY owning good class stable (Midlands) REQUIRES keen PUPIL; terms 4 Guineas weekly. Write, etc., etc." What kind of a stable, what is she going to teach the keen PUPIL, and who pays whom the four guineas weekly, which is the equivalent of seventeen bucks?



Now our eye lights on one that would delight the heart of Madame Kate Shaw, née Winsor, the authoress: "FOR SALE, FOREVER AMBER, good condition; offers? Write Box L.945, etc." No, no, that is not the first such advert I have encountered, my dear. Over here your gamey novel is a collector's item. Amber's adventures in and out the pallets of the Restoration era are sold and resold, once they have been consumed, via the columns of the repressed and stately *Times*. I thought that would amuse you.

Now here is a gentleman who can face facts and admit that the world, and particularly the England as he knew it, has changed. His proposition: "NO COUPONS—HUNTING PINK TAILCOAT, Hammond, 6 ft. 1 inch, broad-fitting, 15 Guineas, Skating boots and two Hudora skates, 8½ Guineas. Write Box L.944." Here one gets the picture. He, the brawny six-footer, neighbor of the guy occupying Box 945 who is peddling his copy of *Forever Amber*, is done with riding to hounds, or cutting figure eights, or indulging in Salchow leaps on the wintry pond. A hundred bucks buys the lot. Let the new aristocracy, if one should arise out of this drab government, pick up if it will. The hounds will nevermore see brother L.944. The hunting pink tailcoat is on the block. Thus passeth the old order.

From thence we drift to the "Fed Up" department with this yearning cry from a servant of God who has had it: "COUNTRY PARSON, 44, married, sportsman. Suggestions welcomed concerning a new sphere of work. Write Box N.1657." Forgive the thought, but it strikes me that the Messrs. L.945 and 944 preceding have something to offer of interest to Mr. N.1657. He appears to be ripe for both.

Now here is the beginning of an ebullient romance, fairly leaping from the page. You can feel the bounce and drive in this one and see the pink-cheeked healthy lass: "TYPICAL ENGLISH GIRL, 22 years, experienced Confidential Secretary, pleasing personality, abounding enthusiasm and energy, interested outdoor sports, eager to travel, seeks interesting post. Write Box N.1900, etc., etc."

If one were young and had a novel to write, what a joy; a Confidential Secretary with abounding enthusiasm, interested in outdoor sports and eager to travel. Swimming and tennis at Nice, skiing in Switzerland, shooting in Carinthia, golf and tennis at St. Cloud . . .

Hello, what's this one right above Miss N.1900? "MAGNIFICENT MINK COAT, Molyneux model, purchased 1938, unworn, 2000 Guineas; can be seen in London. Write Box Z.1302." Hmm . . . That's about eight thousand clams. But if the novel were a success and sold to the movies . . . Damn, there goes that alarm clock again. Okay, okay, I'm waking up . . .

I am always fascinated by a speculation on what personal problems force two loving souls to take to the columns of the press to speak of their heart's unease instead of calling one another up on the telephone, or writing a letter. Behold here a pair crossing one another in the Personal Column on the same day, separated by only six items. The first one reads: "July 14th—love and blessings—Fatty."

And, as I say, six items below: "FATTY. It will be all right in the end. Bless, Darling."

Who then will continue to say that nobody loves a fat man? Darling loves Fatty and holds out words of hope to him. But why is it that Fatty and Darling cannot get together? What will be all right in the end? Who is keeping these two loving hearts apart? Would it be Mrs. Fatty; or perchance Mr. Darling? Somehow I suspect it is Mrs. Fatty. Mr. Fatty is a kindly, middle-aged businessman from Birmingham with three chins and a moist hand who, after twenty years of repression and (*Continued on page 148*)

The Forbidden Game

El pato is a game in which only the survivor wins, and the prize for this one was a girl who knew what she wanted

by **D. D. BEAUCHAMP**

I'd been in the Las Flores jail for three days when the jailer came back and told me the magistrate wanted to see me. That was funny, because right at the moment I wouldn't even have wanted to see myself. I had a four-day beard, but that wasn't enough to cover up the bruises on my face. I had a broken nose, a two-inch cut over one eye, and I could have hung my hat on any one of three or four bumps on my head. But the magistrate still wanted to see me, so I went up there, and the first thing I saw was that damned gadget laying on his desk. It was something the South Americans call a pelota. It looks like a volley ball with six handles, and they play a game with it. At least they called it a game. I didn't. I just called it murder and let it go at that. I'd been in one of those games four days before, and the thing I hoped most was that I'd never get in one of them again.

The magistrate was looking at the pelota when I came in. He was a sort of fat little guy, with a mustache and glasses, and he looked like he might have come out of a comic opera. Except he wasn't being comic. He told me to sit down, and I sat. Then he looked up at me. His English was a little peculiar, but it was a whole lot better than my Spanish.

"Señor Shannon, you are aware that you are in jail for the playing of 'el pato'?"

El pato was the name of the game, and I was aware that I was in jail for playing it. I was also aware of several other things, of the welts on my back, and more bruises than I could count.

"Any man that's nuts enough to play it," I said, "should be in jail."

He didn't laugh. He sat there fingering the pelota and went on talking.

"It is the forbidden game. As early as 1840 there is a law against the playing because of the men who are killed."

I could understand that too.

"So the penalty is imposed," he said, "justly. With the exception in your case I understand there were circumstances of . . . of . . ."

I gave him the word, "extenuation."

He lounged back in his chair and said, "Gracias . . . circumstances of extenuation. So you will please to tell me the complete story."

So I told the complete story.

What started it was I had a job as a pusher on a crew for South American oil. We had a drilling operation set up out on the pampas about fifty miles out of Las Flores. I'd been out there for ten solid weeks, without a drink, or without seeing a woman, and I was going nuts, so I took a week off and came into town.

It wasn't much of a town. They had a little plaza, and a railroad station, and a jail, and a couple of stores, and some houses, and two beer halls. That was all, but it looked like Manhattan.

The first place I headed for was one of the beer halls, and I didn't leave it for three days. I wasn't drunk all the time; I was just happy. The only things they had to drink were gin and wine, so I drank gin and wine, and they served meals there, and when I got sleepy they had a back room where I could sleep. The man who owned it was named Pancho, and he and I were friends. He had a daughter named Conchita. She was about sixteen years old, and pretty, but it wasn't what you'd think. She was my friend too. I was lonely, and when she wasn't busy she'd sit and talk to me, and maybe it sounds funny but that was all I wanted.

The trouble was Joe Robertson didn't feel about Conchita the same way I did. Joe was the assistant super out at the camp, and theoretically he was my boss. The only reason he had the job was because he was the son of one of the big stockholders, and he and I had never got along.

He and three of his stooges hit town the fourth day I was there, and for a while it was all right. I bought some drinks, and Joe bought some drinks, and after a while he was getting pretty stiff. Then Conchita came in and the trouble started. Joe started making passes at her. It was pretty crude and I told him to lay off, and he told me to mind my own damned business. I said she was a friend of mine. He got that look on his face when I said that, and I knew what he was thinking. I knew he was going to say it, too. He had his mouth open, but before he could get the words out I belted him. He went back over a table and smashed it. Then the other three jumped me, and I was pretty busy for a while.

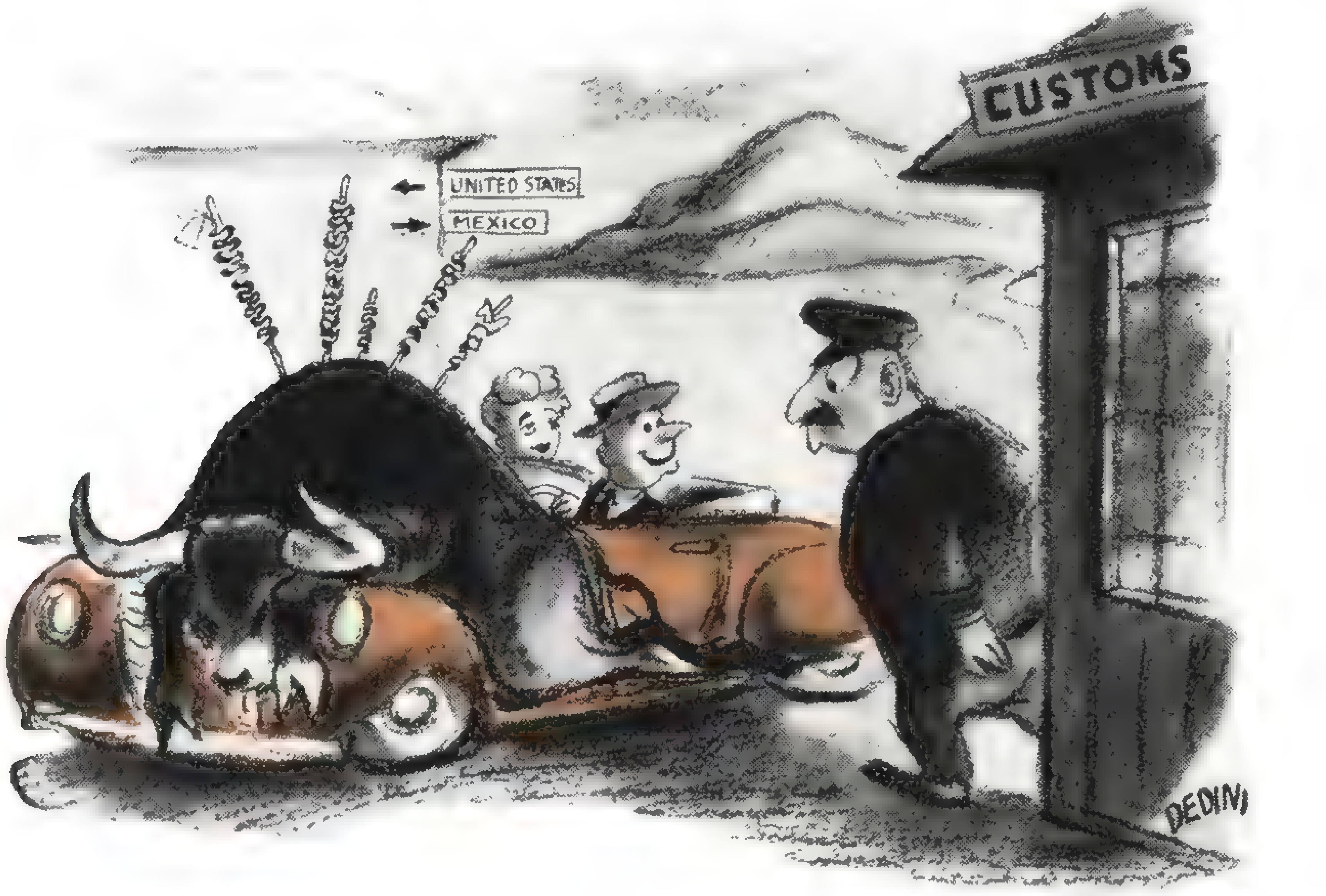
I licked all four of them. I'm six-three, and two hundred and ten, and I was brought up on barroom brawls. There were three against one, but I kicked one of them in the stomach and worked my way over to that smashed table and picked up the difference. You get a table leg and stand in a corner and you're occupying a fairly strategic position. It didn't take me over five minutes to clean out that room, but that was long enough for somebody to call the cops.

I had the joint all to myself by then, and it looked like a cyclone had just passed through. I put my table leg down, and walked over to the bar. I poured myself a drink, and just then something hit me on the head from behind.

When I woke up I was in jail. I had a headache and a hang-over, and I didn't need to have anybody tell me that I was out of a job.

That's a spot to be in. I was four thousand miles from home, and all the money I owned I was carrying in my pants pocket. It wasn't weighing me down any.

I had two days to think about it and then, for no reason at all, they let me out. They were very polite about it, and that had me baffled. They told me that somebody by the name of Señora Consuela Valdez had paid my fine, and that baffled me still more. That was only a beginning. To cap it all they handed me a note. It was written in good English, and signed by Señora Valdez. It



"Just a souvenir"

requested that I come to see the señora at her estancia, and gave me the directions for getting there.

I walked out in the street and thought about it. It had a nice air of mystery about it, but just at the moment I wasn't interested in mysteries. All I was interested in was where I was going to get another job, or how I could get back to the States. I didn't know Señora Valdez, and if she wanted to go around paying fines for every oil-field roughneck who had got himself thrown in the pokey I figured that was her business. I tore the note up and threw it in the gutter.

I didn't think any more about it for the next two days. I went down and paid Pancho for the damage, I got my room back, and we were friends again. I had my plan of action figured out, too. I still had train fare in my jeans. I was going to catch a train to the coast, and take a chance on grabbing a tramp steamer and working my way back to the States. I was sitting there drinking gin, and feeling pretty well satisfied with that thought when this woman came in.

I don't know any way to describe how I felt, except that I'd have known she was in the room if I'd been blind. I put my glass down and stared. Pancho came out from behind the bar and bowed so low his nose was almost scraping the floor. She didn't pay any attention to him, and he stood there, watching her. She looked around the room, and then she came straight over to where I was sitting, stopped across the table, looked at me speculatively and said, "Señor Shannon?"

DEDINI ACRES

I made it out of my chair.

She said, "Please sit down," and I sat down again. She sat down across from me.

"I'm Consuela Valdez."

All right, I kicked myself for tearing up the note, but how was I to know. I motioned to Conchita and ordered two gins, but that didn't seem right so I made it wine instead. Then I took a good look at her.

She was really something to look at. She had on some sort of a cloak affair that covered up part of what God had given her, but there was enough showing to let me make my own judgment. It was pretty fair merchandise. She had her hair drawn back and worn in a roll low on the neck. She was beautiful, but she was a lot more than that.

I'll get poetic about it. Did you ever see an iceberg on fire? Neither did I, but that's as close as I could come to it. Because the fire was there, but she had it locked in tight, and right then I began wondering what it would be like if you got through that outside layer of ice. And right then I was sunk, except I didn't know it.

She drank her wine, and then she said what she had come there to say.

"You know horses, señor, and you know cattle."

She didn't ask me; she told me, and she knew more about me than I knew myself. I was from Texas, and I'd been a bronc peeler and a hired hand on a polo team. She knew I was broke and she knew I was out of a job. She'd gone to considerable trouble to check on my background, and right then I should have known that something was phony. I didn't, though. All I knew was how much I wanted her.

"You wonder why I know these things, señor? . . . I own a ranch and I have trouble with my help. I think you would make a very good foreman."

You wouldn't call that a passionate speech, would you? Well, it was, because she sat there and offered me a job and at the same time she was offering herself, and at the same time she wasn't.

"I'll think about it," I said.

I was only kidding myself. I knew I was going out there, and she knew it, too. She got up from the table.

"Adiós, señor."

"Hasta luego."

Pancho was scraping his nose on the floor and I was standing there looking like someone had hit me in the head with an ax and I hadn't fallen down yet. She even managed to look beautiful going out a door.

I went back to the gin. Pancho brought it over, with a glass of wine for himself, and sat down with me.

"I heard what she said," he told me, looking into the wine. Then he shook his head at me and continued: "Don't go out there."

"Why?"

"It means trouble."

I knew he was right. I also knew I didn't give a damn.

"Three years ago," Pancho said, "her husband was killed at the wedding fiesta. An accident in a game called 'el pato.' She is very bitter, señor, and very ruthless."

"She is very beautiful," I said.

"If I were twenty years younger," Pancho said, "and she had said that to me, I would not care either." He raised his glass. "Your good health, señor. And it is no doubt something you will need."

I went out there the next day. It was a good day's ride from Las Flores to the Valdez estancia, and I was late getting started. Darkness caught me about halfway out. I didn't mind particularly, but that's a lonely country, and when I spotted a fire off to the left I rode over there.

It was a bunch of gauchos, six or eight of them, sitting around the fire and stuffing themselves on barbecued lamb. I hadn't realized until then how hungry I was. I picketed my horse and moved in. They didn't have any English, and I didn't have much Spanish, but I had enough to let them know I was hungry. One of them cut a piece of lamb the size of a saddle, and another one handed me his maté gourd. It wasn't dinner at the Ritz, but it was satisfying.

Afterwards I stretched out by the fire, and listened to them play their guitars and sing.

It was maybe an hour later we heard the sound of a horse traveling fast. I sat up. The rider stopped outside the circle of firelight, dismounted and came in leading his horse. He was a big guy, as big as I am, and from the way the gauchos were acting you could tell he was somebody important. He was laughing and joking with them in Spanish, but you knew he was the boss. Then he spotted me and came over and introduced himself. His name was Miguel Alcalda, and it seemed that I had spent most of the day riding across his property. He asked me if I spoke Spanish, and I said, "Un poco," and he said he spoke a little English, which was a slight understatement, because he spoke it better than I do.

I'd been looking at him pretty closely, and finally he noticed it and asked me why. I'd seen him someplace before. He was the kind of a guy you don't forget, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I asked him if he'd ever been in the States, and he said he had. He said he'd played polo out on Long Island four or five years before, and then I had it. He'd given me one of the roughest afternoons of my life, and I had a couple of broken ribs to remember him by. We played that game over again, and every once in a while he'd translate for the gauchos, and they'd come up with a couple of "bravos." I couldn't understand what he was saying, but from the way they acted I knew he was making me out a hell of a guy.

After a while we ran out of polo games, and he asked me to spend the night at his estancia. I said it would be a pleasure, and it was. I got a skinful of good wine, and slept in a bed that must have been eight feet square.

We had breakfast in the patio, and talked some more about polo. By that time I was calling him Mike, and he was calling me Dan. Then he asked me where I was headed for.

"The Valdez estancia."

That did it. One minute we were friends, and the next minute we were enemies. I didn't know why, but I knew it was true. It was a change as abrupt as walking out of a lighted street into a dark alley, and we weren't Mike and Dan any more. I got out of my chair.

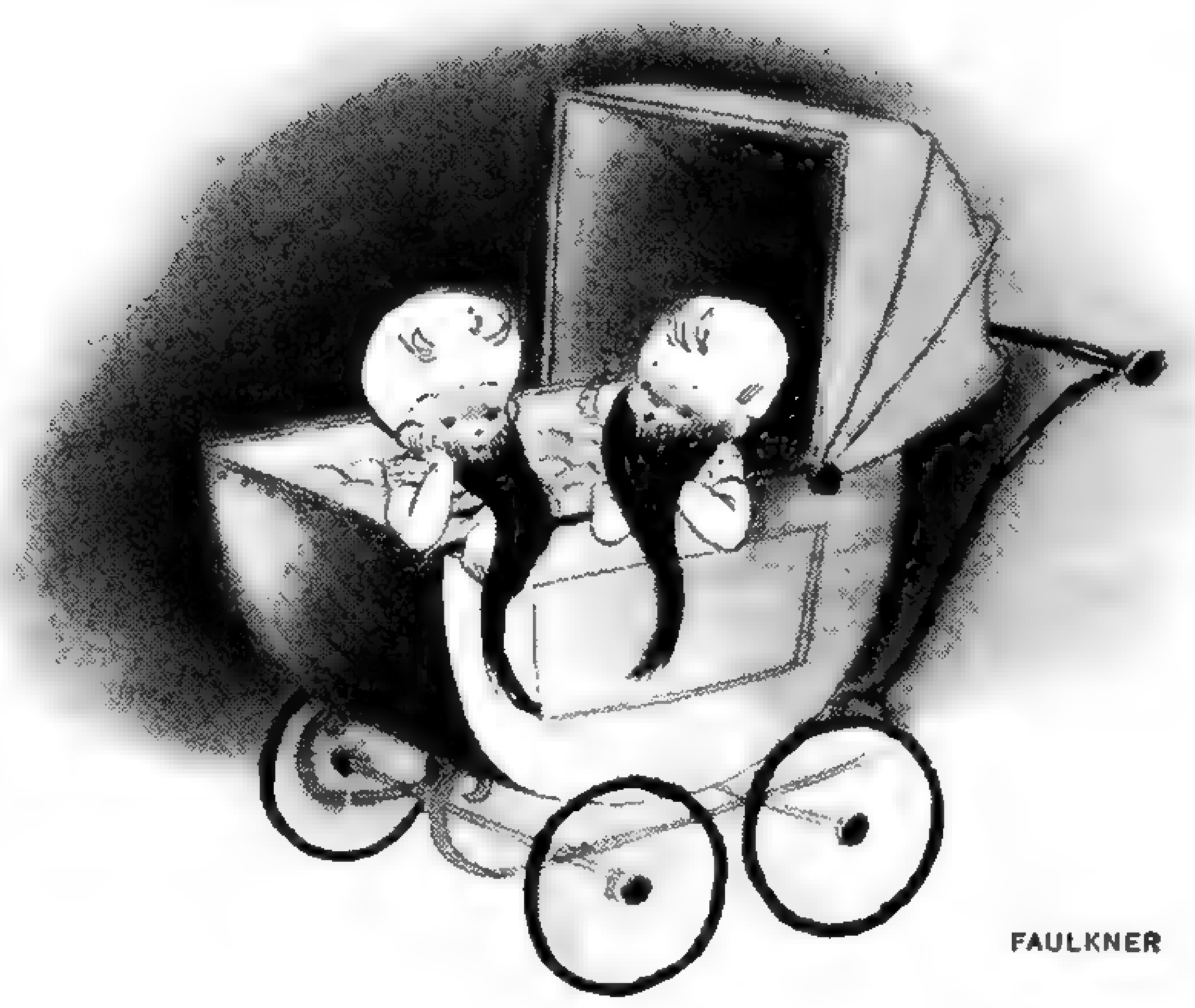
"Señor Alcalda . . ." and he gave it right back to me, "Señor Shannon . . ."

* * *

It was as phony as a seven-dollar bill. I'd been there a week and I'd covered lots of territory. I'd ridden over every acre she owned and I'd seen every cow. I'd watched every crew at work. That spread was running like a sixty-dollar watch, and

(*Continued on page 176*)

If you've been plagued by proud parents who unceasingly brag about their infants, you'll enjoy Stevens' retort courteous



The Two Old Tots

by JOHN McCARTEN

The Martins, Stevens decided, must have taken a vow of perpetual silence the moment they entered the door of his apartment. He had tried strenuously to win some kind of response from Mr. Martin on such varied subjects as the theatre, books, business and politics and had been rewarded with nothing more than a few noncommittal nods. His wife, Stevens noticed, wasn't doing much better with Mrs. Martin. He was thinking harshly of his sister in Philadelphia, who had inflicted these apparent mutes upon him, and preparing another desperate conversational gambit, when Mr. Martin suddenly became vocal.

"Do you have any little ones?" he asked.

"No, I haven't," Stevens said.

"Well, you ought to." Mr. Martin's hand glided swiftly for his inside coat pocket as if he were about to pull a gun. "Ethel—that's Mrs. Martin, you know—and I always thought we had a great deal of fun together before we had Robbie, but two's company and three's a crowd just doesn't apply when the third party happens to be a shaver like this."

From his pocket as he talked Mr. Martin had extracted a wallet and with one quick gesture produced a snapshot from it. He was thrusting it toward Stevens when Mrs. Martin abandoned any pretext of listening to Mrs. Stevens and spoke up abruptly.

"Lover," she said, "ladies first." And taking the snapshot from her husband's hand, she presented it to Mrs. Stevens.

"Oh, how darling," Mrs. Stevens said.

"It actually doesn't do justice to Robbie," Mrs. Martin pointed out proudly.

"Had it taken a couple months ago," Mr. Martin said, "and even in that short time he's shot up like a weed."

"He was certainly a big fellow when he was born," Mrs. Martin said. "Eleven pounds and really strong. Why, when he was only three days old the doctor found he'd turned over on his stomach and gave the nurse the dickens until he discovered Robbie had done the turning himself."

"You ought to see him with a bottle," Mr. Martin said. "Somehow he discovered that by pushing it out of his crib he can make a grand racket, and now whenever he finishes one, he lets it go with a crash. Can't break him of the habit, either. Got a mind of his own, Robbie has."

"Just look at him," Mrs. Stevens said, proffering the snapshot to her husband.

Stevens studied the photograph for awhile.

"You know," he said finally, "he looks a great deal like my Uncle Al."

"What Uncle Al?" inquired Mrs. Stevens skeptically.

"Uncle Al MacDougal," Stevens said. "He lived in Nova Scotia."

"You never told me anything about any Uncle Al of yours," said Mrs. Stevens.

"Matter of fact," said Stevens, "I never told you about my Uncle Bill either. Uncle Bill was Uncle Al's twin."

"I had no idea," said Mr. Martin, smiling, "that our Robbie resembled so many people."

Stevens peered at the snapshot thoughtfully. "He only resembles Al and Bill," he said, "until they were about fourteen."

"Fourteen!" Mrs. Martin's expression was a trifle indignant. "Why, our Robbie's barely two."

"Al and Bill were pretty unusual," Stevens said.

"Maybe," suggested Mrs. Stevens, "you'd better mix another batch of cocktails."

"I think we've had an elegant sufficiency," Mr. Martin said, "and we'd like to hear about these uncles."

"The family never talks about them much," Stevens said, "or about my great-aunt, either. She was swept off her feet by a Nova Scotia lumberman and taken to her bed with my uncles so speedily it was almost scandalous. Until they reached the age of eight months, they were as nice and rosy a pair as there was in Nova Scotia. But then they just stopped growing."

"Really, dear," said Mrs. Stevens.

"All this is medical history," said Stevens flatly.

"How long did they live?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"Until they were sixty-five," Stevens said.

"Oh, I never heard of such a thing," protested Mrs. Martin.

"Not too unusual, according to medical records," Stevens said. "What was unusual about Uncle Al and Uncle Bill, though, was the fact that they matured along one line. Along about the time they were fourteen, they started to sprout down on their faces. My great-aunt didn't think too much about it, since they were a peculiar set of twins anyhow, but when the down turned into whiskers she got alarmed and started to shave them so they wouldn't attract too much attention when she wheeled them out in their perambulator. A few years of this barbering took so much out of my aunt she finally decided to let the beards run their course, and it wasn't long until Uncle Al and Uncle Bill were the talk of Nova Scotia. They wanted to put them in museums and there was agitation to have the Government take them over. But my great-aunt contended they were hers, and all she had at that, and since the lumberman when he died, just after the boys reached eighteen, had left her nicely fixed with cash, she was able to fight for them in every court in the land. She won, too."

"Quite a tale," Mr. Martin said. "We'd better be going."

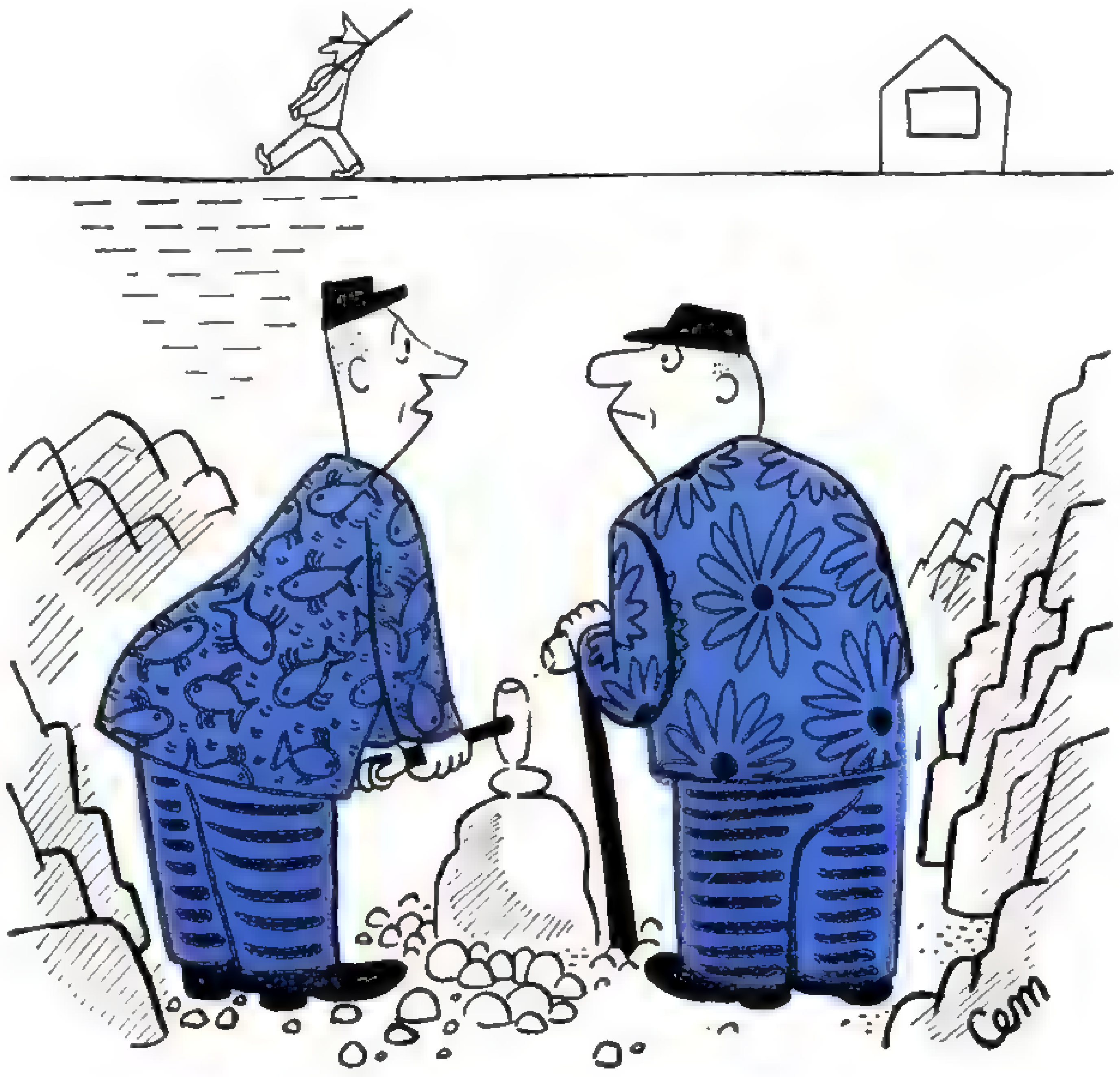
Stevens gravely handed him the snapshot he'd been holding.

"If there's one thing you've got to watch about babies," he said, "it's their diet. Uncle Al and Uncle Bill might be alive today if my great-aunt back in 1929 hadn't decided to change Bill's formula. He'd been looking peaked, but he wasn't really sick, and it was too bad she changed his diet for he passed on practically immediately. When Al noticed that Bill wasn't around any more, he opened his mouth and hollered for three weeks straight and then he died also. Well, looking at the brighter side of it, they missed the Depression and the war. How about a drink before you go?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Martin stiffly. "We'll be going."

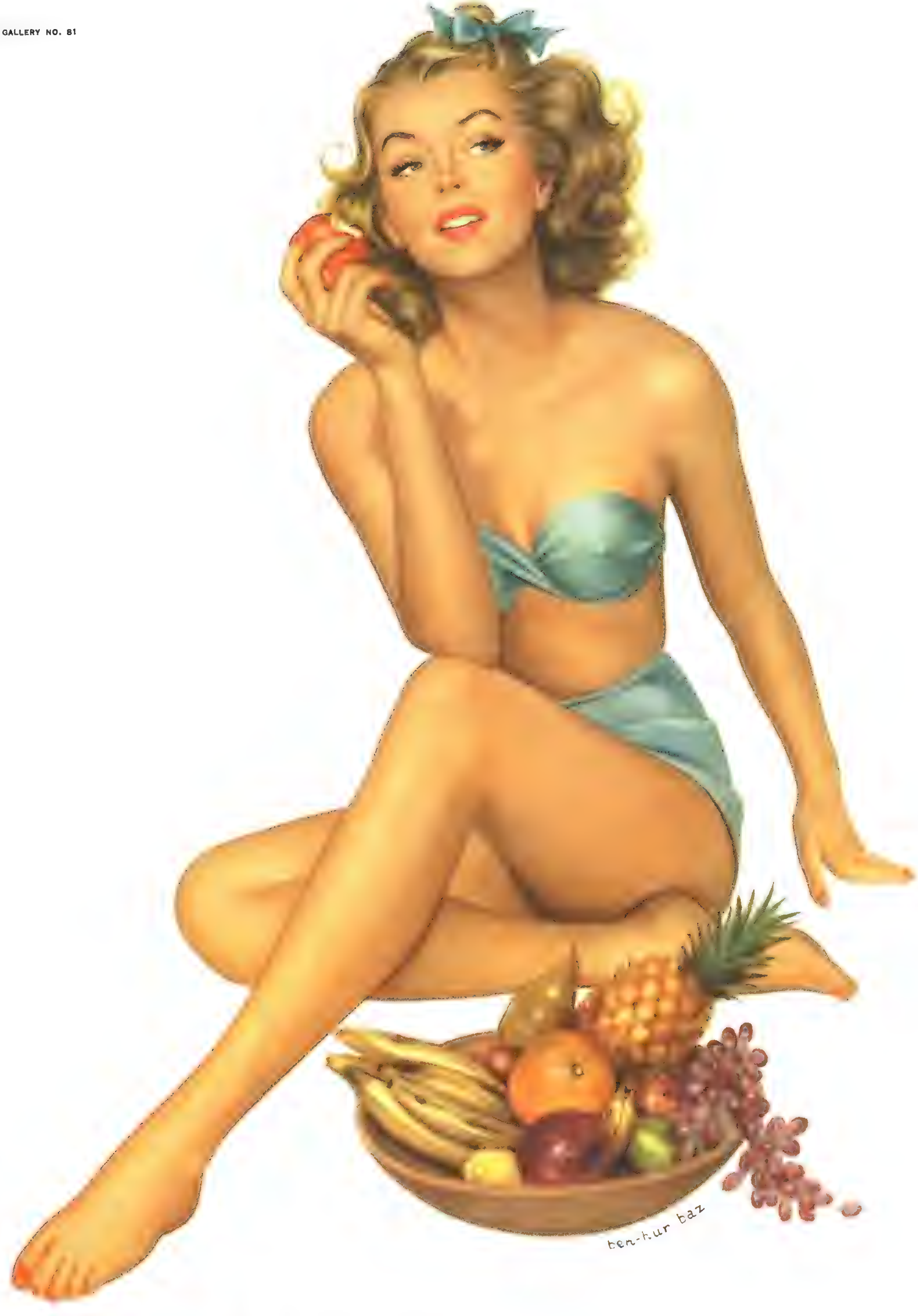
When the Martins had left, Stevens waited nervously to hear what his wife had to say about his relatives.

"Mix me a drink," she said amiably, "and we'll give a toast to Al and Bill. They may have been odd, but they were a lot more interesting than that goddam Robbie, the bottle smasher." ⌗



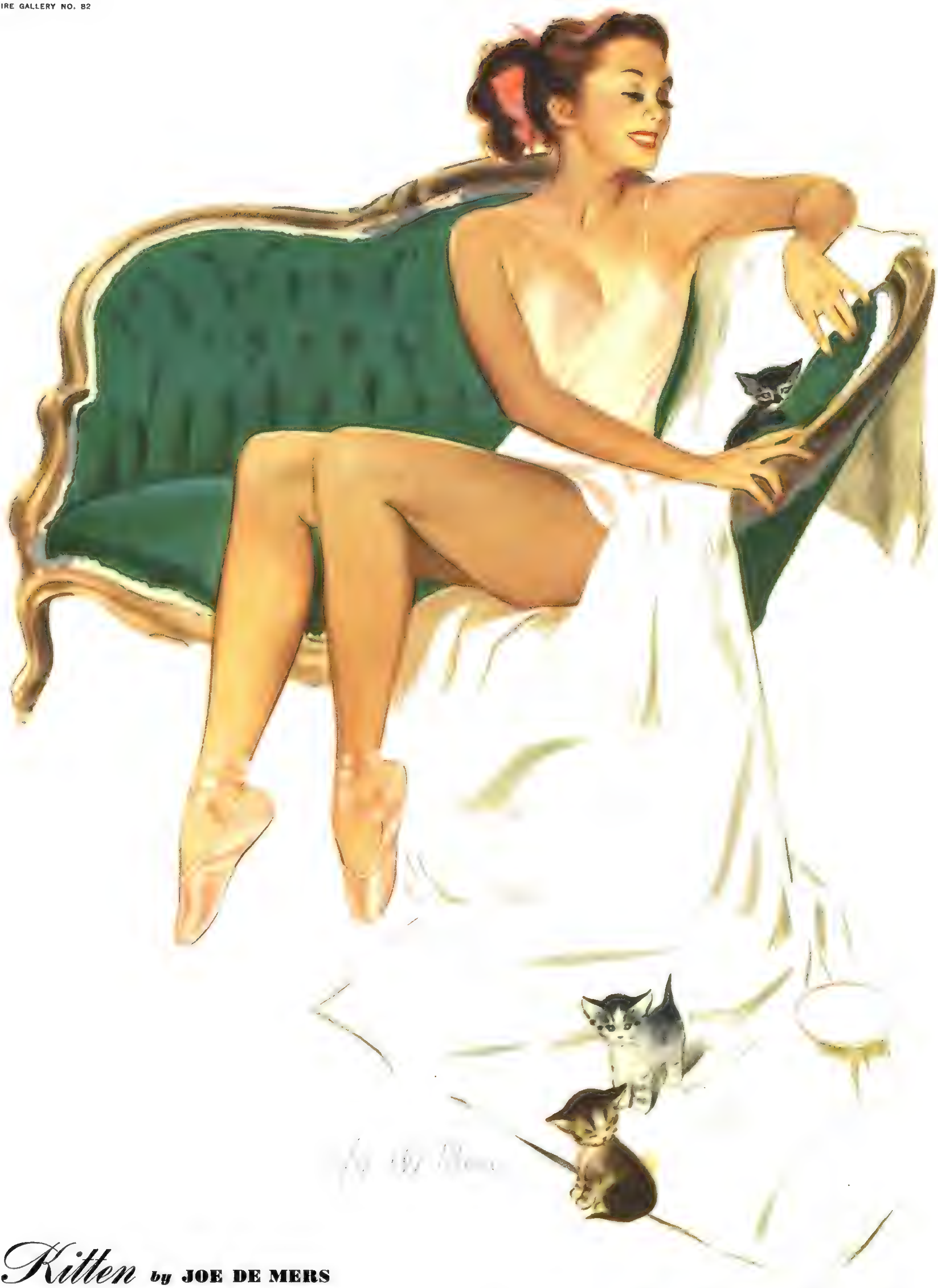
"I understand the warden is terribly put out about the uniform shortage"

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 81



Work of Art by BEN-HUR BAZ

There are all kinds of artists. For instance, you can be a primitive, a surrealist, an impressionist or any one of a number of other things. Mr. Baz happens to be in his way a symbolist. Now it may seem to your quizzical eye that this is simply a picture of a very luscious Esquire Girl munching an apple and sitting behind a bowl of fruit. That just shows how mistaken one can be about art. Actually the composition is symbolic of the war between the sexes and of woman's inevitable victory. Naturally the Esquire Girl stands for woman. The apple is symbolic of what Eve did to Adam and has been doing ever since. The grape portrays wine, always woman's ally. And the bananas? Naturally: song.



Kitten by JOE DE MERS

Mr. De Mers is our kitten man. For years he has been painting pretty pictures of pretty girls and very competently too. But secretly Mr. De Mers always longed to paint kittens. In circumstances such as the one above, some artists might have painted the Esquire Girl and let it go at that. Not our Mr. De Mers. Not that Mr. De Mers doesn't enjoy his work. A pretty girl, says Mr. De Mers, tossing off a bon mot, is like a melody. And humming a favorite tune, here you see the artist, for once oblivious of women, painting kittens in his inimitable fashion. The girl? Well, Mr. De Mers is human after all and you might say she got in the picture by accident. You don't really have to notice her.

FAULKNER

Proof Positive

He wanted to know if his wife still loved him and at last she came through with a gesture which left no doubt

by DAVID PARTRIDGE

"LISTEN, George," I said, "if you weren't an old friend of mine, I'd tell you to get a divorce. That's always good advice. Besides, as you know, that's my specialty. I'd charge you a thousand, my absolute minimum. But since you allegedly love your wife . . ."

"I do," he said. His eyes were very sad. "I love her as much as the day I married her."

I'd been to their house some months before. For Thanksgiving dinner, to be exact. Ella seemed unchanged, except for her glasses. Medium height. So-so for looks. Nondescript brown hair. Nondescript is the word.

"Okay, you love her," I said. "Since you're getting my expert advice, you'd better take it."

He shook his head. "I don't know, Frank. I don't think I like the idea of doing anything like that."

"You're not supposed to like it," I said. "The point is do you want to win her back or not? It's up to you. It's your funeral. Incidentally, you don't think there's anybody else? Any other man?"

"Oh no. Not Ella."

"I was only asking. Remember, I'm a lawyer," I said, and I took another sip of ale.

"No," George was saying, "I don't believe it's that. I'm pretty sure there's nobody else. It's just that she's kind of bored with me, I guess."

"Impossible!"

"Well, maybe not bored. Maybe it's just that she's beginning to take me for granted around the house. For instance, after dinner, when I'm reading the paper, she doesn't come over and sit on my lap and make me stop reading. She doesn't do that any more."

"Would you say she was frigid?"

"Come again?"

"Skip it," I said. "You've been married nine years, is that correct? Nine long years."

"They weren't long years. Not for me," he said.

He wasn't eating much. He hadn't touched his baked potato.

"George," I said. "I want to help you, so I'll have to talk straight from the shoulder. Now, in the first place, you don't look the part you're going to play. You look like a faithful husband, in the worst sense of the word. Like a merchant with blood pressure. All on account of that brown suit. Throw it out. And that necktie, that hand-painted masterpiece. The fellow who sold you that one ought to get the chair. Unless, of course, it was Ella who picked it out."

He shook his head. "No, Frank," he said. "She doesn't even pick out my ties any more."

"That's bad. Even a bachelor can see that. It's the little things that show which way the wind is blowing."

"You hit the nail on the head, Frank."

"Well, then," I said, "you'd better get started. With that man-about-town act, I mean. The build-up. For instance, a broad-brimmed Panama. An occasional white carnation in your buttonhole, especially when you come home a bit late for dinner, with a bit of a breath. Something rich and mellow. Bourbon is always reliable. Then you begin calling up once in a while, telling her you can't make it for dinner, dear, because at the last minute a customer from out of town dropped in. And you come home pretty late, naturally."

"What do I do with myself all evening?"

"Take in a couple of movies. Run down to Coney Island. Anything at all, so long as you get home late enough to make Ella wonder."

"Do you think she'll care?"

"That's what we want to find out, isn't it?"

"Maybe she won't even notice it?"

"Maybe she will," I said. "And then, when she begins asking questions and so forth, then the campaign goes into high, with the first anonymous letter . . . Don't worry, George, I'll write it for you. Free of charge."

"But who's the girl supposed to be? I haven't looked at a girl in ten years."

"How about your secretary?"

"Miss Keebler? . . . Ella wouldn't believe it. She's seen Miss Keebler."

"Well then," I said, "you'll have to hire one of those models. Ten dollars an hour. She meets you for cocktails, say, or you take her to dinner. They're knockouts, naturally. And lovely girls, too. Client of mine married one of them."

"I wouldn't know what to say to a girl like that."

"You don't have to make conversation. Just sit there with her. At ten dollars an hour. The idea is to be seen with her. That's all. People begin talking, your wife gets to hear about it, and if there's a spark of love left in her . . ."

"I don't think it'll work," he said. "You don't know Ella."

* * *

Well, I'd been expecting to hear from Ella. Sooner or later, I figured, she'd call and ask for my friendly advice, or maybe for the name of some good detective. But she didn't call.

I talked to George on the phone a couple of times. He sounded terrible. Every time I talked to him he sounded worse. He was carrying out the instructions I had given him, he said. But nothing doing. Ella was just the same as always. Exactly the same. She just didn't care.

"Cheer up, George," I said. "She'll get good and sore, one of these days."

"No," he said. "She just doesn't care."

I didn't hear from him for a week or so. It looked bad.

But then, one evening, I got a call. George was in the hospital. Asking for me. I was to come right over.

There were two doctors in the room, and three nurses. I waved them away.

George opened his eyes. "Ella shot me," he whispered.

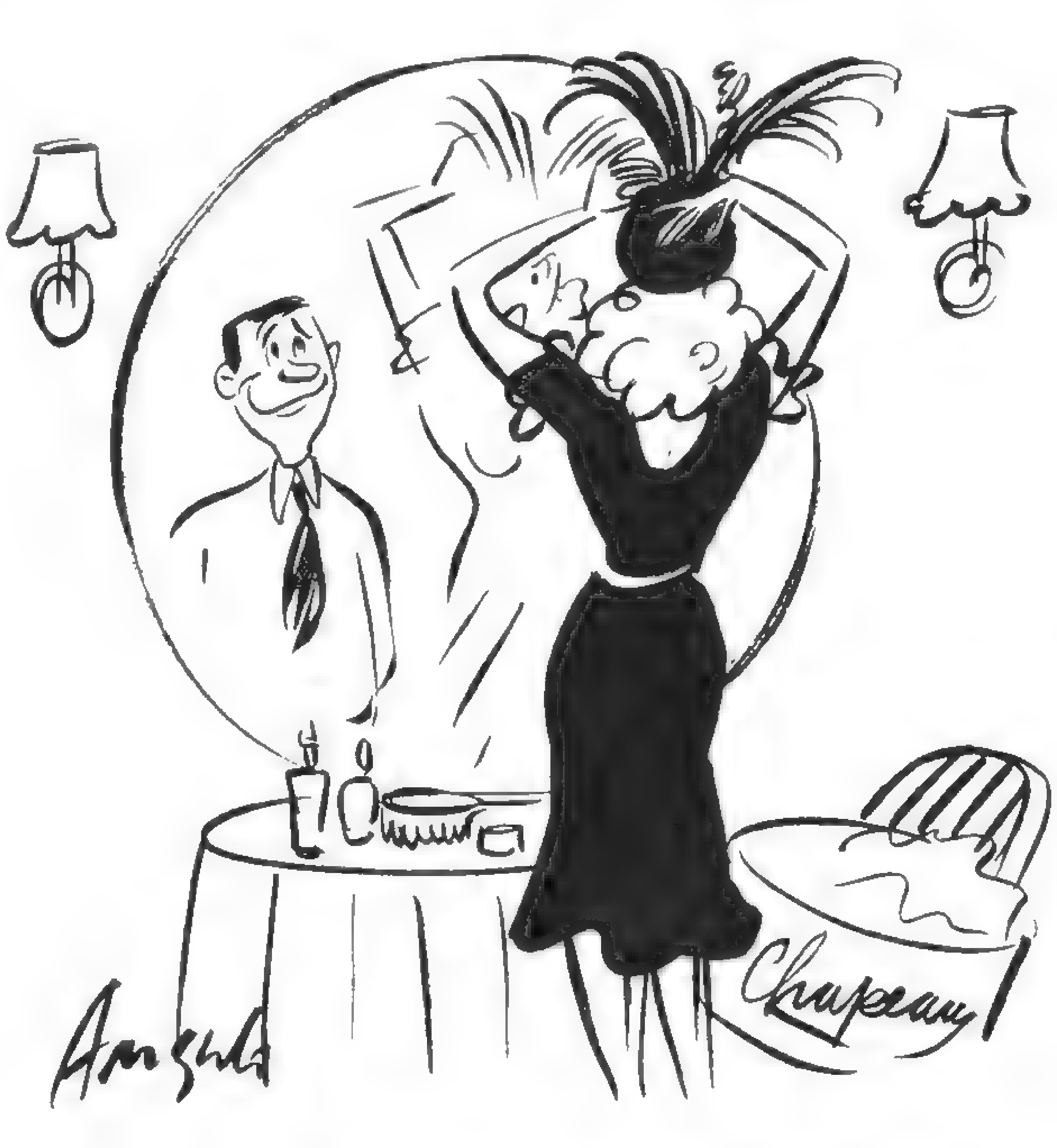
"Congratulations," I said. I wanted to shake hands with him, but his hands were under the cover. He looked a little weak.

"George," I said. "What did I tell you! She loves you."

He looked up at me. A smile was beginning to form on his lips.

"This proves it," I said. "She loves you, George. This proves it beyond peradventure."

His eyes closed, and he died with that happy smile on his lips. #



"Don't start that sneering until I get it on!"

The Foot of the Cliff

SIMPSON

Shane's wife had the scruples of a black widow spider and this enamored young man deserved a happier destiny than the web

by FRANK O'ROURKE

The first day in Acapulco, Shane sat under the thatched roof of the cove hut and watched the ocean; and the soporific combination of air and sun and that detached sensation of utter fatigue made him sleep soundly for an hour before dinner, his first complete sleep of mind and body combined in many months. After dinner he walked to the rear of the patio and sat at the small table, feet cocked up and shirt unbuttoned, drinking dark beer and listening to the surf beat against the smooth cove rocks. His wife came from a late swim at Hornos Beach and he heard her laughing and encouraging the young man named Charley; and sometime later, wearing a red linen dress, she joined him at the table. She gave the ocean a quick, indifferent scrutiny and drummed an impatient tune on the table top with her long fingers.

"Does it always go down that swiftly?" she asked.

"Does what?" Shane said absently.

"The sun, of course."

"Every night. Do you have to beat the table?"

She laughed and glanced up, her neck a long, clean line rising from her wide shoulders. She said, "You've such a pleasant humor, Mike. Always cheerful." She stared at the water, watching it turn from daylight green to evening blue and finally deep-night purple.

"Sorry my humor is so rotten," Shane said. "Don't you appreciate it?"

"Only in better company," she said.

He thought that this was how it had been for eight years, and coming south to Acapulco had not improved their dispositions or their relationship.

"Have a beer," he said. "You'll sleep much better."

"Beer!" she said. "That's what I love about you, Mike, your fine tastes. I wonder what I saw in you. Can you tell me?"

She pushed this question at him once a week on the average. He said wearily, "Stop slugging me with your pocketbook. Keep it sweet and pure."

"Look at you tonight," she said, ignoring his words. "What did you do today? You look and smell like a beachcomber."

"That's the cove," Shane said evenly, looking out over the ocean. "The wind's from the northwest and I just had a shower."

"Thank you, darling," she said. "I'm glad you're enjoying this little trip so much, but I hope I find something interesting to do while you sit and get drunk every day."

Shane lit a cigarette and the light glowed redly under his jaw, shadowing the solid strength of his neck and mouth and accentuating the higher, flattened planes of his long cheeks and thick nose. Sitting low in the wicker chair with his feet on the table, he was small appearing, his slump hiding the shoulders and the flat, hard stomach and the big legs.

"Something interesting," he said. "Don't worry, Marion. You'll find one."

He remembered the young man named Charley they had met when they checked into the hotel. Marion had a way with men named Charley or Bill or Johnny. They were always young men with crew haircuts and deep tans and strong young bodies; and they were to be found in round numbers at the better watering places. Marion dug them up while he turned to the fishing and hunting and drinking by himself. In the beginning he had felt sincere pity for the young men; each of them believed himself about to take over Shane's place as the recipient of Marion's money and affection. But she always went away with him and the young men found themselves dropped abruptly, to cool off in their bewildered leisure. There was a difference this time. To Shane, Charley seemed a cut above the others and for the first time he was beginning to tire of the old game.

"Well," Marion said, "drink all night, Mike, but I'm going dancing. Won't you come up after a few more beers? You know, just enough to make you obnoxious. It's a new hotel—the one on the inner bay cliffs."

"I'll think about it," Shane said. "Have a good time."

He watched her step between the tables and move across the patio to the cabaña sidewalk. She had a strange face, he thought, perhaps a cruel face with those full, selfish lips and the straight arrogant nose and her green eyes. He wondered again why he had married her. It was a foolish thought and he knew why. He had been a good deal like her before the war, without a home and with expensive tastes acquired during his football days, looking always for something and never finding it. She had the money and he had the youth and the face and the then-great publicity, and this was how it had turned out. He ordered another beer.

Half an hour later he heard heavy steps and Charley threaded his way between the tables and stood beside him, looking clean and fresh and embarrassed. Shane waved one hand to the empty chair. Charley was a nice-looking boy, Shane thought; about twenty-five, good face, strong body, and a certain shyness that was out of depth with the usual young men Marion selected.

"What's the trouble?" Shane asked.

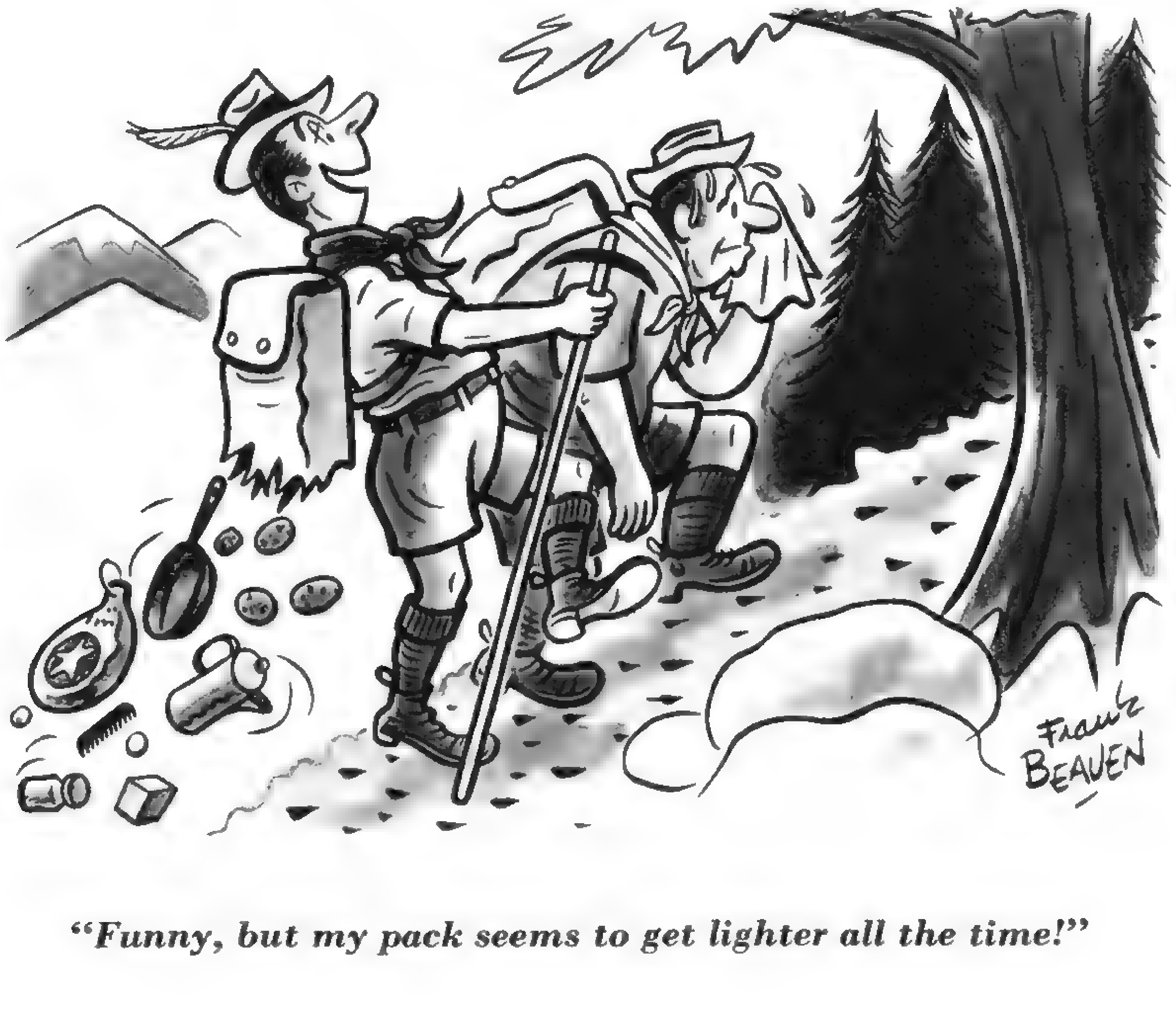
Charley shuffled his feet and said hesitantly, "Well, Mrs. Shane wants to go dancing, sir, and I wondered if . . ."

"Go ahead, Charley," Shane said. "Dance all you want. I'm too lazy."

"Thank you," Charley said. "I wanted to ask you, Mr. Shane. Your wife was very nice to me this afternoon, and I'm sort of a stranger down here."

Shane heard his car, a small convertible, grind softly down the gravel driveway and turn up the cliff road. He wondered what Marion wanted with this boy, the first good one Shane had ever met, and suddenly he thought he knew.

He finished the beer and walked slowly to their cabaña suite. This was how he enjoyed his sleep, alone in his own room where a man wasn't jerked



"Funny, but my pack seems to get lighter all the time!"

roughly from his rest by a wife coming in at three o'clock and rummaging all over the room.

He was finishing breakfast when Marion sat down opposite him and gave him a small, contented smile. She ordered orange juice and coffee, lit a cigarette, and stared at him through the first smoke. He had heard her come in at three, and this early rising on her part was the first break in her usual pattern of living and playing. He spooned sugar into his coffee and waited for her to speak.

She said, "Good morning, Mike. You shaved."

"I shave before swimming," Shane said. "Remember? How was the dance?"

"Wonderful," she said. "I'm glad you didn't come up. Nothing upset me, nothing at all."

He knew this was not the start of an ordinary day. It was not the first of several preordained sequences which followed each other in natural order whenever they visited a new resort and Marion found a new young man. This young man was different and he wondered if he wouldn't be doing a good deed if he talked with Charley and, in some way, tried to explain that young men shouldn't take such chances.

He said, "Why don't you ask Charley to go swimming with us?"

She gave him a quick, questioning look. "Do you feel well?"

"I'm feeling just fine," he said. "Ask him to come along."

"You ask him," Marion said. "He's coming now."

Charley was striding rapidly across the patio, wearing white duck trousers and a green sport shirt, looking fresh and strong after his long night of dancing and not enough sleep. Shane watched him smile at Marion, an eager, trusting expression. Charley, blushing and almost falling over his own feet, approached their table with great solemnity.

Shane said, "How about a swim, Charley?"

"Swell," Charley said. "I'm sorry I kept Mrs. Shane out so late, sir. People down here never stop dancing."

"Forget it," Shane said. "Grab some food and change to your trunks. We'll be waiting for you."

Charley went to his own table and bolted a quick breakfast, and Shane sat across from Marion, drinking his coffee and wondering why she had to bother a boy like this one. Shane had told his intimate friends that, being such a rat himself, he had no trouble seeing through the other phonies he met. He felt bad about Marion pulling her act with this boy.

"I'll change clothes," Marion said suddenly. "You carry out your half of the loving-couple role beautifully, Mike."

"Don't disillusion the boy too soon," Shane said evenly. "Keep him happy right to the end."

She said, "What would you do, Mike, if I decided I was going to make a change one of these times?"

"With most of them," Shane said, "it would make little difference. With a boy like Charley—I wouldn't like it."

"What a shame. By the way, you should have saved some money by this time. I've given you enough."

"I've earned every penny. Besides, if it meant stepping out for this boy, I'd never have enough."

"You're such an honest louse, Mike," she said. "It's too bad you haven't a backbone. Excuse me now, I'll change clothes."

Charley sat between them and Shane drove expertly and fast toward Caleta, the morning beach. Charley told him about the trip down and how he was just out of the Army and on his first vacation in four years; and he finally got Charley to admit that he had been overseas three years and had a few ribbons for his work. Shane knew the boy was all right then, listening to his young voice speak bashfully about the war and how good it was to be home. He thought that Charley had something Marion could never understand, but he wondered if he had grown enough to understand people like the Marions and Shanes of the world. At Caleta, Shane led them from the car to three chairs on the beach and relaxed with a grunt. Marion sat down carefully and smiled at Charley.

"The sun's pretty hot today," Shane said. "Got some oil?"

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STATE
COLLEGE

"I'm new here—where can I get a salary advance?"

"Yes, sir," Charley said. "We used it at Hornos yesterday afternoon. I don't burn easy, Mr. Shane."

"I'm going out on a *tabla*," Marion said. "Come with me, Charley."

The boy got up and then hesitated, looking back at Shane. "Wouldn't you rather go, sir?"

"Go on," Shane said. "I'll just take it easy here."

He watched them walk through the sand to the concession stand and follow the man to pick their *tabla*, and he felt the usual wonder at her youthful body and the way she went on year after year with so few marks of her age on her face and in her limbs. She was nearing forty now, five years his senior, and in some ways she was younger than he would ever be again. He figured she would go all apart some day and never get up, like the One-Hoss Shay. The people next to him had a dachshund bitch with a small puppy and the puppy dug in the sand, throwing dirt high, while the mother lay on her stomach, legs sticking straight out front and rear. Someone was strumming a guitar down the line of chairs, and a plane floated lazily overhead, circling the bay and mountains.

This was a good time to think, in the morning under a hot sun with people milling around you and leaving you more lonely than you had been in the mountains with no live thing within ten miles. He thought about Marion and how they had met, at the party after the Bowl game in which he had made three touchdowns and starred all over the field. In that year, only a moment ago the way you figured time, he had found the easy way and taken it. Marion had just divorced her second husband and he was young and famous, and she gave him no rest. He did not return to school after the Christmas holidays, but went with her for a quick marriage and the beginning of this thing he called his life. He had tried countless times to find that particular moment when he lost his identity and became her husband, and he could never find it. It had been a gradual business of slipping into the groove and not having the will power to bring himself out, and now he was gone all the way and nothing was left. Yet, riding hard beneath his feeling, was something new he could not touch.

He wanted to talk with the boy and try to explain the situation, and this thought made him remember the story of the fake bullfight in which the bullfighter, the brave matador, stands on a barrel at one end of the ring. Because the bull will not charge all the way if the matador does not move, the idea is for the matador to stand immobile on the barrel while the bull rushes and then slides to a stop with frustrated rage. The bull wheels and retreats, charges again, and still does not move the man. But one day in Mexico City this was happening and the matador stood statue-still on his barrel and some wag high up in the arena called, "I'll bet he's so scared he can't spit," and the matador turned his head and spat contemptuously into the sand and the bull hit him at the same moment. The barrel went out and the matador went up and the bull through. That proved that you better not try to show you aren't afraid, no matter who says you can't spit.

He wondered if the boy would understand the story and decided against it, knowing the way and the feeling of a boy, how they ignore simple things such as the truth and time and the differences in people.

After a while he went down to the water and swam out away from the people, turning over on his back and floating, staring at the sky. He saw Marion and Charley, off to his right, near the rocks, then he closed his eyes and floated with the waves touching his ears and feeling cool against his face. As the *tabla* passed near him he heard Marion say, "He's asleep, Charley. He always swims out and falls asleep. Let's go in and sit for awhile." He heard Charley laugh happily and he wondered then how serious she was about the boy.

He stayed in the water thirty minutes, then swam in and walked to the chairs. They were there talking about something and Charley was laughing and looking at her, his eyes round with admiration. Shane said, "Time to get back," and took (*Continued on page 226*)

The champ from South Africa, one of the world's best in any company, discusses a few ways of bringing your own score down

Golf's War of Nerves

by ARTHUR D'ARCY (BOBBY) LOCKE

THE war taught me one of the most valuable lessons a tournament golfer can learn. It taught me to expect to be under severe tension.

As a bomber pilot it was not a nice feeling to be living from day to day. I was under that tension for more than five years and never got accustomed to it. I still am positive that anyone who said he wasn't afraid when he was going out on a bombing operation was talking rubbish.

At any rate, I felt my full share of fear in the war and from it I learned to adjust myself to the nerve strain of golf competition. Golf competitive strain is inevitable, but it isn't a deadly risk. We in professional golf might as well get used to it. It's part of our job. The strain seems to be heavier and talked about more in the United States than anywhere else, but in the United States the professionals make more money than professionals elsewhere. The strain and the reward are in balance.

Those who pay to see us compete also have nervous tension in their businesses. Someday they may ask who forces us to continue to play competitive golf since some of us complain about its damage to tranquillity and bodily health. The answer would have to be that we very willingly expose ourselves to the temperamental rigors of the game because it's the most pleasant way we know of making a living.

I think that American competitive golf right now is going through a period of adjusting the physical and nervous demands of a strenuous but profitable schedule. This adjustment is not going to be too difficult for the younger players. I know the war aided me in my competitive golf career by giving me frequent and harsh reminders that I had to fit myself to conditions established by others. I was rather a spoiled boy before the war, having been a juvenile golfer of better-than-average proficiency. I had been having things too much my own way. The South African Air Force corrected that error.

Now I am reconciled to being under a nervous strain and being physically weary and finding that conditions are not as perfect as I should like.

As an example of this adjustment I recall my thoughts as I surveyed the line of putt on the 72nd green at Tam O'Shanter. It was a quite delicate putt with a borrow and I had to sink it to tie Ed Oliver for the play-off. I noticed the foot impressions around the hole and thought to myself, "I'll be very pleased if this one goes in." Before the war I possibly would have been thinking about what a misfortune it was to be a late starter and have such a treacherous putt. I very easily could have shaken myself out of the smoothness and firmness I needed had I been in that mood.

But the putt was hit with my nervous system under as complete control as I could enforce. The ball hesitated on the rim, then toppled in to give me a chance for the extra 36 holes in which I led the exceptionally competent Oliver by six strokes.

One other thing that happened after the war helped greatly in qualifying me to put up a good struggle against the American stars on their home courses. Sam Snead gave me his sand iron.

Sam and I had played sixteen matches in South Africa. I won twelve of them, Sam won three and we halved one match. I won because I wasn't in many traps. I watched Sam get out of traps with astonishing ease and precision. That was a shot I needed. After Sam gave me his club and I'd mastered that shot I was fully confident that I was qualified to give any golfer in the world a close contest.

I'd turned pro in 1938 when I was twenty and had planned coming to the States in 1940, but the war prevented.

I had been considering the visit mainly as a schooling tour although I was confident enough I'd be able to make expenses. I needed a postgraduate course in golf and America is the place to get it.

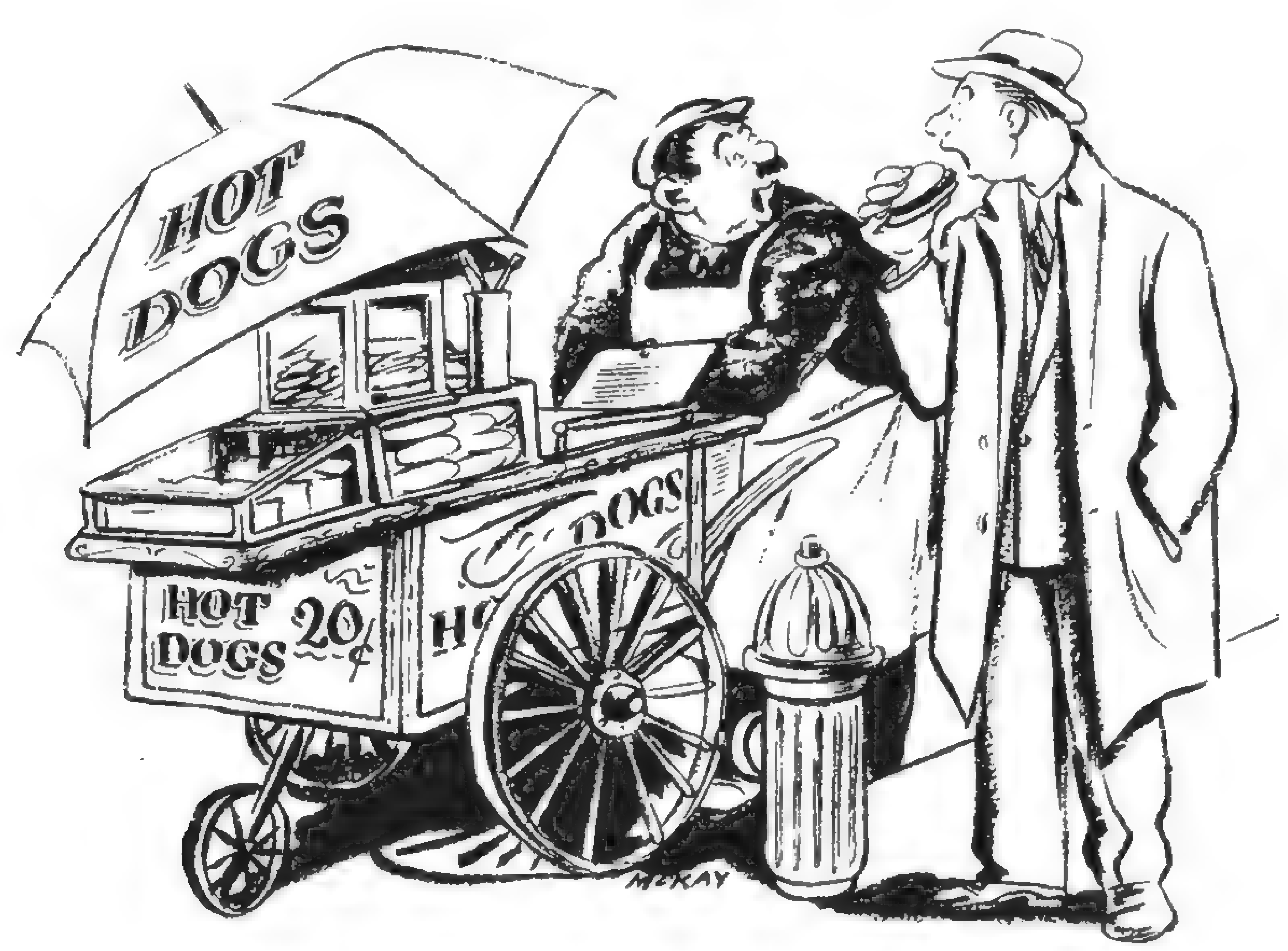
From observing Americans in the British Open I knew I could complete my golf education by a thorough study of their game around and on the greens. In the 1946 British Open I was tied with Johnny Bulla, right after Snead, the winner. Although I had heard that Snead had not been putting up to his normal standard and that Bulla was not rated, by himself or others, among the better putters in American professional golf, I very plainly saw that their performance in approaching and in putting and in recoveries from traps was a technique I needed to acquire.

That observation crystallized my decision to go to the United States at the earliest opportunity. That chance came after the Snead visit to South Africa. I might mention that although the prize and exhibition income from my first American visit received complimentary mention from the press I did not do as well as Snead with his guarantee of $10,000 and expenses for his brief but crowded visit to my own country.

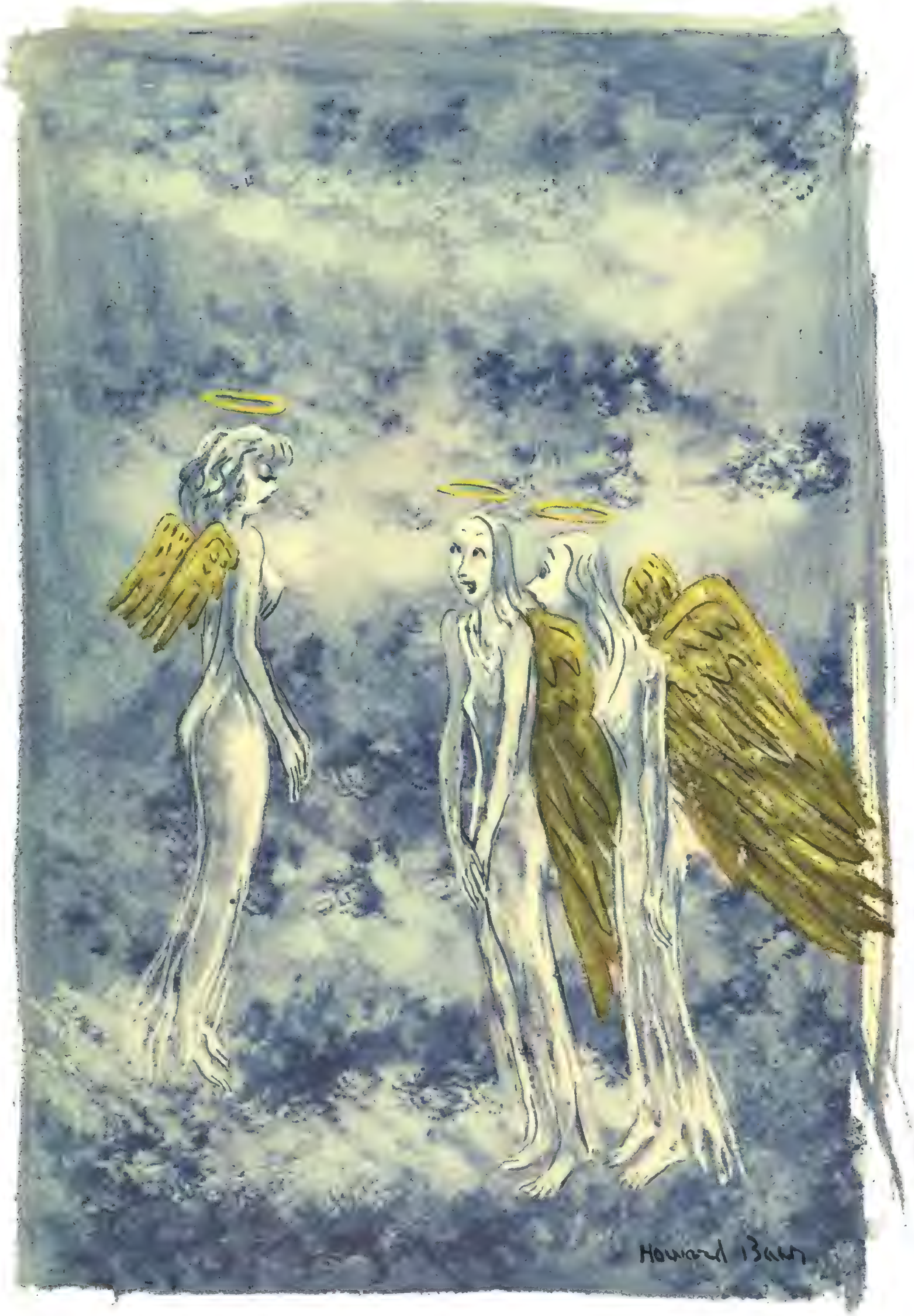
But there is no way of measuring the full value I received from that first visit. When I return to play the American winter golf circuit and bring my wife and three-year-old daughter Diane along I'm sure I shall continue to receive dividends from the knowledge I gained, along with the currency of the realm, during my initial tour.

The American professionals and golfing public have treated me wonderfully well. The boys gave me a fine reception in every way. They are a swell crowd on and off the course and nowhere have I ever met a finer group of sportsmen.

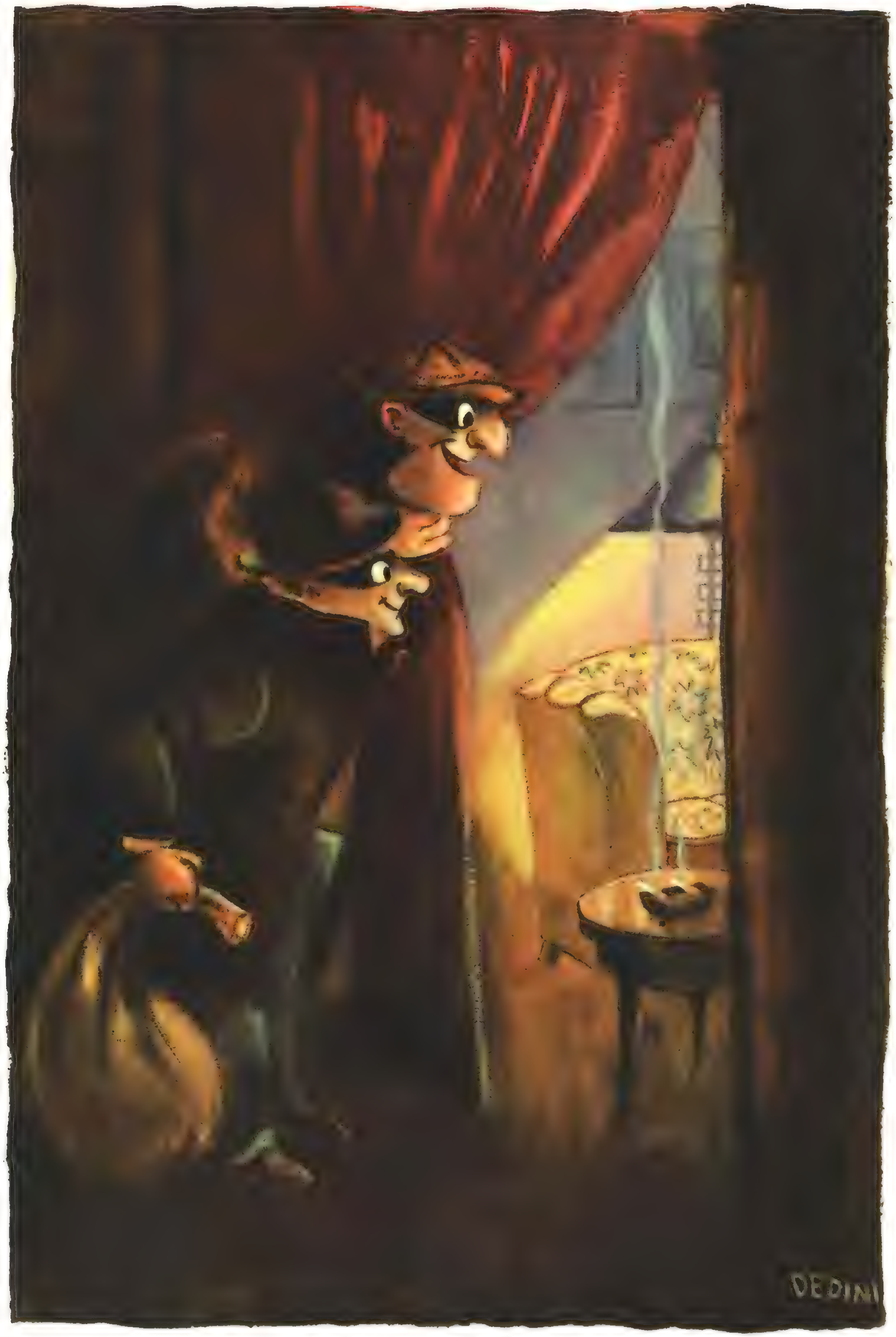
It is not my intention by any means to set myself up as a critic of comparative merits of American professional and amateur golfers and those elsewhere, but merely to set forth my own impressions of differences. As a matter of fact, there is no difference between the American and British game from tee to green, but when the play gets close to the green the Yanks are outstanding. They also are superior in their attitude and performance in recovery shots. The latter qualities I believe are accounted for by the American hazards generally being less rigorous than (*Continued on page 180*)



"Would you care for a cocktail before your dinner?"


Howard Baer

"Her wings had to be clipped—she was flying around like a bat out of you know where!"



"They are nice etchings, aren't they?"

GEORGE MORRIS

If a horse has a sufficient sense of humor, he can do things, as this one did, that will roll you in the aisles

When the Horses Laughed

by RUDOLPH UMLAND

Even if you are a city dweller, sometime or other during your life you've probably heard a horse whinny, snort, pant, wheeze, sigh or sneeze. But have you ever heard a horse laugh?

I have.

All horses can laugh but few do. It generally takes another horse to make a horse laugh. The laughter of a horse is quickly communicable in a herd of horses, but the horse who initiates laughter is rare indeed. Not one horse in ten thousand has a sufficient sense of humor to recognize a situation as being funny and start laughing.

When my father bought him from an itinerant horse trader, Old Johnnie Horse was about fifteen years old. He wasn't much of a horse to look at, but my father figured he still had the strength to pull a corn cultivator for a couple more years. My father wasn't certain at the time—but when he pulled his billfold from his pocket to pay the $20 that the itinerant horse trader demanded, he thought he heard Old Johnnie Horse chuckle. He looked at the old horse quickly, but fancied he had been mistaken and paid the trader.

The next day he was certain Old Johnnie Horse had chuckled because, as he was leading him out of the barn to water and stumbled over a lump of manure and swore as he picked himself up, he heard a distinct guffaw behind him. He turned and saw the old horse laughing with its sides shaking and eyes twinkling.

"Why, you old crowbait!" my father exclaimed, starting to laugh himself and going close to Old Johnnie Horse and shaking him by the neck affectionately. "You old crowbait! You're laughing at me!"

The two of them stood thus, both laughing, the horse laughing because my father had presented a ludicrous appearance when he stumbled, my father laughing because the thought of a laughing horse was utterly ridiculous to him.

I was attracted to the barnyard by sound of the laughter and when I saw my father and Old Johnnie Horse both laughing it was such a funny sight that I immediately began laughing too. "I never saw a horse before," I cried, "that could laugh!"

"Me neither!" whooped my father. "I stumbled over a heap of manure and danged if the old crowbait didn't start laughing! It's the funniest thing I've seen in my life—a laughing horse!"

After Old Johnnie Horse had had a drink he sobered up and my father and I couldn't get him to laugh again that day. He had to have another situation to amuse him and my father and I weren't successful in providing a proper situation. My father even stumbled over another lump of manure and swore as he picked himself up, but the old horse looked at him coldly. He seemed to know my father had meant to stumble over the manure that time, so it didn't appear funny to him.

The following day my father hitched Old Johnnie Horse and a sorrel we called Babe to a corn cultivator. Babe, a twelve-year-old, was a slow, sensible old work mare who looked neither to the right nor left as she plodded down the corn rows. She did her share of pulling and evinced little concern in her new team mate. In the middle of the afternoon, however, she gave a sudden snort and shook her head vigorously when a large blue fly lit on her nose. The fly rose and settled again. Babe shook her head a few more times. The fly rose and settled again and Babe shook her head. This continued for about ten minutes, Babe shaking her head every little while, and then Old Johnnie Horse started to chuckle.

Babe turned her head and looked at her team mate in astonishment. Old Johnnie Horse's chuckling immediately turned into booming laughter. His sides heaved and he came to a complete stop in the corn row. Babe shook her head a few more times, then raised it and broke forth in shrill marish laughter.

My father, sitting on the corn cultivator behind them, added his laughter to that of the two horses.

When this unholy combination of sounds reached me where I was working in a field a quarter-mile away, I dropped my work and ran to the field in which my father was plowing corn. My father's head was buried in his arms across his knees when I arrived and his body was shaking like a tree in a storm. He was laughing so hard he was sobbing and Old Johnnie Horse and Babe were leaning weakly against each other, laughing with tears streaming from their eyes.

It was fully fifteen minutes before my father and the team could resume their plowing. I had difficulty in smothering my own laughter as I made my way back to my work. Never had I heard laughter so infectious as that of those horses!

Hardly a day passed after that while my father was plowing corn that Old Johnnie Horse didn't get amused at something or other and the two horses and my father would have to stop work until they could control their hilarity. Then came haying. We used four sweeps during haying and each sweep required a driver and team. The stacker similarly required a driver and

(Continued on page 186)

STONE

Dance—Ballet Without Russe

Traditionally prima ballerinas are beautiful and Russian. Nana Gollner is only beautiful. She was born in El Paso, Texas. The custom of the ballet dictated that she should change her name. Not Miss Gollner. Her only compromise with tradition was to study with a White Russian. At fifteen she made her debut in A Midsummer Night's Dream, *was offered a contract by Paramount, turned it down and joined the Original Ballet Russe in London. Six weeks later she quit. They wanted her to change her name to Nina Golovina. She danced with the Monte Carlo Ballets Russes which did not care what her name was, from 1939 to 1941 with the Ballet Theatre and in 1943 returned to the Original Ballet Russe as prima ballerina. Also as plain Nana Gollner. This time no one said anything about names.*

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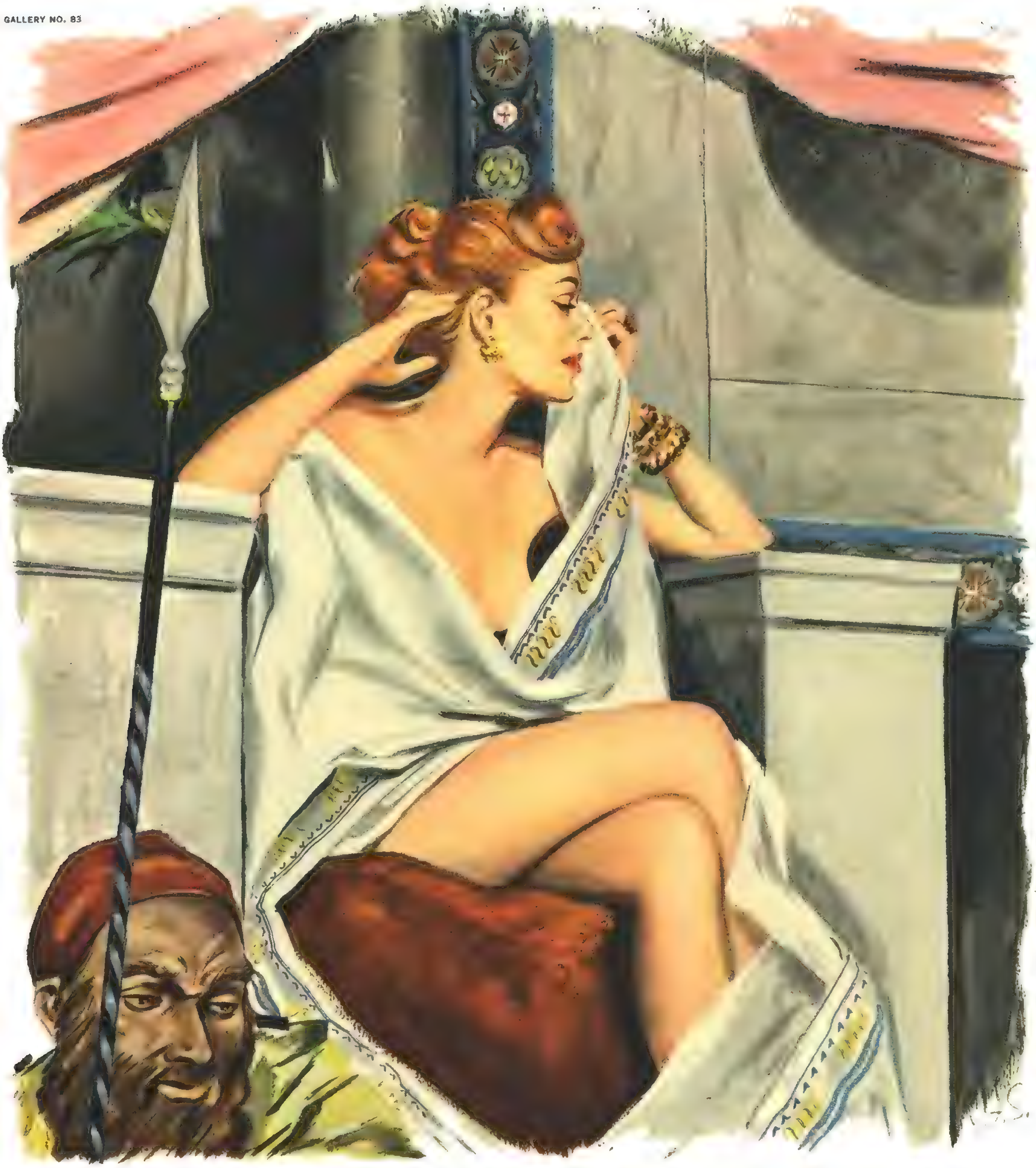


According to the Johnston Office, the Watch and Ward Society, and other moral agencies, she ought to have come to a bad end . . .

Empress Theodora

Justinian gave Theodora his Empire, but he figured she was well worth it

Pictorial Interpretations by J. FREDERICK SMITH

THEODORA was a looker. Everyone who saw her, even Procopius who disliked her, was clear about that. She looked a little like Linda Darnell.

If she were around today some sugar daddy would probably set her up in a penthouse on Park Avenue. As it happens, she lived fourteen hundred years ago and a man named Justinian gave her the Roman Empire for a plaything.

According to the Johnston Office, the Watch and Ward Society, and other moral agencies, she ought to have come to a bad end. Other notably lax lassies, such as Nell Gwynne, Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, have proved fairly conclusively, however, that while virtue is its own reward, the wages of sin may well be sables.

Some girls collect Cartiér baubles. Theodora collected Rome.

Her father was a bearkeeper in a circus, whose greatest success was a job in the stalls of the Byzantium arena. Her mother was a retired streetwalker. Before she was thirty Theodora was ruler of the known world.

When she went to the Pythian Baths she took along four thousand retainers to maintain her living standard. People who had predicted no good end for Acacius' wayward daughter had to admit that this was quite a living standard for a girl who had once been glad of a straw bed.

Rome was never noted in its gaudy past for the reticence of its ladies, but Theodora made the other chicks look like choir girls. At the height of her career there was talk of passing a law against her.

Strangely enough, she made a pretty good empress. Some historians credit her with holding together the Roman Empire for another century. Probably she felt that, like a mink coat, since it belonged to her, she ought to take care of it.

Byzantium was a wide-open town when she arrived there at the

Rome was never noted in its gaudy past for the reticence of its ladies, but Theodora made the others look like choir girls . . .

age of six, a place of spectacular opportunity for the quick and the lucky. It took Theodora to show how spectacular the opportunity.

While her father was tending his bears, her mother gave her daughters the best education she knew. She taught them Greek and Latin and other accomplishments of a courtesan in the hope that they could avoid a career of streetwalking and grow up to get themselves a nice dependable lover. This was the least a mother could do for her children.

When her eldest daughter, Comito, was thirteen, she was sent to a wealthy neighborhood to meet some fun-loving well-to-do gentlemen. Theodora, who was eleven, went along as her maid.

Comito was pretty and a good listener and there were very few nights that she came home alone. Theodora sat with the other servants and watched. When she was thirteen she went for a moonlight walk with a slave who attacked her.

Theodora, not so much frightened as annoyed, upbraided the gentleman at some length. He, being in fact no gentleman, slung her over his shoulder and carried her, biting and kicking, to the house of a businesswoman he knew, who was delighted to have her, bought and paid for her, locked her in a room and asked no questions.

For the next two years Theodora was quite happy. The hours were not bad and the food was good. Then she began to be bored and asked one of her admirers, a government clerk, to take her away with him. He spoke to the madam, mentioned his connections, and the madam was pleased to let Theodora leave. This gave Theodora a certain respect for the power of the state that she never forgot.

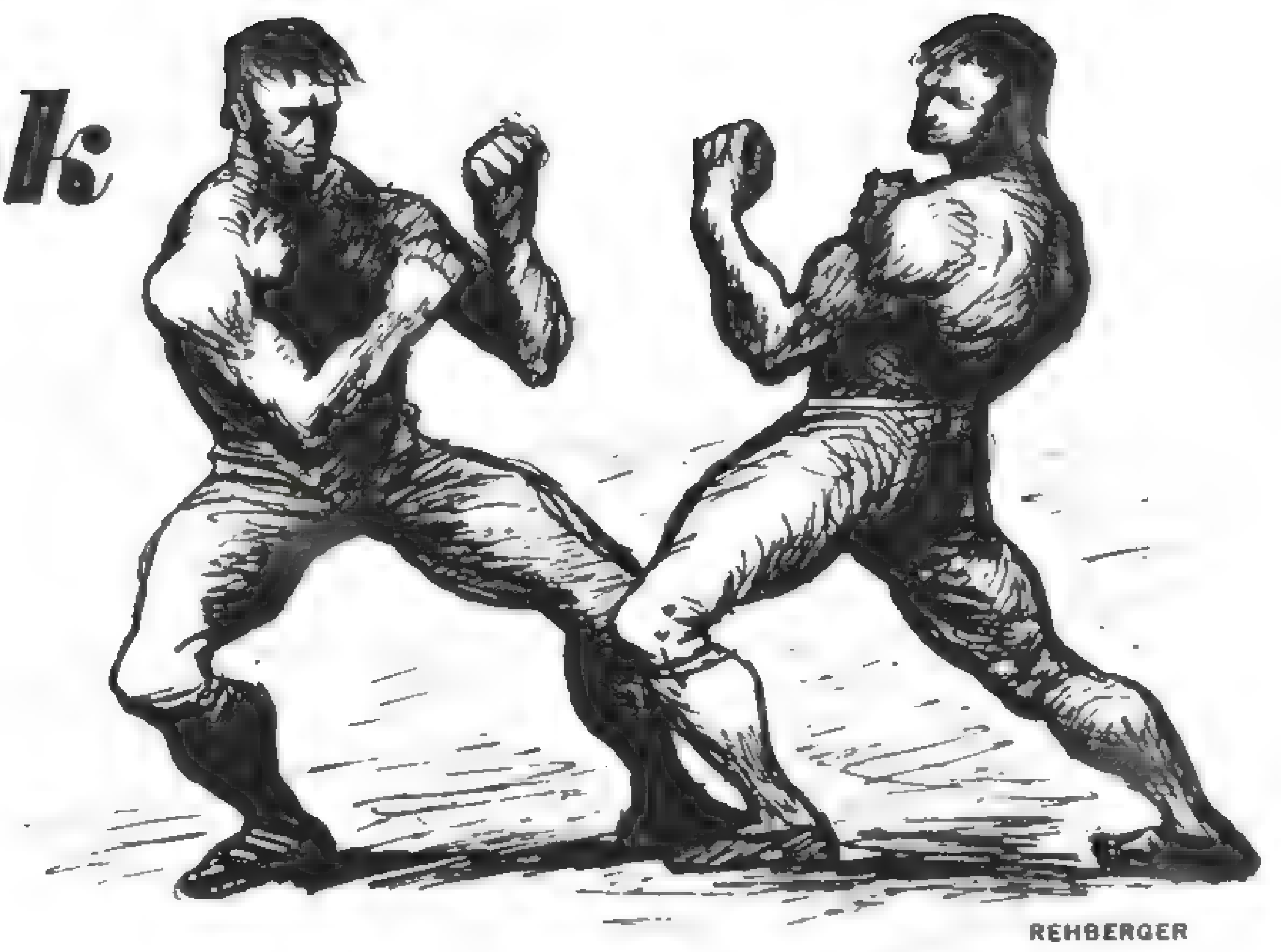
One of her friends knew someone and got her a spot in a show. She became a sixth-century chorus girl. The customers liked her and pretty soon she was doing a single.

Theodora wowed the baldheaded row. She looked at as many etchings as she could get around to and by the time she was eighteen she was the most famous courtesan in Byzantium. That was the year the solid citizens agitated for a law about her. The government compromised by ordering call houses not to open until sunset.

Again she grew bored. One of her admirers, a Syrian named Hecebolus, dark, romantic, and high in government circles, asked her to go out to Lybia with him. Byzantium was astonished when she did.

But Africa lacked the glamour she had expected. She found Hecebolus dull, and she became interested in one of his assistants, a noble but decadent Roman. The romance was brief. Hecebolus was not so immersed in his work that he did not have time for jealousy. One day he had the Roman gentleman strung up (*Continued on page 192*)

The Ring and the Book


REHBERGER

Reviewing *The Harder They Fall* and *Let Me Do the Talking,* in which the percentages seem to favor fight managers and literary agents

by A. J. LIEBLING

It is unfashionable for an author nowadays to admit he enjoys anything wholeheartedly. If he is fascinated by a particular form of larceny and writes well about it, he feels impelled to add a redundant character whose job will be to show that the author is a superior person and disapproves of the whole business. This stand-in for the author is usually a broken-spirited newspaperman. Newspapermen are believed by authors to have sensibilities but no moral fiber. Lacking fiber they can be expected to stay involved in the fictional crooks' game until the plot has fully unwound, but the sensibilities equip them to realize the horror of what is going on. Novelists do not seem to think highly of newspaperman even when they have been newspapermen themselves. They imply that if newspapermen had moral fiber, they would write novels.

The character who tells the story of *The Harder They Fall* (Random House, $3.00), Budd Schulberg's novel of the prize-fighting business, is a weak-willed, self-hating newspaperman turned public-relations guy, like the one who does the total-recall narration in the 1947 Pulitzer Prize novel, *All the King's Men*, by Robert Penn Warren. The Pulitzer book was based on the career of Huey Long, souped-up with sex, and the crooks with whom the narrator associated were political crooks. *The Harder They Fall* is a retelling of the Primo Carnera story, souped-up with hokum of every variety, and the crooks are boxing crooks. But Ed Lewis, Schulberg's sports writer-turned-press agent, is a spiritual ringer for Jack Burden, Warren's political-writer-turned-fixer.

Schulberg must have a fondness for the world that has its hub at Madison Square Garden, which houses both the Twentieth Century Sporting Club and that organization's Friday night productions. You can tell it from the way he writes about characters like Miniff, the ulcerated manager of fighters who can be relied upon to lose, and George Blount, the conscientious, well-adjusted Negro sparring partner who understands his business, which is to make bums look good. Then there are Danny McKeogh, the perfectionist boxing coach who has been drinking ever since Leonard knocked him out, and Doc, the sad-faced trainer who knows more than many real physicians. There is a magnificently realized louse named Vince Vanneman, a onetime middleweight (career arrested by "Cupid's measles") who makes the step up from Class C to Class AA chiseling in the course of the narrative. Vanneman muscles in on the huge Argentine heavyweight, Toro Molina, when Toro's little Argentine manager brings him to New York. He bows almost all the way out when Nick Latka, a sinister big-shot racketeer, moves in, allowing him to retain only ten per cent of the Argentinian's six-foot-seven-and-three-quarter-inch carcass. But he serves Latka so obsequiously as an arranger of fixed wins for the muscle-bound giant that when Toro is all washed up on the big apple, Nick bequeathes his battered chattel to Vince, for terminal exploitation.

Schulberg writes good descriptions of gymnasiums and pretty good ones of fights; he seems, as Al Weill says, "to know what's about it"; he has read the record books carefully (even though one character does mention the twentieth round of the Jackson-Slavin fight in 1892, which only went ten), and he writes good, coarse, monotonous dialogue, almost as coarse and quite as monotonous as the real thing, avoiding the Runyonesque temptation to turn all illiterate characters into wits. The skeletal story is uproarious, as was the Carnera build-up. But the Lewis character is always weeping into his whiskey and repeating that these people are a lot of crooks and he is demeaning himself to associate with them, as if to provide author Schulberg with an alibi for writing a book on such a frivolous, antisocial subject. Lewis keeps on saying that boxing used to be a great sport, but that it has been ruined by the crooks. This is exactly what George Borrow wrote in 1851, but there have been a lot of good bouts since Borrow's time, as well as many barneys. Borrow thought that Tom Oliver threw a fight to Ned Painter at North Walsham, near Norwich, in 1820, and maybe he did.

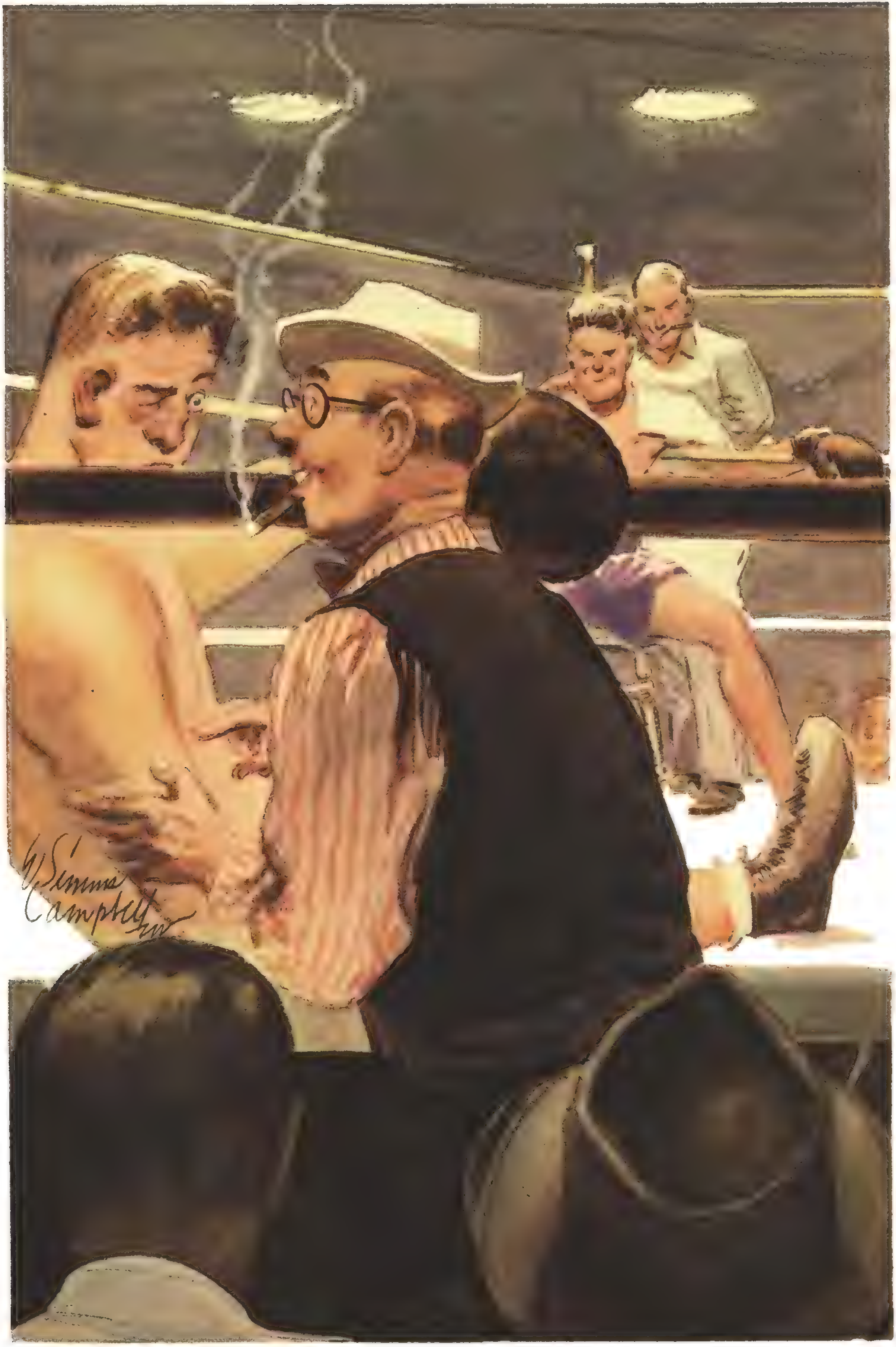
"One thing is certain that the former was suddenly seen to sink to the earth before a blow of by no means extraordinary power," Borrow wrote, describing the fight which he had watched as a young man. "Time, time!—was called; but there he lay upon the ground apparently senseless, and from thence he did not lift his head till several seconds after the umpires had declared his adversaries victor." I've seen a couple of things like that myself.

Mr. Lewis, speaking for Mr. Schulberg, or Mr. Schulberg, speaking through Mr. Lewis, seems to take the thing too tragically. He can tell with infectious zest the story of the bout between Toro and Dynamite Jones, a Negro heavyweight of San Diego who, suddenly seeing a chance to make headlines, tries to double cross his own manager by knocking Toro out. Dy- (*Continued on page 172*)

GLANTZ

Radio—Magnolia from Mass.

Volatile, torch-singing Georgia Gibbs, despite the monicker and the drawl, hails from Worcester, Massachusetts. She saw the not-so-staid side of Boston at fifteen as a night-club singer and dance instructress. Later she took to the road with eighteen musicians (all male), developed her brash, bouncing delivery, was discovered at a Cornell prom by Richard Himber. Borrowing ten dollars from her boss, she headed for New York, signed for thirteen weeks with Himber, after that beat out over a hundred applicants for the vocalist spot on the late George Washington Hill's Hit Parade, *where she remained for the next two years. Then changed her name to Georgia, her style to smooth, became a fair-to-middling comic playing straight man to Hope and Durante. Expects to do a Broadway musical this winter.*


E. Simms Campbell

"You have nothing to fear but fear itself"

THE FOXES OF FOX

Maureen O'Hara

Photograph by Frank Powolny

According to legend a famous Hungarian writer found his first Hollywood assignment was a hillbilly story and asked the director to explain it. The director couldn't because he had just arrived from Austria. This could well be apocryphal, but in 20th Century-Fox' *The Foxes of Harrow* Rex Harrison, English to the marrow, plays a Mississippi gambler, and Maureen O'Hara, as fair a colleen as ever succumbed to Hollywood gold, is a French lady. They meet briefly when Sexy Rexy is put on a sand bar for cheating at cards; after suitable palaver and gunplay they are wed. But this being a film with a scope, they don't settle down to live happily ever after. Indeed, Mr. Harrison plays fast and loose for a dozen reels before the inevitable happy clinch.

From Schumann to Brahms to Liszt

A musical triple play is but one of the elements that makes Clarence Brown's *Song of Love* a fine picture

by **JACK MOFFITT**

In the movies, talented people are such rats that it's pleasant to learn they're sometimes nice in real life. After seeing Cyd Charisse spurn marriage for the ballet, one is glad God didn't give Eve dancing lessons. If He had, the whole human race would have been scratched on the Winter Books. And where would this country be if George Washington had loved the violin the way John Garfield always does? The Minute Men wouldn't have fared any better than Joan Crawford. Most of them weren't as pretty as Miss Crawford. George would have hung his long jaw over the posterior of a Stradivarius and said, "Sorry, boys, Valley Forge just ruins my scherzos!" Every movie fan must thank his stars that Lincoln couldn't sing as well as June Haver. Driven by such a talent, he would have wound up murdering John Wilkes Booth—to get the star dressing room at Ford's Theatre.

Hollywood writers invariably see talent as the excuse for selfishness and privilege. They probably can't help it. You can't get a typewriter with capital letters on it at Paramount until you have created at least three original screen plays—plagiarized from *The Covered Wagon*. And many a heart has been broken—by heartburn—at Warner Brothers. Here those not gifted enough to figure out a new way for Bette Davis to be neurotic must eat in the cheap dining room forever. And after the world premières at the Cathay Circle, the air throbs with the genteel pleas of a master of ceremonies who begs all artists who did not arrive in "chauffeur-driven cars" to conceal themselves in the bushes until their betters have departed. It is a town where any struggling actress can get an appointment at Westmore's, as long as she has a silver-fox chubby jacket to prove her genius. Metro directors are kept in the prop room until they've figured out three new ways for an ingénue to get free music lessons from Iturbi.

This system, which bears a superficial resemblance to *Crime and Punishment*, was really devised to maintain high standards of mediocrity, unmatched anywhere in the world. It is the caste system all Hollywood lives by. In such an atmosphere Clarence Brown probably despaired of finding a writer who could create a work of fiction about artists who were unassuming and good. But among audiences such characters are received with sympathy—and sympathy is the keynote of Clarence Brown's directorial successes. So Brown turned to Life, and Nature came through with a story that would have done great credit to the Screen Writers' Guild. It is the true-love triangle that enriched lives of three great musical figures, Clara Wieck, Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms. Though abundantly gifted, all three of these people strove to behave decently toward each other and their efforts inspired some of the world's best melody. It would be practically impossible for the cynics in a scenario department to figure out a plot like that. Truth should have its option lifted.

The screen drama which Mr. Brown concocts from these real people and their problems is one of the outstanding films of 1947. It will appeal to those who have been waiting for Hollywood to produce something with maturity and intelligence, and it will appeal to the baser natures of those less sensitive, because it is such a bargain. There are half a dozen reasons why you can see this picture a half-dozen times—and still enjoy it.

First of all, it is rich in the vitamins of good acting. It seems that Hollywood's face makers, after exhausting themselves portraying everything else, still can take heart when called upon to portray human beings. This department may have been too harsh of late in exposing the thespian tricks and stylized mannerisms of Katharine Hepburn. One needed more tricks than are to be found in Gentry's Dog and Pony Show to keep audiences awake through some of the roles she's been handed lately. In *Sea of Grass* she was called upon to maintain her fine domestic loyalty while having a baby by her husband's worst enemy. In *Undercurrent* she loved Robert Taylor in brightly socialite accents while he tried to ride a five-gaited horse over her. The fault wasn't hers. Such nonsense would have been no more down to earth had she spoken in the patois of the Middle West or High Brooklyn.

But when Miss Hepburn gets a real part, she knows what to do with it. In *Song of Love* the accent is on acting. Katie stops playing Katharine Hepburn and becomes Clara Wieck with a skill that places her in the first rank among screen performers. She makes you live with her the life of this brilliant nineteenth-century pianist. Her teamwork with the other members of the cast is perfection. She no longer treats her leading man with the condescension of a kind lady trying to keep a backward butler during a servant shortage. She subordinates herself to even minor characters when this advances the story. Only the best troupers can do this.

There has been a scarcity of such performances in all periods of the theatre. A young critic, impressed with the eloquence of Edwin Booth, once told the great man that it was unfair for Lawrence Barrett to share star billing with him.

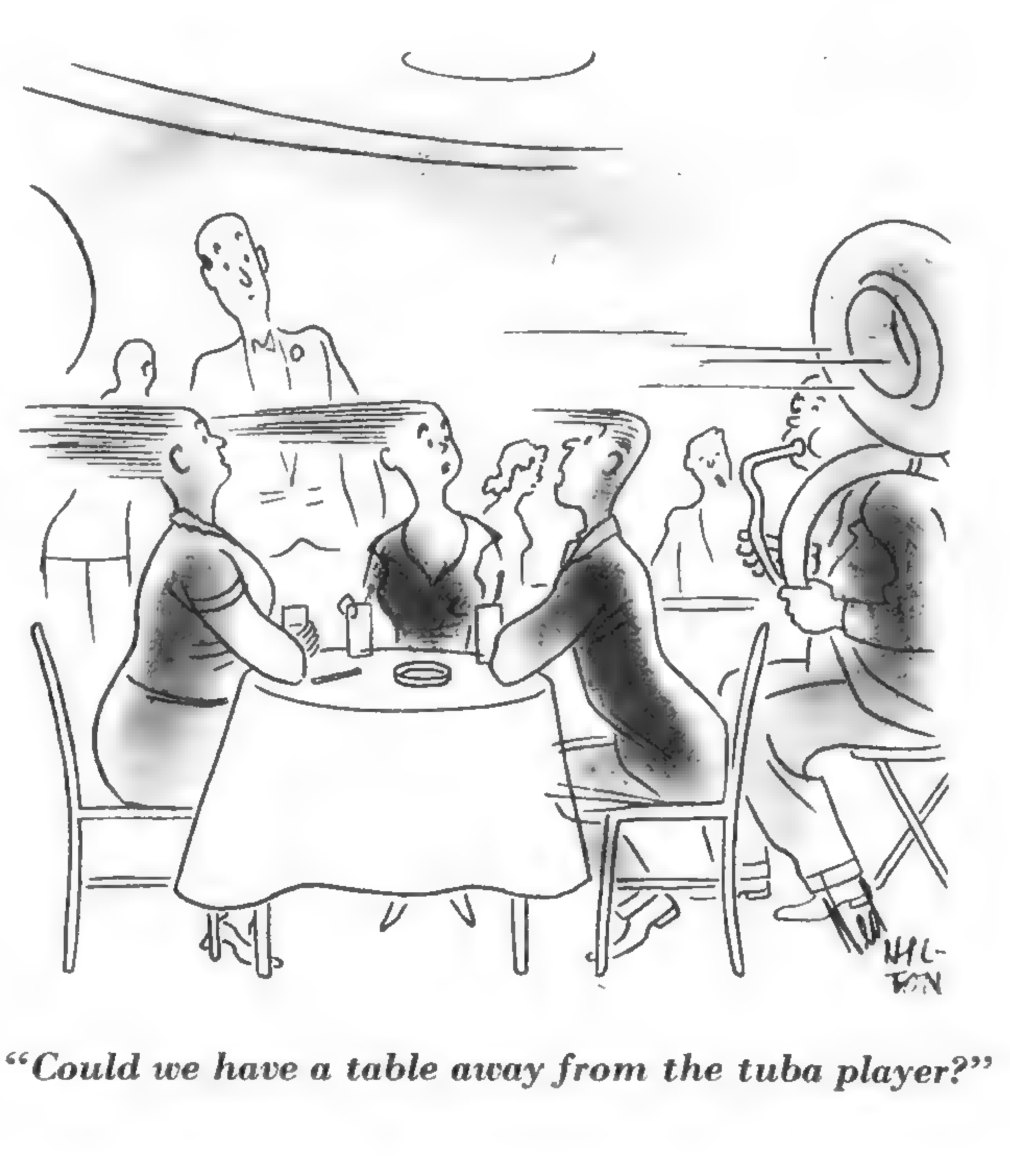
"You are wrong," replied Booth. "I speak well, but every actor is articulate. Mr. Barrett can do something that no other man on the stage can do."

"And what is that?" the critic asked incredulously.

"He can listen."

In *Song of Love* Hepburn listens. And watches. Gone is her undergraduate cocksureness. During every scene she makes you feel the worry and the kindly sympathy of a woman watching over her family. It is an interpretation in which you'll find echoes of your wife and mother and every woman who ever encouraged you.

And Paul Henreid is so revitalized that he'd look like Lazarus if he didn't look even more like Schumann—the character he is playing. The extreme vitality required to successfully portray a sick man has long been one of the paradoxes of the theatre. Henreid is dynamic in disintegration. His Schumann is a man both bodily ill and soul sick, but one who resists fate by constantly struggling to be normal. He's as tortured but more spiritually triumphant than Hamlet. To get this over would be a test for any actor. The part is so dramatic it easily could have gone sour. But Henreid, without the eye-rollings, chest-thumpings and mane-wavings that usually go with the German school of (*Continued on page 159*)



"Could we have a table away from the tuba player?"

The Shoe Fits

Your private detective enjoys a busman's holiday in Hollywood by playing his role in a big-time, stranger-than-films whodunit

DAVIS

by HENRY KANE

It seems that murder won't go Hollywood; and we shall have to get along, this once, without the twitching wraith and the graveyard gasp at midnight; we shall also have to do without the exercise in abattoir: the gore was limited. It just dished up good old regulation murder, uncolossal.

I was imported for a picture: I was one of a melted-down multitude of technical advisers—because the picture was a Pan Smallhill production, and when it's a Pan Smallhill production, it's an epic. Somebody wished this one on Pan, a private-eye opus, but as you and everybody else knows, when it's the maestro, it is epic, be it Jack and the Beanstalk or Goosey Goosey Gander, so right away it needed realism and authenticity. Word went out and wafted me in, among others. I was a tiny cog in an enormous enterprise, but when a tiny cog (in an enormous enterprise) can knock down seven hundred and fifty sashweights a week, that is a big enough cog for me.

I was steering through the sunlight, goal Administration Building, because I had a message (delivered by a blonde dreamboat out of heaven) that the producer wanted to see me, and I was making headway through the sea of constant sunlight, backed up behind my new-bought dark-glass horn-rims, when the guy armholed me. Through the smoke of the unaccustomed cheaters, it looked like Revere Allen; so I took them off.

It *was* Revere Allen; which wasn't bad for the social status of the cog, the guy being a top-of-the-steeple director, the present Svengali for Pan Smallhill's epic.

"Hi," he said, friendly enough.

"Hi," I said, wary.

"How's the eye?"

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning you."

"Very funny."

I started pulling for my arm.

"What's your hurry?"

"Pan—"

"Say, I hear you're from New York."

He said it in the proper tone of voice.

"We interrupt this program for a special news bulletin . . ."

In Hollywood, if they hear you're from New York, it is like you carry a passport from God, which would be poultice for the pride of a tiny cog in a melted-down multitude of technical advisers for an epic production—if the cog didn't also know that in New York, if they hear you're from Hollywood, that, too, is like you carry a passport from God.

"Coffee?"

He waved with the pinky toward the commissary. He was a big breezy guy with a fierce black Van Dyke and yard-wide shoulders and a personality as raucous as throat-clearing in the morning over the sink in the bathroom.

"Like I said," I said. "Pan. Over by Administration."

"Pan? Stop worrying about Pan."

"You know how it is. The producer . . ."

"I'll cover you with Pan."

"Not me, you won't."

"But . . ."

"When Pan pipes, feller, I come a-running. For as long as I'm chalking up the seven and half per."

He gave with a grin. Wide. "Oh."

"Uh huh," I said. "Oh."

"You can stop running."

"Why?"

"Because the producer wants to see you about what I told the producer he wants to see you about. Get it?"

"Not yet."

"You're in line for a vacation."

"I'm on a vacation. Practically."

"A real vacation. With pay."

"No kidding?"

"No kidding."

"Let's have coffee."

I had coffee. He had a milk shake. Over the milk shake, he said, "Ah, New York." He said it sighingly.

"Ah, New York." He said it like I thought about it: rumble of trucks, sweat in the subway, dust in the air, slush in the gutters, snow, sleet, biscuit tortoni, traffic jams, art galleries, steam heat, skinless franks, shooting galleries, Broadway, Third Avenue, Wall Street, Chatham Square, bums . . . Ah, beautiful New York.

I lit a cigarette. I sipped coffee. Right there, right through the breeze of the air-conditioned commissary, I had a happy whiff of exhaust smells at high noon at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fourth. Dreamily I said, "You too, provincial?"

"What?"

"Lonesome."

"For what?"

"New York."

"Never been there in my life. I'm from Pasadena."

I put the cup down. I was back again in the clean soft Pacific-washed ozone. "So all right. So I'm listening. About vacations. With pay."

"Ever hear of Vannie Mitchell?"

Trouble. I pushed the cup far away and I put my elbows on the table and I folded my hands and lay my chin in the middle. "Brother," I said. "Why me?"

"Because you're a private eye."

"So what?"

"With a swell rep."

"Thanks. But really. A million."

"A big shot from New York."

Vannie Mitchell was poison that had dribbled across a continent, infecting the West Coast:

poison in a roll-collar shirt and a $400 suit draped and shaped over the. hips. Vannie was tray-gay and charmant, as the Countess put it. He was loaded down with more venom than a pregnant rattlesnake. Said the Countess di Pezzioina, of Italy: "Vannie Mitchell is more virile, in every aspect, than any American I ever met." Said Vannie Mitchell: "That old tomata moiders me."

Vannie was real cosmopolitan.

"Not me," I said. "I would like no part of the guy. At all."

"With pay," Allen prodded. "And bonus."

Vannie, in the East, had developed from torpedo to junk and then along to slot machines, doing nicely until the mayor of the town had raked up an accusing finger, the solid sockers of the Racket Squad taking it up from there. A reluctant Vannie had flagged a Greeley, but out along the sunswept purlieus of the farthest West, Vannie grooved to Fate. He quietly took over an unsettled top spot directing traffic from Old Mexico to California, hashish traffic, call it marijuana, and he quickly moved up to Number One, and then, when he established The Blue Village in Nevada, he turned up practically respectable. The Blue Village was the lushest, plushest round-the-clock wheel in the world; with acre on acre of scenic landscaping, a lustrous thousand-apartment hotel, and the most wondrous ladies of the evening, morning, afternoon and night.

I give you Vannie Mitchell: suave and dapper, café society's darkling darling, intimate of the up's and down's, hobnob of the movie mob.

"You can have him," I said.

Revere Allen dunked his straw into the dregs of milk shake. "Look, kid, I wouldn't really let you stick your neck out. Don't be silly."

"Yeah, but Vannie Mitchell . . ."

"It's a protection job, really."

"Vannie-boy needs protection like I need another vacation on top of the vacation you are offering me—*from* a vacation. If you get what I mean, sort of."

I started to get up. He sat me down. The guy was tougher to shake than salt in wet fog. "Listen . . ." I said.

"You listen. About five G's worth."

I listened.

"Vannie's a friend of mine, and he's caught up in a swindle. You stay with him maybe a day or two. Then it gets straightened out."

"Do it less conundrum, will you?"

"You know The Blue Village?"

"I know The Blue Village."

"It happens he owes four million on that. To a Detroit syndicate. I've had a call from Detroit about how they're going to liquidate the debt. *And* Vannie."

I reached and picked up my coffee. It was colder than a starlet with a disappointed contract. "So why tell me? Why not tell Vannie?"

"Because the guy would start tearing things up by their roots. And that wouldn't do one bit of good, except it would pile up corpses up to here—plus a lot of blood, bad blood. It would set him back five-ten years, make a mug of him again. Right now he's a businessman; a character, but a businessman. He's here in town now to see his lawyer. On business. No bodyguards, none of that any more. Those Detroit idiots just jumped the barrier. It's louse stuff. Old-fashioned. No good."

I put the cup away. "Allen, maybe you're the greatest director in pictures, but how you conjure *me* into this setup; this, I would like to know."

He waggled, with beard. "There is another businessman in New Orleans who knows all the parties concerned. A very big businessman. I've been in touch with him. He's flying in. He'll get between them, and he'll settle it up. It's been done before."

"And in the meantime?"

"There's you."

"Me?"

"Every assassination works the same. It's precision stuff. Something unforeseen messes it up—it's off. Then they hole out and figure out a new one. By that time the businessman from New Orleans has moved up on it. Fact is, I'm hoping he gets here before any of the fireworks. Then you're only precaution. Clear?"

"Clear enough. But why me?"

"Come again?"

"Why not cops?"

"Cops," he said. "Small-town cops. They'd laugh right up my beard. Furthermore, can you imagine Vannie Mitchell flanked by a couple of Los Angeles stalwarts?"

"Maybe you got something there."

"Will you handle it?"

"I might."

"It's worth five G's to me. Vannie's done me a few turns in his day, worth a lot more. I'd much rather have him around—than not around."

He took out an inside-the-jacket checkbook and he moved the milk shake aside and he donated five thousand apples to the cause.

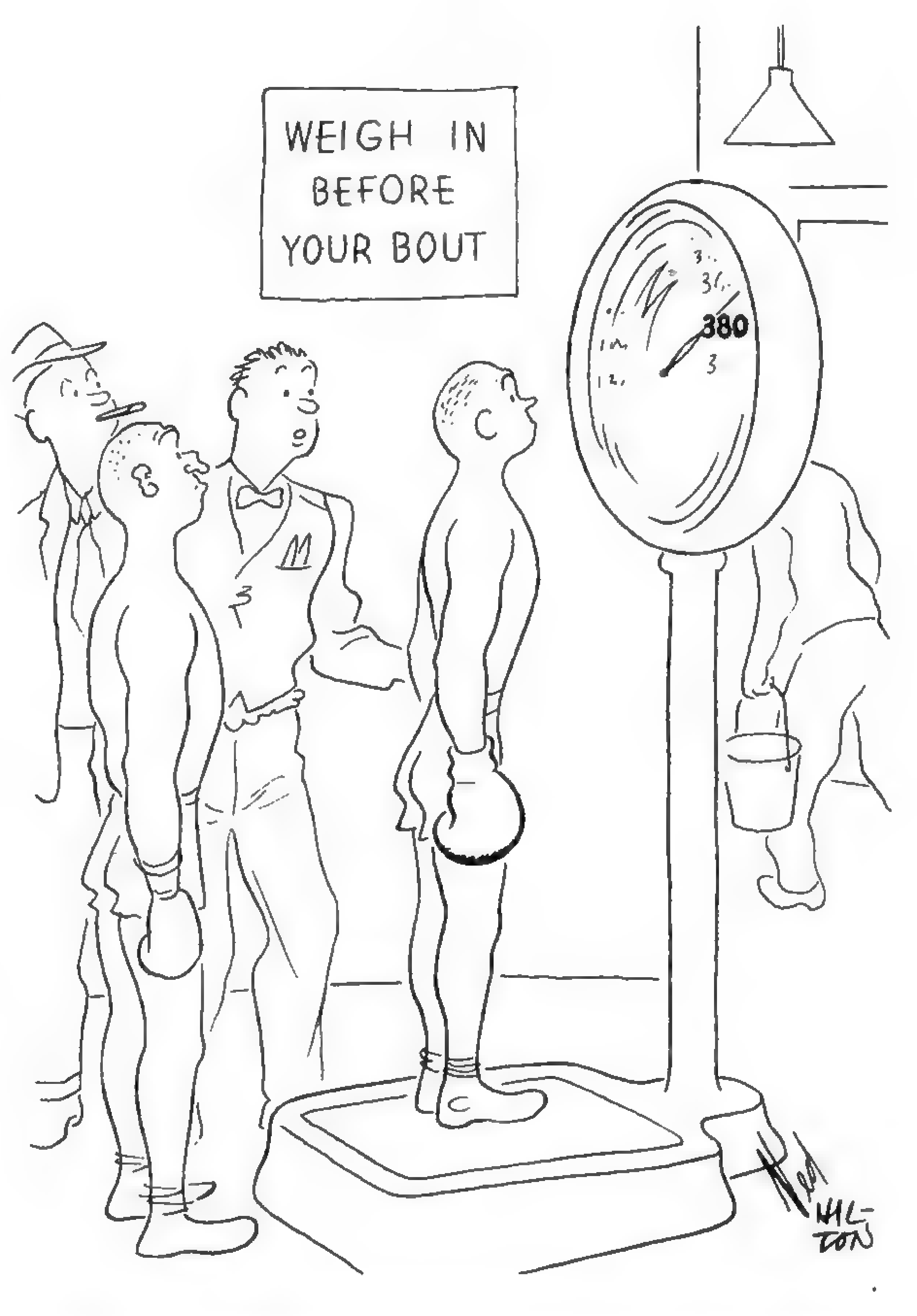
"Where does he live?" I said.

"Got a house on Olympic on the corner of Crescent Heights. The only house on the corner."

I held on to the check by one small corner. "Tonight, you know, I'm throwing that little shindig for Eve Carter, surprise prebirthday party—and don't forget to be there. Which means I pick up Vannie bright and early tomorrow morning and I stay with him till you call me off. If things happen, I try to joggle them; but, remember, I do not martyr myself into anybody's line of fire. That the deal?"

"That's the deal."

"You've got yourself a boy. Thanks for the coffee."



"Would you mind if we examined your gloves, Walburn?"

The Administration Building was large and white and rambling; like Pan Smallhill. He was a tall, slouchy man with close-clipped white hair and the only unsunburned face in the West. His eyebrows shagged out over bagged blue eyes and his nose was large and purposeful on top of a small mouth, tighter than a barfly come curfew.

"Hi," said Pan.

"Hi," said the ladies.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi," is hello in Hollywood.

The ladies, reading from left to right, were Mrs. Pan Smallhill and Miss Eve Carter. Mrs. Smallhill was blatant only in figure; she was built like the girl on the runway. With clothes on. The rest of her was demure. Pale make-up, and a small subdued voice. Sort of, you never knew exactly what she looked like: the figure shaped up so everlastingly eyefilling, you just didn't get to the face: except for maybe a flick.

Not Eve Carter. She had shape too, and style, all the way from the red halo of hair to the tinted toes peeping through the network of her sandals. Her eyes were dream-blue, like sky, and she was pert-nosed and pucker-mouthed, and her voice, even when she wasn't trying, put a lot of crinkles on your scalp. She was high-hipped and slow moving and her legs were long and sun-smooth brown; she was narrow-waisted, pear-bosomed and firm-shouldered; tall, with her hair up around her head and thick-tressed down the back and sloped beside the throat, massed in front over one shoulder. She was the star of our picture, and the best thing about it, and when she made "Oh" with her mouth, ten million American males wanted to smother it. Me too.

"Pete," Smallhill said. "Revere Allen needs you for some off-the-lot research. That's okay with me. You'll check with him, please."

"Right," I said.

Eve Carter said: "Hey."

"What?"

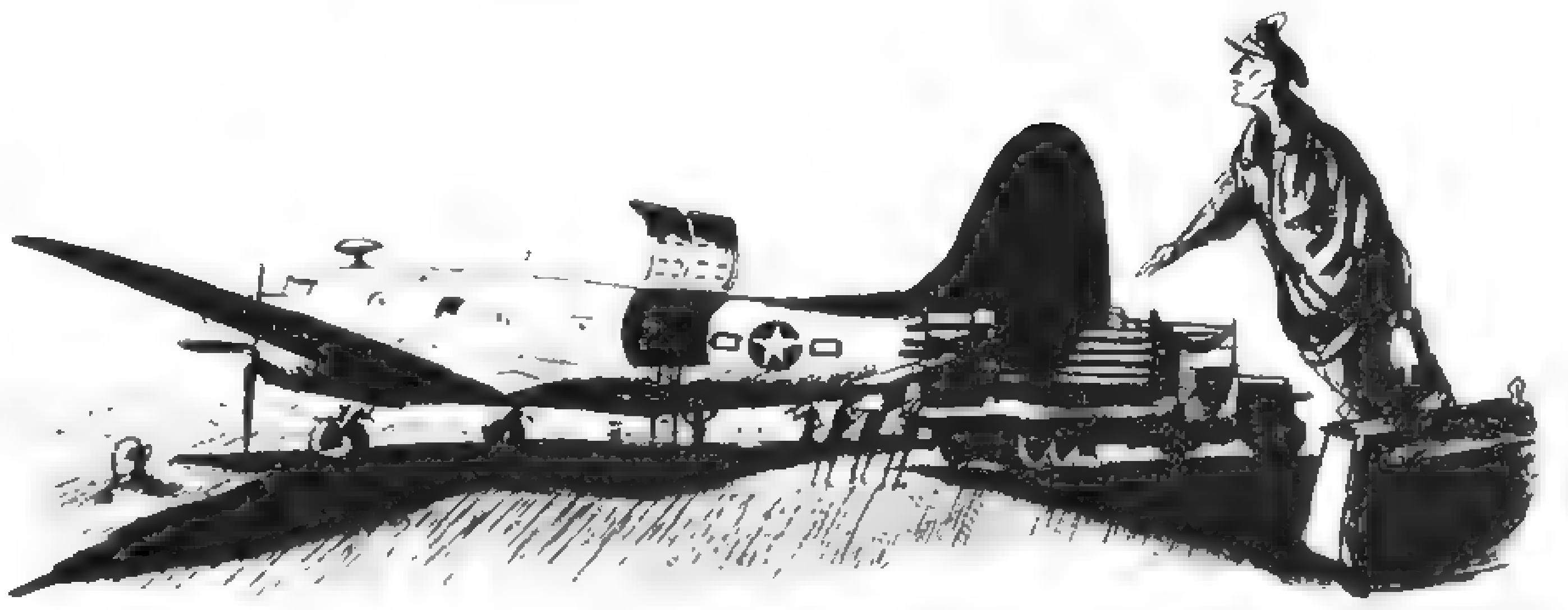
"You're taking me out tonight. Remember? I'm all finished here. Let's go talk about it."

"Out," Smallhill said. "Out, you two. Go make love. Or something."

We went. She said, "Leave your car here. I'll drive. We'll go out to my house, swim, have dinner and then you take me out. And tomorrow, all day, we're having a day, you and me. Revere is shooting around me, and at least for tomor- *(Continued on page 135)*

Ambassador to the Human Race

Nothing ever discouraged Jimmy Scoff, who flew the most murderous transport job in all the world, not even unsmiling women or unspent money


GREENHALGH

by JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

Nowadays, it seems, no man is important unless he has a device to his banner. It matters little whether this bit of heraldry is Baptist, Pythian, or just an S & H Green Trading Stamp. The necessary thing is to wear some standard brand so that people can say, "Oh yes, I remember now. He's a CIO man or a member of the 8th Air Force, or has paid his dues in the Society For Trimming Hedges To Look Like Animals." I never knew but one man without any trace of this herd insigne, and his name, fittingly, was Jimmy Scoff. He was a pilot by profession, so I suppose you could work that into something acceptably dogmatic, but it would be difficult.

The interesting thing about Jimmy Scoff, as a pilot, was that he could not fly very well. He was not a novice; he had flown thousands of hours in many different types of aircraft. In the bungalows of Assam they said he had been flying so long he had forgotten how. That is possible. He was a chunky, choleric man with the face of a ruined cherub. Breath and relaxation both came hard to him; he was always either mad at something or laughing at something, and between these extremes he wrenched himself apart for thirty-six years. His theories were odd and expensive, and it is characteristic that he hated most of all unsmiling women and unspent money.

To rectify the first fault I saw him send twenty dozen roses to a middle-aged nurse in a Calcutta hospital. The result was a shambles. The flowers were delivered from the New Market a dozen at a time, by native bearers, and it was not until the last four dozen that the lady cracked. She was as grim-visaged as a gargoyle, and had spent many years yanking at bedpans with an indestructible irony growing in her soul. But lost at last in the welter of fragrance that blocked the hospital halls, she took to smiling helplessly as the bearers streamed in and put down their scarlet burdens. Scoff, watching from afar, was profoundly delighted. I suspect that the absurdly endearing notes he sent with each bunch of flowers are now locked in that prim Scottish lady's chest of major victories. All this because Jimmy, on visiting a sick pilot, had found the nurse insufficiently in love with life.

Life meant excitement to Scoff, and he handled money as if it were confetti. His waywardness with cash was not intentional. It was just that rates of exchange bothered him too much, and he never learned the exact ratio of the rupee to the American dollar. And he cared less. I have seen him order a drink for several hundred people, telling the waiter to inform those who were interested that it was just another phase of lend-lease. He scattered coins among the beggars of Calcutta like a man feeding pigeons, and he supported so many native families that he was finally forced to hire a bookkeeping babu.

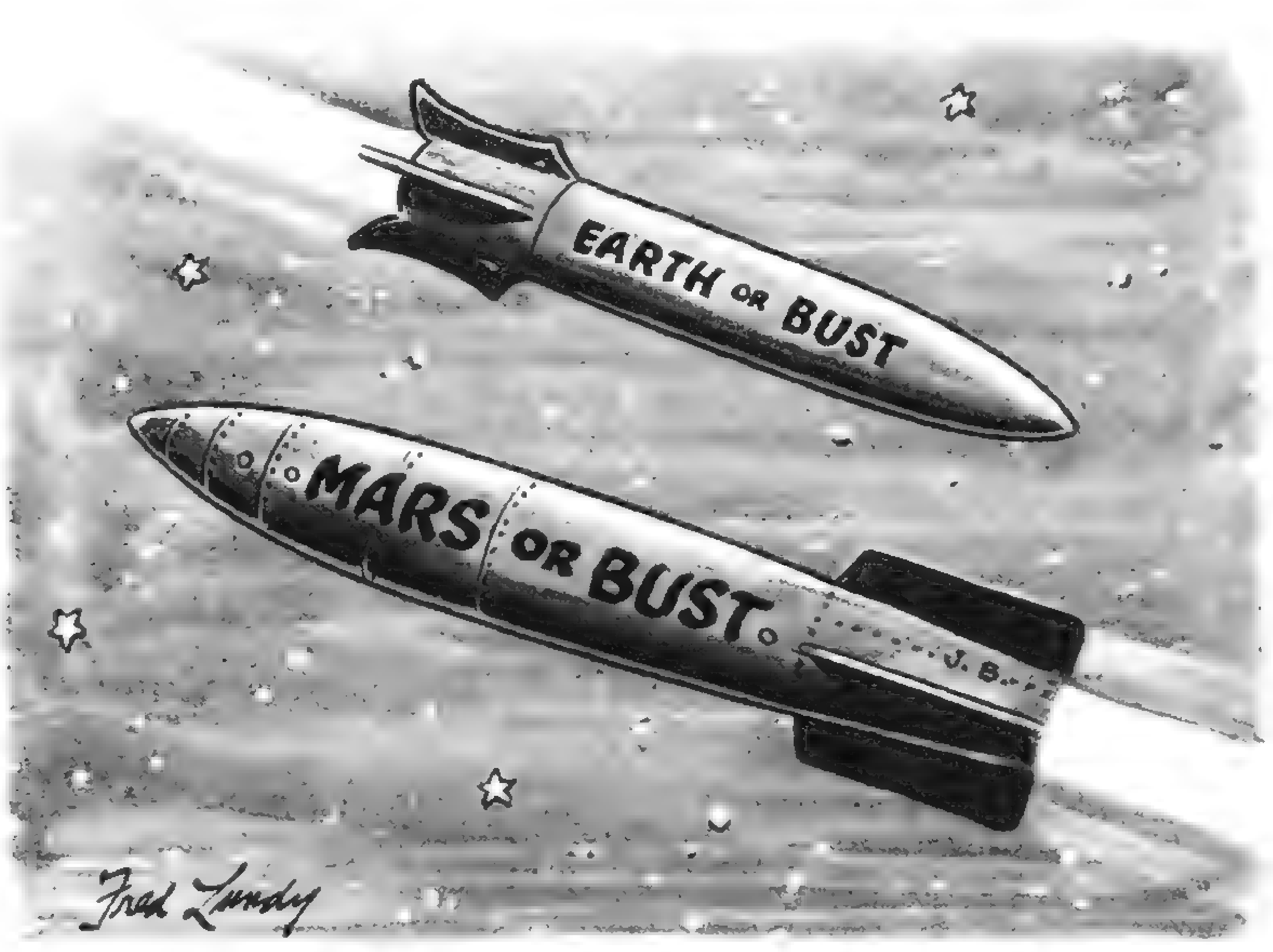
As a pilot for China National Aviation Corporation, only a few days of his month were spent in Calcutta. The rest of the time he was flying from Assam to China. Perhaps on these sabbatical days he had some premonition of the way his fate was turned. That may be why he used money so lavishly, for his job was dangerous. He flew the most murderous transport route in the world, carrying arms, ammunition, drugs and gasoline, but he wore the strain of it like a light garment.

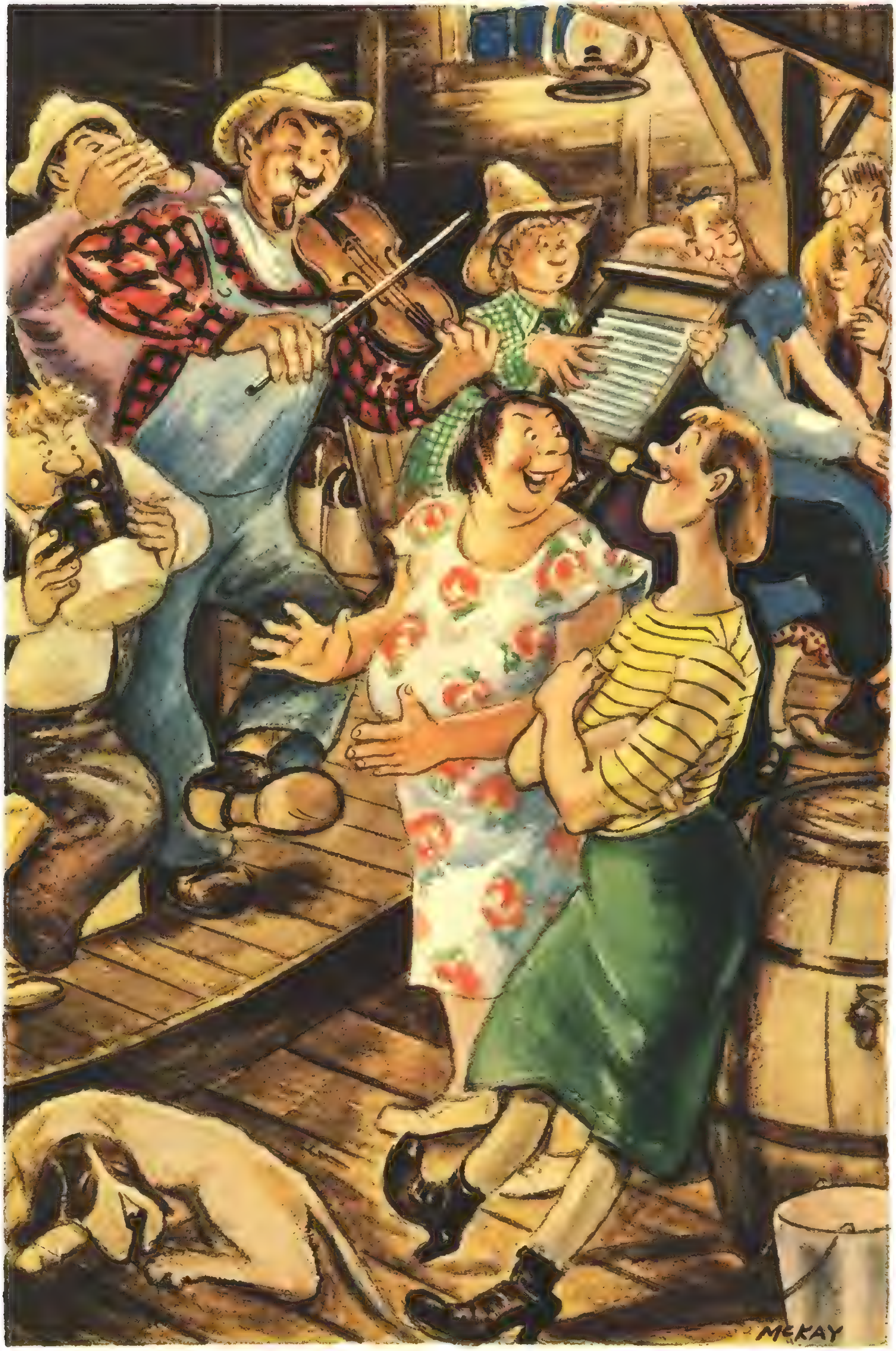
On the Himalayas you have to be lucky, good, and bold. Jimmy Scoff was lucky and bold. I think he was the bravest pilot I ever saw, and that air line has a top-drawer assortment. Jimmy wandered through them like a catalytic agent. He moaned, like a wind-wrinkled faun, about the weather and the equipment, and he never missed a trip. In a year he tore up four Douglas transports and never scratched his epidermis. The China National Airlines had flown 18,000 round trips over the ranges, and he was the first man to bail out of one of its planes. He accomplished this on a relatively clear night after flying twelve hours on a four-hour schedule. Another time he landed on one wheel and ground-looped his transport into a B-25 medium bomber which was the personal property of the commanding general of that area. The collision was so emphatic that it set off the 50-calibre guns on the bomber, and Scoff ducked out of his plane demanding the Purple Heart for a sprained wrist. The general was not pleased.

We called him the Field Marshal for no better reason than that he insisted on it. There were times when this rank was lowered by unspoken accord. One night during the monsoon Scoff was returning from China and he landed at an airport only twenty miles from our main base. His cargo was thirty-two Chinese soldiers, bound for the Burma fighting, and he unloaded them. Taking off again he flew to where he thought the main base was, and let down into the traffic pattern. The copilot reminded him, gently, that they had just left that airport, and with a snort of pique Scoff poured on the power and flew home. For weeks thereafter we referred to him automatically as Corporal Scoff, since he had used fifty minutes to make a ten-minute trip.

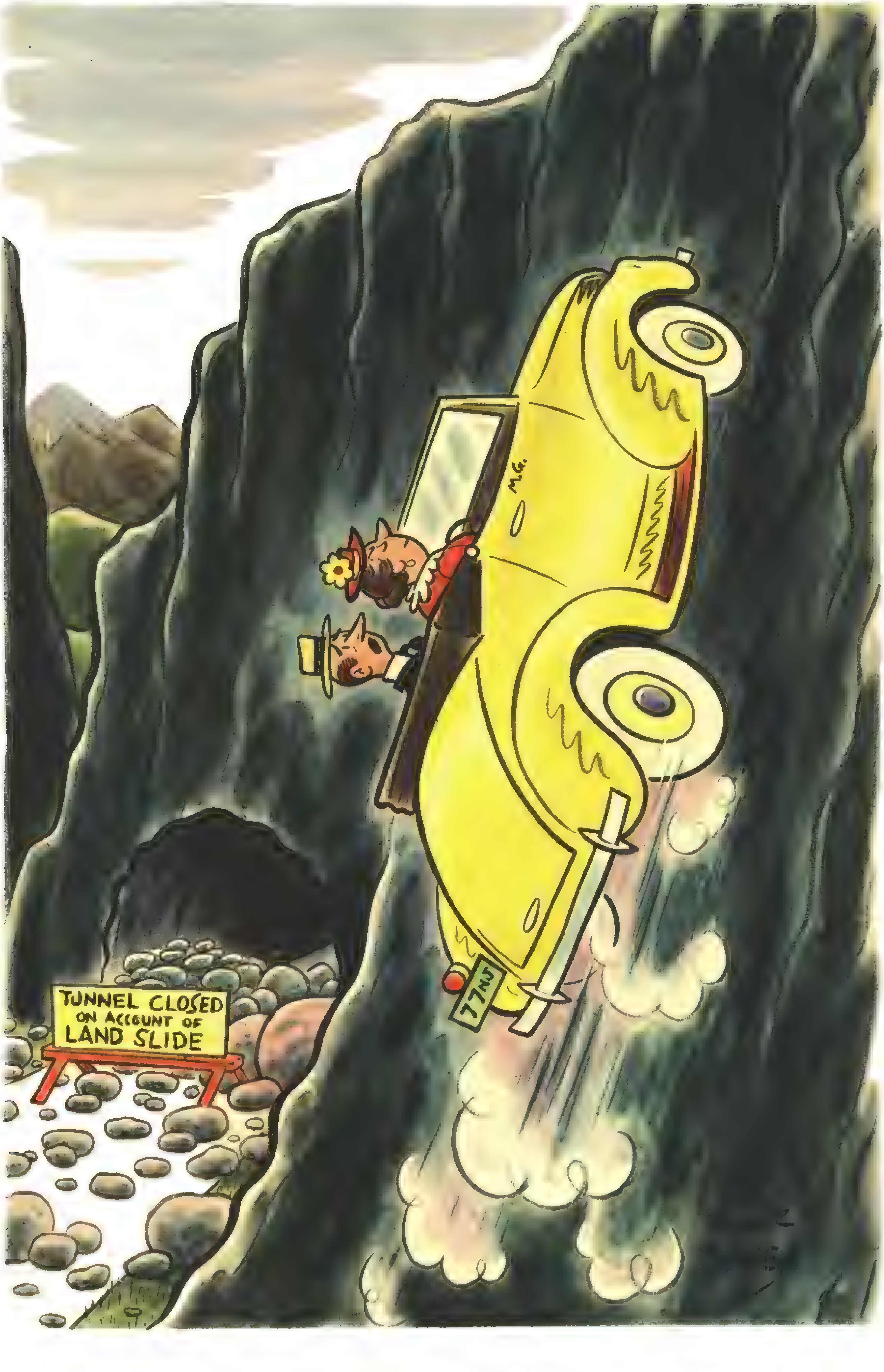
I never saw anybody approach Jimmy Scoff who was not smiling. To those who knew him it was anticipation, and to strangers it was the alchemy of good humor that he radiated just by being alive. He was an iconoclastic hotspur who had the gift of making people forget the copybook maxims and the terrible burden of being important. The great melted before his friendliness like butter. I have seen English dignitaries who viewed all Americans with a jaundiced eye spend thirty minutes with Scoff and emerge with their dignity completely askew.

Jimmy was on everybody's side. Chinese and Indians who could not understand a word he was saying would smile involuntarily at his explosiveness. For centuries the untouchable sweeper castes had been bowing low in subjection to all the world, when here came a laughing man with Chinese wings who insisted on salaaming to them. This amazing reversal of Eastern etiquette grew so famed that one sight of Scoff would send (*Continued on page 195*)



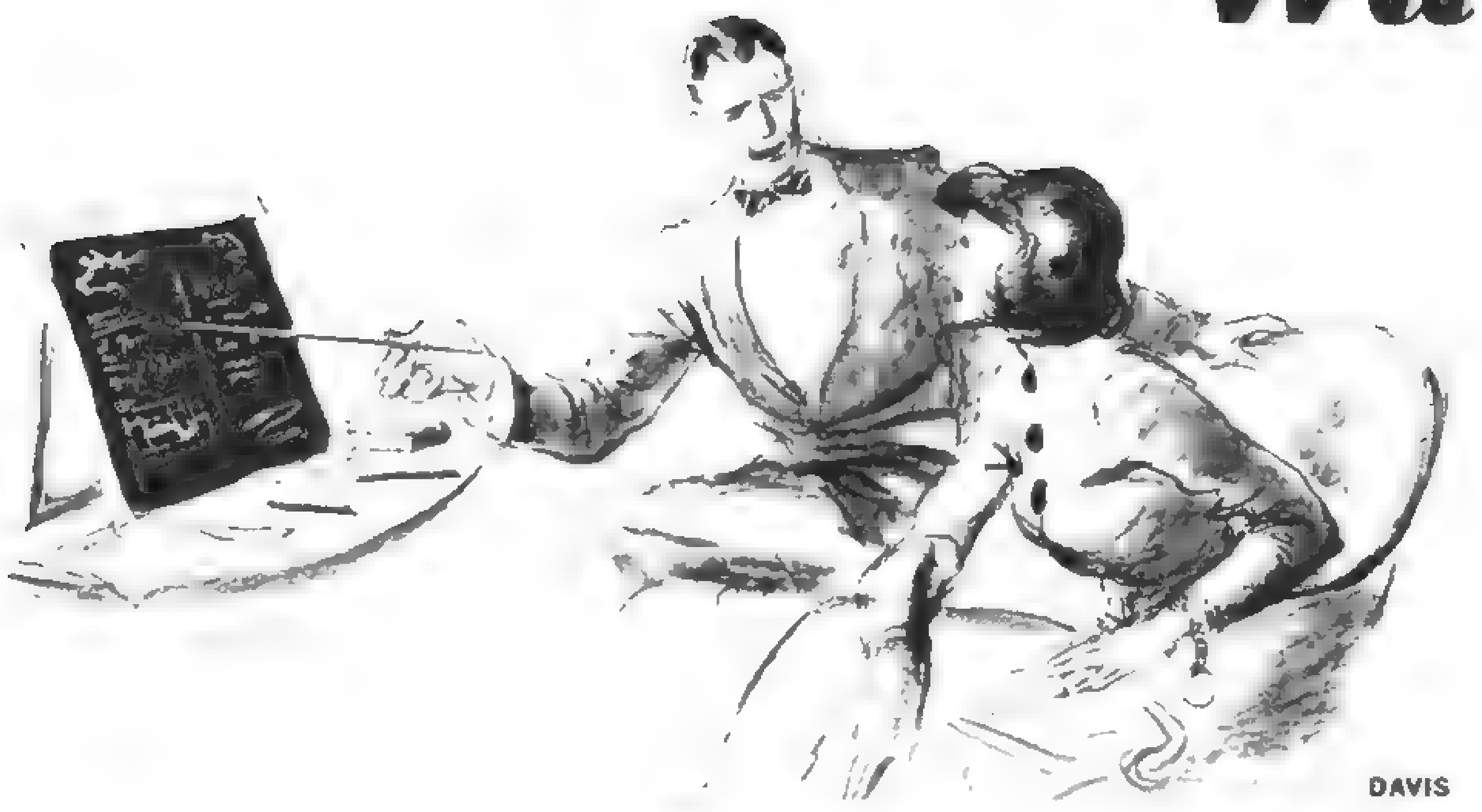


"I just love Gershwin, don't you?"


M.G.
77NJ
TUNNEL CLOSED
ON ACCOUNT OF
LAND SLIDE

"All right, dear—if you say it can be done, it can be done!"

Wall Street–Simplified



An ordinary man may survive fire, tempest and war, but only a hero would hazard an attempt to explain finance to a woman

by FRED SCHWED, JR.

Ozzie Osbert had made himself a gratifying husband, at least for the moment, by drying all the dinner dishes without any sarcastic comment. Now he summoned his wife to their snug living room with a sort of suppressed excitement.

"Listen, Helen, we're going to try something interesting. You sit down over there."

"What can we do that is interesting with me sitting down over there?" asked his lovely young spouse dubiously.

"You'll find this interesting all right. It's a bet, and it is about you. That is, you are going to be the chief performer."

"Oh, go on. How much of a bet? With whom? About me and what?"

"It's a $10 bet with Wilbur. Wilbur is a smart enough cookie, but this time we are going to clip him. We had lunch together and Wilbur was complaining about how dumb Eve was being about that money her aunt left her. He said it was a shame how most women didn't grasp the elementary truths about money, investments, and how to run their economic lives. He said that not many women were willfully extravagant—that swell wives like you and Eve never dreamed of making money difficulties for your husbands, but that you just don't comprehend. He said that once you have worn out your expensive shoes shopping around to save three cents on the price of spinach, you feel that your duty in that direction is finished. He said you girls know all about saving three cents and that you know nothing about handling $10,000."

"And I suppose you agreed with him that I was as dumb as Eve?"

"Nothing of the kind, but we took that up. I said that we should give our wives a sort of simple course in financial matters, and he said it wouldn't work. So I said weren't our wives just as intelligent—you especially that is—as, say, a sophomore class in economics at Amherst?"

"And I presume your great and wonderful friend Wilbur said I wasn't."

"Oh no. He thinks you are much more intelligent. He just claims that women's heads are shaped different, just as their bodies are. He says that while they can't learn even elementary truths about money, there are many other things a bright girl like you knows instinctively that a man might never even find out."

"I think I see his point," said Helen thoughtfully. "I instinctively feel that your friend Wilbur is a bit of a jerk, and you, who see him much more often, haven't even begun to suspect it. But what is all this about a $10 bet?"

"Well, I myself got annoyed with his superior talk," explained Ozzie, "and I bet him ten bucks I could make you understand the basic points in one evening."

"Who's to be the judge if I learn it or not?"

"Why, I am. He trusts me."

"Oh, Ozzie, that's wonderful. Let's get two seats for *Oklahoma!* Orchestra seats!"

Ozzie glanced sharply at his wife's face, now even more attractive than usual since it was illumined by sheer girlish ecstasy. He started to say something, checked himself, and reflected that his great and wise friend Wilbur had not entirely stated the case when he said that their heads as well as their bodies were different from men's. He had neglected to touch on what the ladies considered to be morality. So instead, he said briskly, "Let's get cracking on this. To begin with, would you care to have me tell you precisely what the difference is between a stock, or share, and a bond?"

"Oh, I would just love to," said Helen, some of the animation evaporating from her large dark eyes.

"Well, a bond is a safer investment than a stock, because it is simply a loan to some corporation, like the Pennsylvania Railroad, or U. S. Rubber, or Standard Oil. If you buy a bond, what you are really doing is lending them $1000, and they promise to pay you back at a certain date, and they pay you interest until then."

"Why should people like us, who haven't even seen *Oklahoma!* in four-and-a-half years, lend $1000 to those multimillionaires?"

"We would do it to get the interest."

"How much is the interest? When do you get it?"

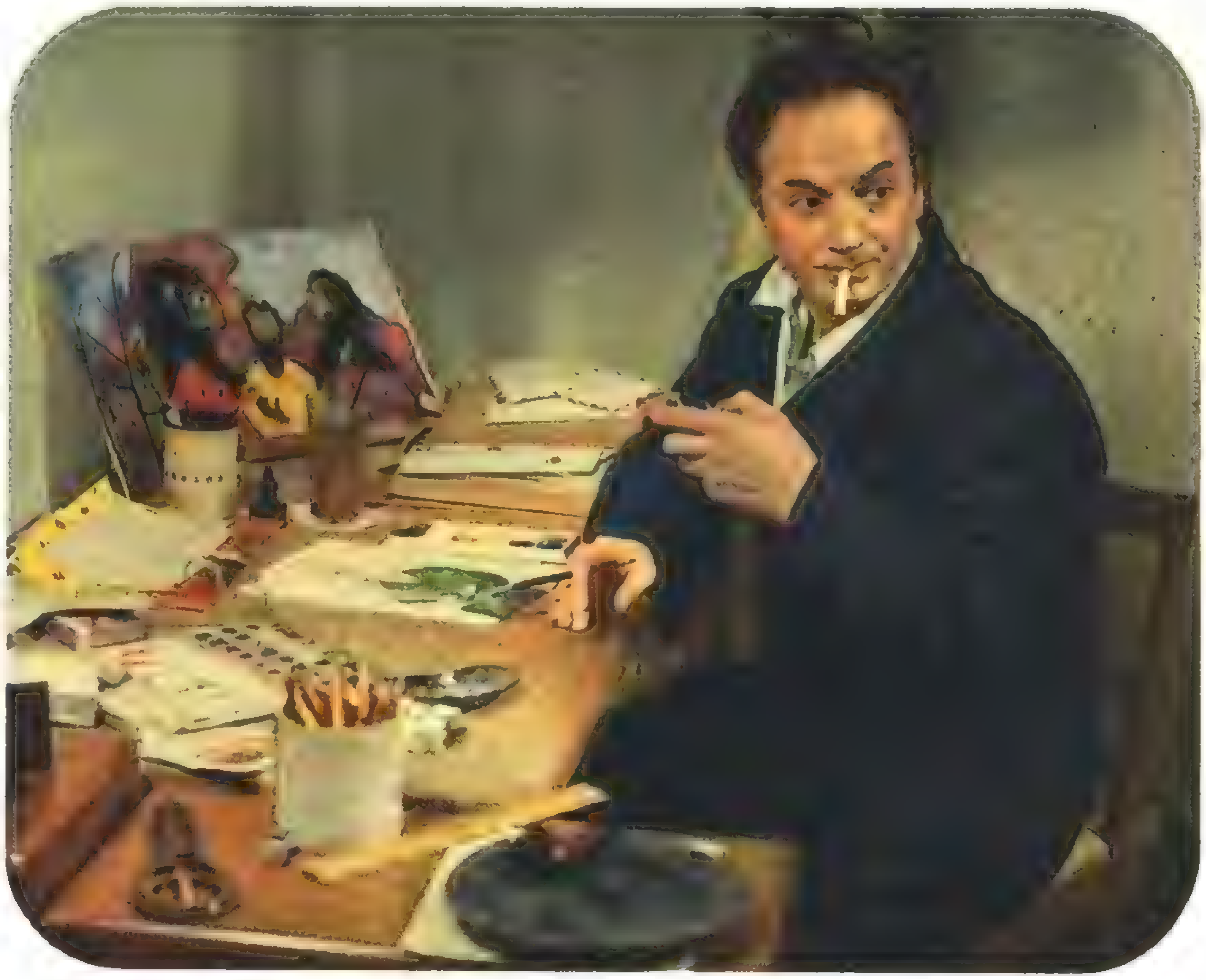
"Well, in the present money market, they would pay us about $15 or $20 every six months."

Helen thought this over with severe concentration. Then, "Phooey to them," she said with conviction.

"How do you mean, 'Phooey to them?' Let me tell you, the Rockefellers and the Morgans and the—the other great rich families didn't go around saying 'phooey to them.'"

"Just how would you know what the Rockefellers went around not saying? I certainly met an awful lot of your friends when we were married and I don't remember any of them were like Rockefellers."

Ozzie noiselessly opened and shut his mouth three times, in the way an unskillful and nervous golfer draws (*Continued on page 210*)



Alter Ego—Clifford Odets

Clifford Odets, erstwhile Broadway golden boy, presently gold-plated Hollywood genius, who has recently turned in his typewriter part time for a paintbrush. Onetime darling of the lamented Group Theatre, author of the thirties' social-conscience classics, Waiting for Lefty *and* Awake and Sing, *lately creator of his share of purple grist for M-G-M's celluloid mill, Mr. Odets last year took to the easel for a hobby—in Joe Cook's immortal phrase—"for his own amazement." Imagine his amazement then when art dealer J. P. Neumann pronounced him a genuine primitive and last January set up a one-man show of his naive water colors in Manhattan's arty Fifty-seventh Street. But Mr. Odets still has his problems. How can he keep the price of his pictures up when he continues to paint one a day?*

No one who has ever watched the big champ sock the ball would want him any different

Should Kramer Be Tamer?

by KEITH MONROE

DOMINIC

If you want to see a slam-bang, damn-the-torpedoes, neck-or-nothing style of tennis, just watch Jack Kramer, the champ. This furious young man has slugged his way to the top of the world's tennis heap because or in spite of the fact that he plays the world's most reckless tennis.

Kramer can't wait to murder that ball. He lashes at it with the most soul-satisfying swing since Bill Tilden, returning volley for volley until somebody drops. The sight of an opponent coming to the net seems to rouse his worst passions. He never tries to maneuver the man back with a lob; he'll almost invariably gamble on blazing the ball past him, regardless of the angle, or else storm the forecourt himself.

Kramer likes to slam his second serve, too. He often aces an opponent with the second ball; and if this fails, he's as likely as not to rush the net behind his second serve. Getting to the net, you will observe, is just an obsession with him. And his scores show it.

There are few long rallies in a Kramer match. He's trying for a kill every time he hits the ball. He shoots for the corners continuously; either his ball dusts the line, or it's out. When he serves, he rushes the net behind six of every ten serves, by actual count. "Serve and go in, serve and go in—that's my game," he says. "Either I win the point fast, or I lose it fast."

This hotspur of the tennis world might be an even more deadly player if he were more cautious, some experts believe. His habit of crowding the base line and walloping every ball as it rises accounts for many of his errors. "If he'd just back up a little, and allow himself a split second longer to make his shots, he'd be even more accurate," is a comment sometimes heard around the Los Angeles Tennis Club, where most of the nation's great amateurs and professionals hang out between tournaments. Kramer habitually plants himself nine inches inside the base line to receive service: other players stand as much as six feet behind it.

However, Kramer's impatient attack on the ball sends it back so hard that it almost knocks the racket from an opponent's hand. Those who have played against him agree that he hits the "heaviest" ball in tennis today—perhaps the heaviest in history. A heavy ball, in tennis jargon, is one which ricochets off the ground fast and hard and low. Many players seem to be whaling the stuffing out of the ball, yet are not hitting heavy drives; their ball lands hard on the court, but floats up high and soft. The difference is in the timing. They hit it on the drop, Kramer hits on the rise. He wins an astonishing number of points on netcord shots—balls which hit the net, then seem to climb up over it and drop dead on the other side. This looks like luck to the gallery, but really is a predictable result of the speed and spin of Kramer's drives.

Kramer's desperate style of play requires that he strike like lightning, and run all day. It makes enormous demands on his stamina. But he never spares himself, even in unimportant matches. He has been plagued for two years by a persistent blister on the heel of his racket hand, which never completely clears up because he never gives it time to heal. He played through both singles and doubles in this spring's Southern California tournament, a minor competition which he could have skipped, with a blistered foot and a sore arm.

The sore arm was still with him at Wimbledon, yet he played as violently as ever in even the earliest rounds. "I want to give 'em a run for their money," he insists whenever anyone suggests that he default in a smaller tourney, or that he at least coast through the easy matches. Kramer is just as savage in his onslaught against Joe Bleau in the first round of a Florida winter-resort tournament as he was against Dinny Pails in the Wimbledon quarter final. "Kramer will burn out in a few more years" is a prediction often made—perhaps hopefully—by some of his colleagues.

Kramer is not so bullheaded as to be unaware of his weaknesses. In fact, he has a shrewder understanding of them than anyone else has. He spares nothing to get himself the most complete relaxation between matches of a tournament. Even when playing in a tournament in Los Angeles, where he lives with his wife and baby, Kramer pays as much as $17 a day for a hotel hide-out where he can sleep luxuriously without visitors or phone calls. His blisters and his aching arm have received daily attention from expensive physicians ever since the first symptoms cropped up. Likewise, he has been rehearsing his backhand before a mirror ever since last summer, practicing to put more top and more wrist into it.

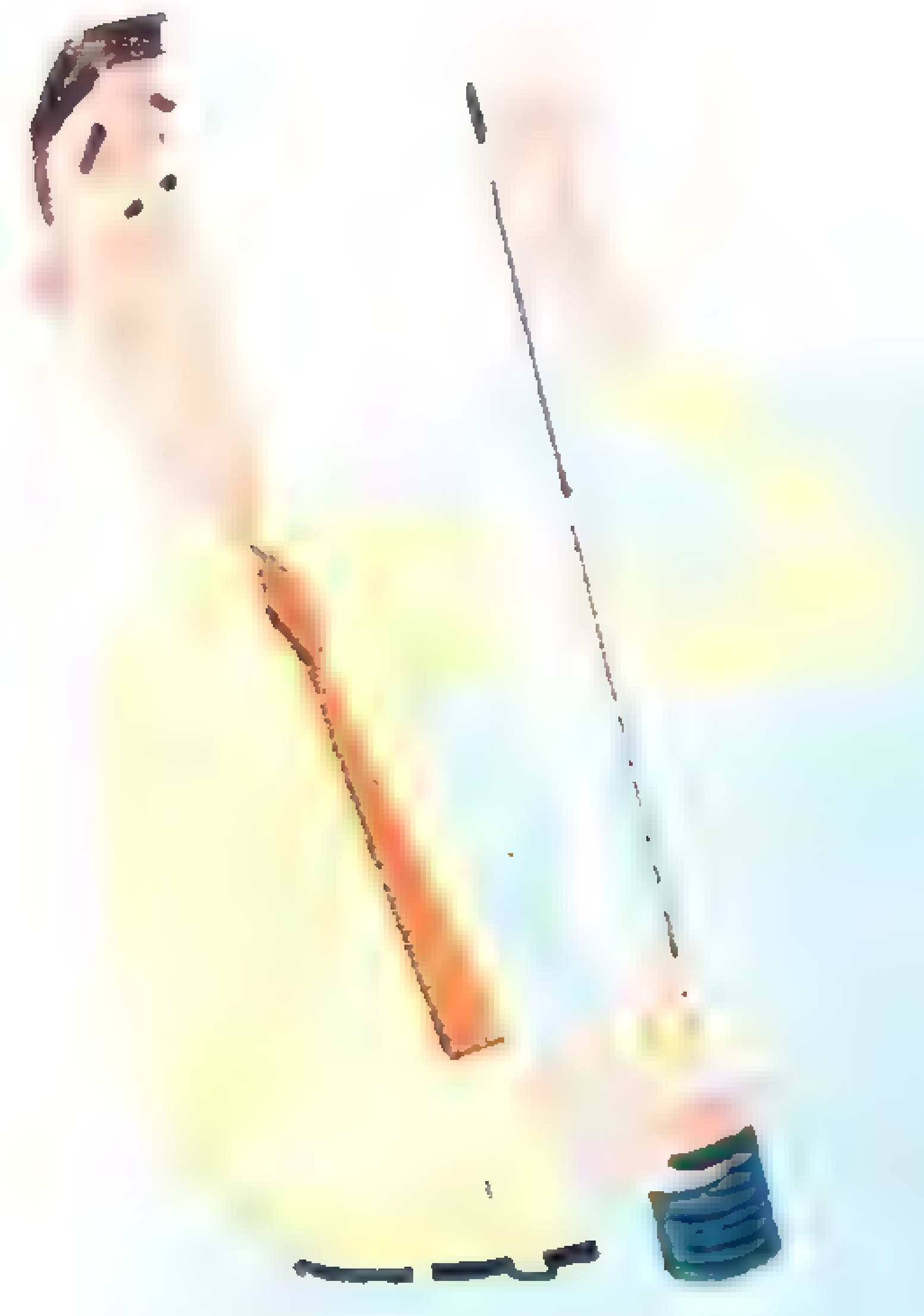
Kramer's most vulnerable point is one which no opponent has ever discovered, yet Kramer worked demoniacally for four months to correct it this spring. This point of weakness lay on his forehand: he could not hit a good cross-court shot with it.

"Everybody was afraid (*Continued on page 212*)

GLANTZ

Behind the Stars—Jeff Bailey

At twenty-six Jeff Bailey is as anonymous as Grover Cleveland's vice-president. Such is the lot of a specialty song writer, and Mr. Bailey is one of the best in the business, his clientele including such notables as Nancy Walker, Imogene Coca, Celeste Holm and Mitzi Green, visible above in her irreverent impression of the incomparable Hildegarde. Brain child of Mr. Bailey, it brought down several houses, was responsible for a flood of imitations unhappily not yet abated. Young Mr. Bailey's first custom-tailored tune cost $32. The price tag is now considerably up, but includes six to eight weeks coaching. At one time last summer four of his clients were in New York bistros simultaneously. Shortly his latest lyrics will be crooned by Peter Lind Hayes in the coming musical Crosstown.



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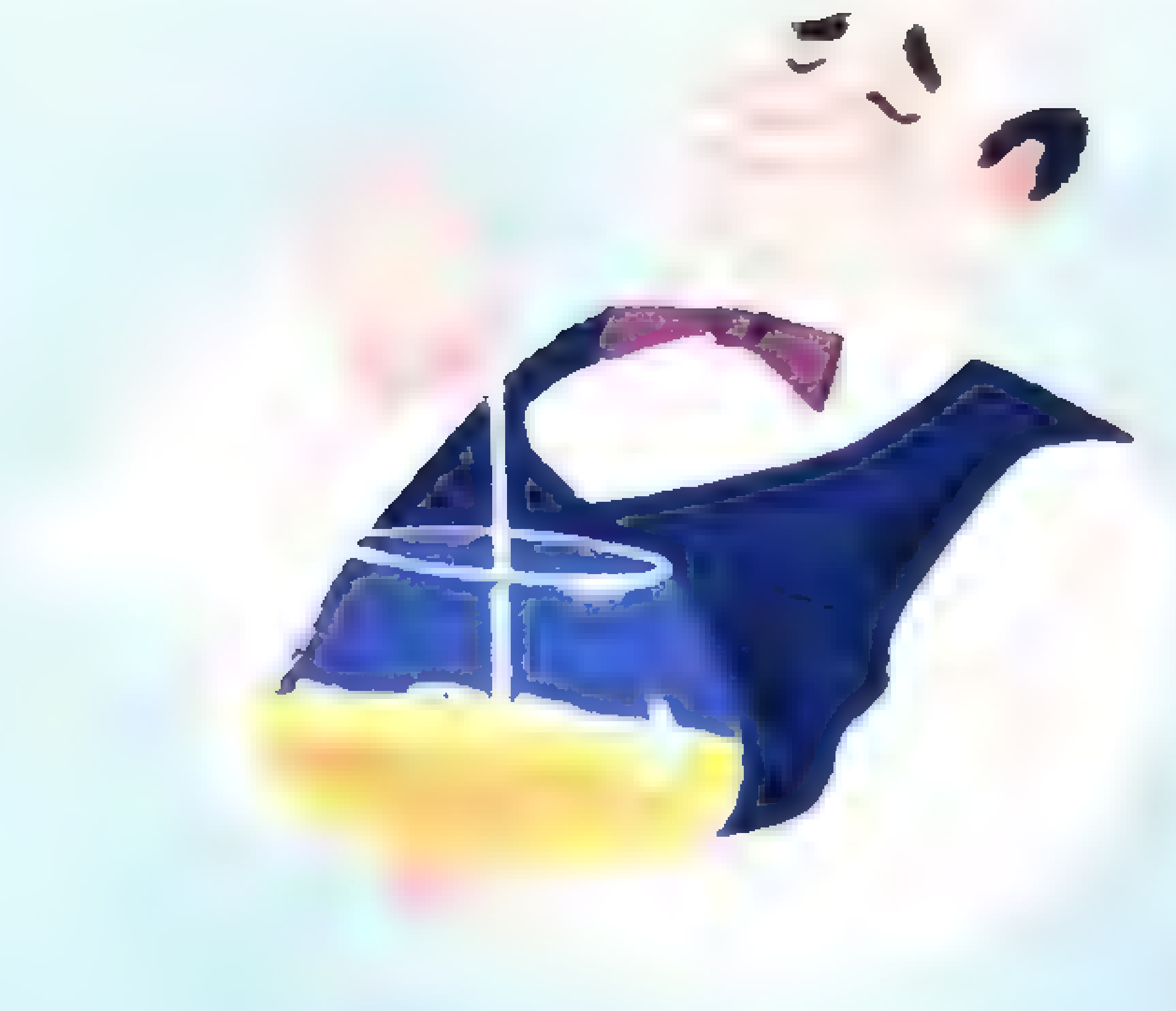

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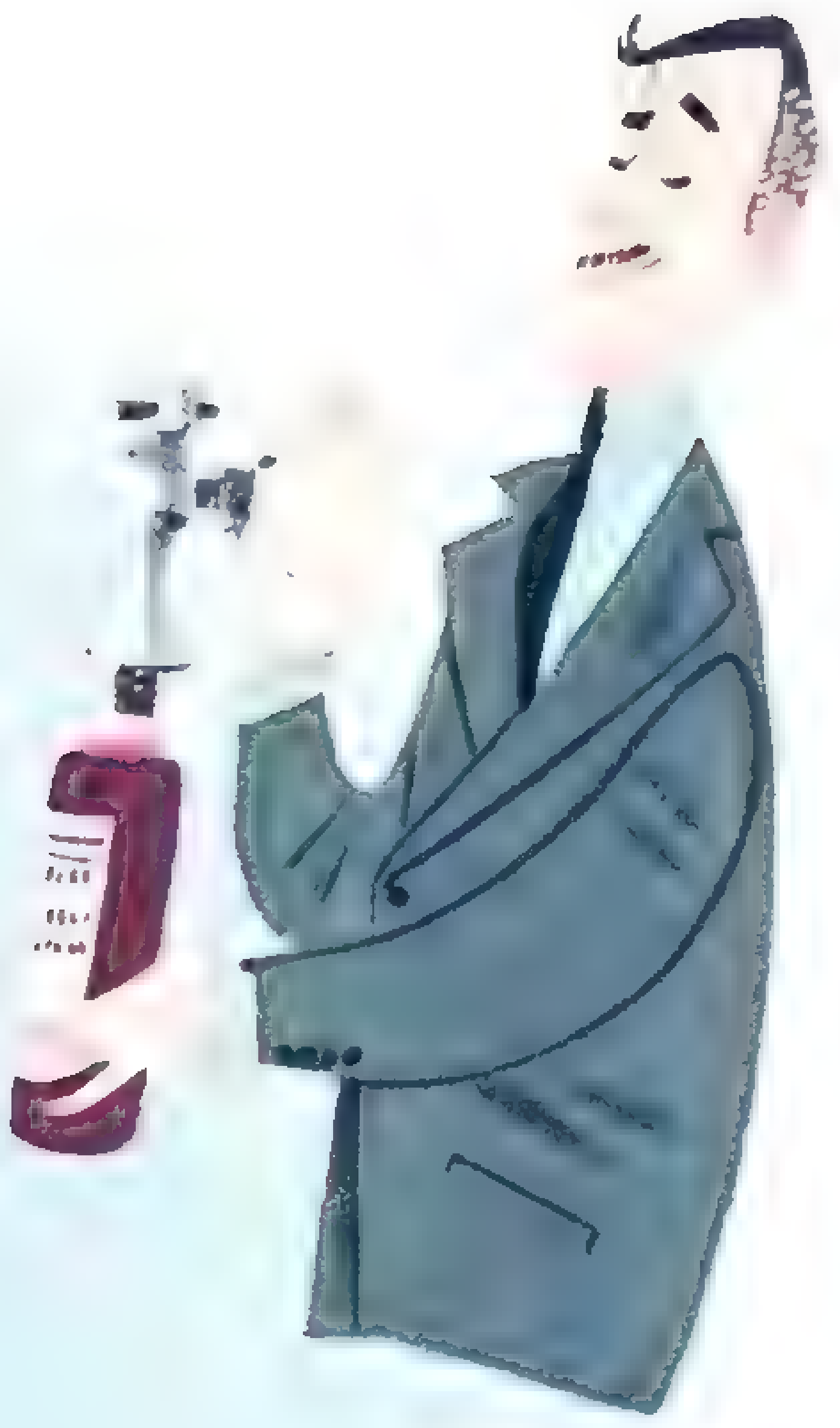

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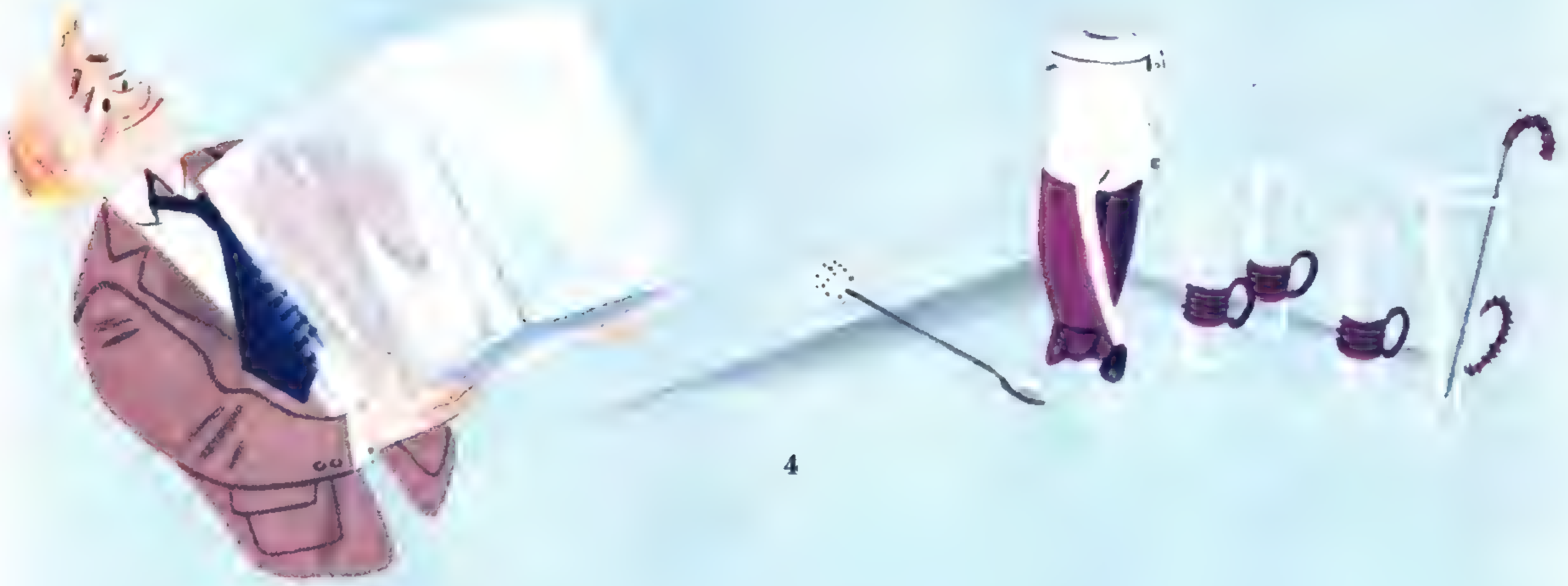

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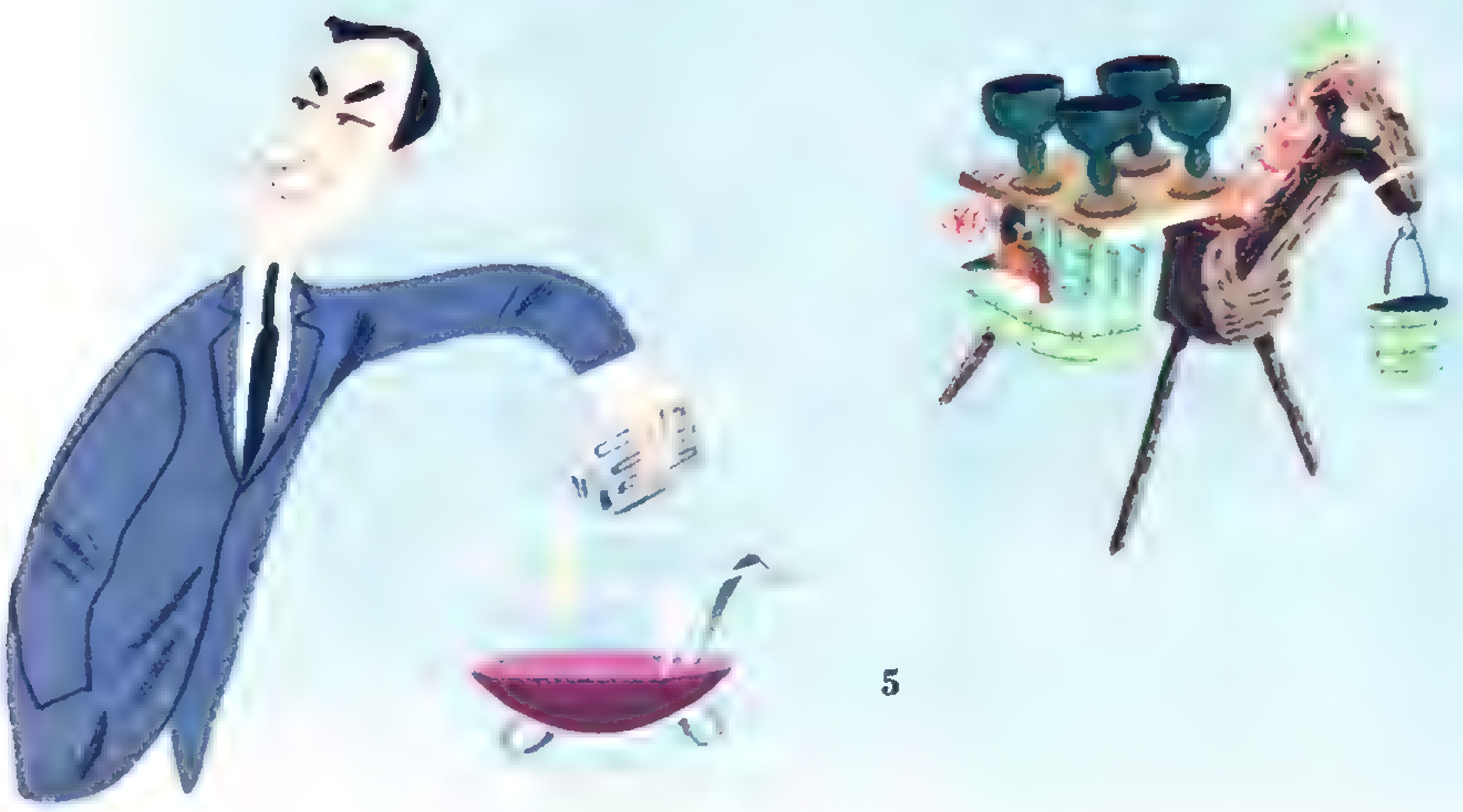

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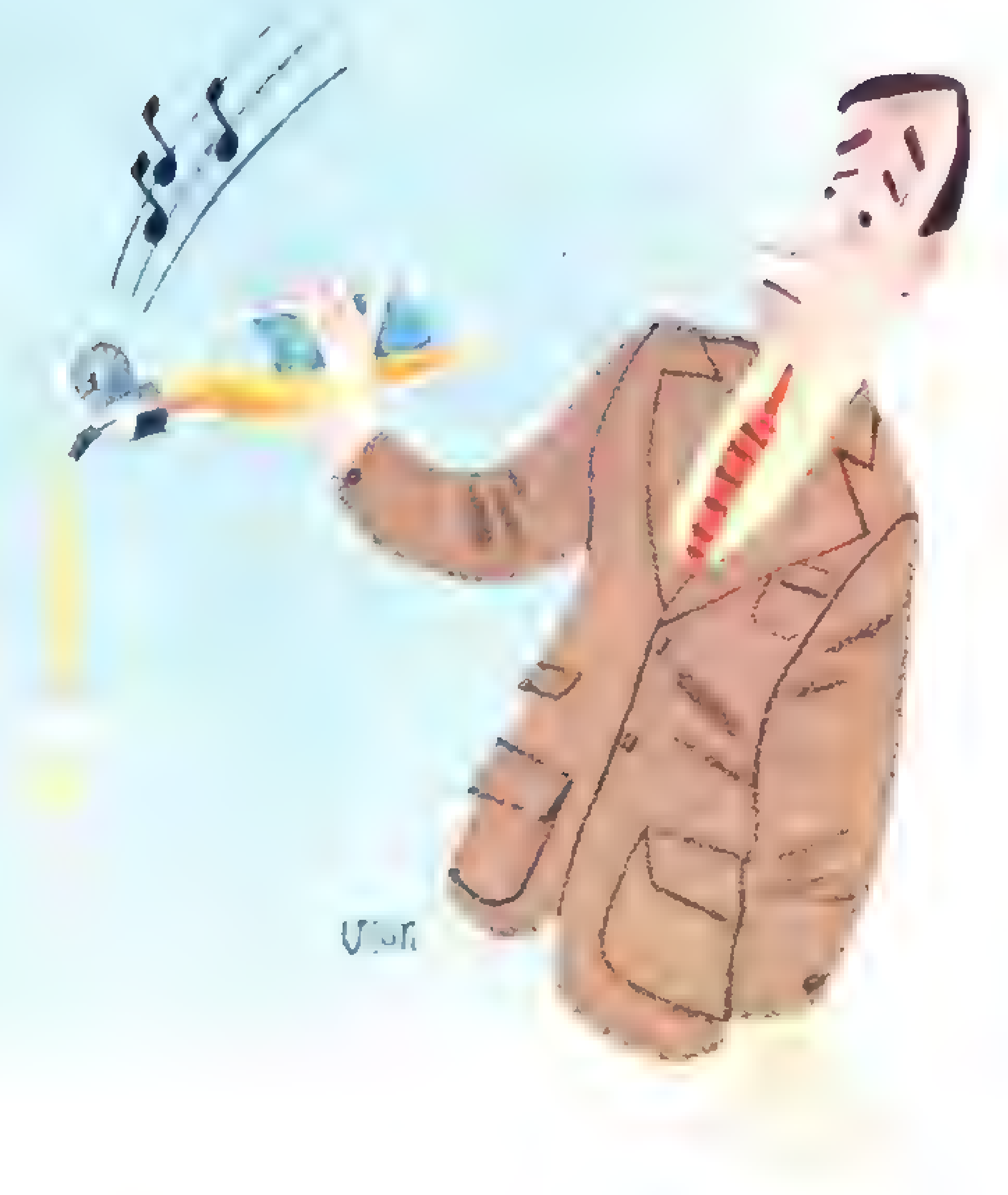


6

SEEN AT EVERY PARTY

Drawings by Van Kaufman

Egbert's (1) guests would like a highball, but that's too simple. His specialty is a Magnolia Explosion. One sip and customers head for the potted palms. But Egbert never knows. He doesn't drink. Buston (2) knows vintages and any drink he serves has to be perfect. His guests can't even get a sip of water if the room temperature is wrong. Dapper Dan (3) owns all the gadgets, which only makes it more tempting when he asks a lady up for a nightcap. Helpful Harry (4) goes ten blocks to find someone who'll give him some ice, while Artful Arty (5) stiffens the punch and encourages Harry's date to have another, "they're just like water." Just Plain Charlie (6) thought he'd sneak a short one. He didn't count on the musical accompaniment.

When a man learns not to strain at a gnat or a light switch, he has found happiness

How to Be Rich on $10 a Month

by DONALD HOUGH

WM. DUBOIS

ONCE as a young man I was a subscription solicitor for a daily newspaper. The price of this paper, delivered to the door, was thirteen cents a week with the Sunday edition, or seven cents without it. Although I worked about nine hours a day and called on some eighty nonsubscribers I scarcely could maintain a daily average of three new subscriptions. The newspaper was a good one, and there was only one other competing paper in the city, which had a population of about 300,000. It was St. Paul, Minnesota.

Nearly all of my prospects took the opposition sheet; and I didn't waste my time trying to get people to switch from one paper to the other. My hurdle was to persuade the people to take both papers.

Why would so few of them do this? It wasn't the cost, because the people in the section of the city I was assigned to were upper middle class, or wealthy; a few cents a week meant nothing to them. My paper duplicated the other only in a general way. Our general-news coverage was supplied by a different press association; our local news was handled by our own staff. The features, the comics, the columns, the special pages, all were different—better, I thought. In view of the importance or convenience of the daily press in the lives of most people, I couldn't understand it.

Years later I realized that this reluctance was just a manifestation of a universal tendency to confuse the actual cost of an inexpensive but desirable thing with the bulk of the thing itself. My prospective customers were faced with a decision in respect to subscribing to a newspaper. To receive this rather considerable item, representing the work of many people all over the world and costing a great deal of money to produce, plainly was something to consider. It had nothing to do with any thirteen cents.

Directly in line with this is the case of an acquaintance of mine, a very rich man, who once said that his greatest luxury, in his mind, was that of subscribing to two copies of a certain weekly magazine. The single copy had been delivered to his home on Long Island before his departure in the morning for his Manhattan office. He always took it with him to read on the train. But then he had to remember to bring it back with him that evening for the rest of the family. Sometimes he forgot it, and somebody had to go to the drugstore for another copy. The journey of that magazine to the city and back became a minor weekly concern. Yet the hurdle inherent in buying two copies of an identical magazine every week was such that my friend scarcely could convince himself that all this fuss was over a dime—and he still feels guilty about having done it.

Skipping over to another field, take the case of a landlady of mine in a Los Angeles rooming house. In the hallway, which included the stairs, was a ten-watt electric bulb. This was left on at night, but she had set up a rule that the last person in must turn it off. Naturally the only way for anybody to know whether or not he was the last person in was to make a bed-check of the rooms. The other roomers and I explained that if the light were left burning all night it would cost only a few cents a month. But this left her completely cold. "It lights the stairs, part of the second floor, and the downstairs hall," she would say in reply to any argument we could think of. Clearly she was looking at it as waste and confusing it with its rather large function. But surely the greatest waste of all is that of imposition upon the human system, already overburdened with the demands of a complex existence, of one more thing to be kept in mind, one more minor irritation.

Several years ago I devised a luxury budget for myself. It was a sort of policy, an approach to the minor details of living, based on freedom from the tyranny of them to the extent that I felt I could afford—the elimination of them, within my means, on a basis of realistic appraisal of value received, beginning at the outer fringes of penny-confusion.

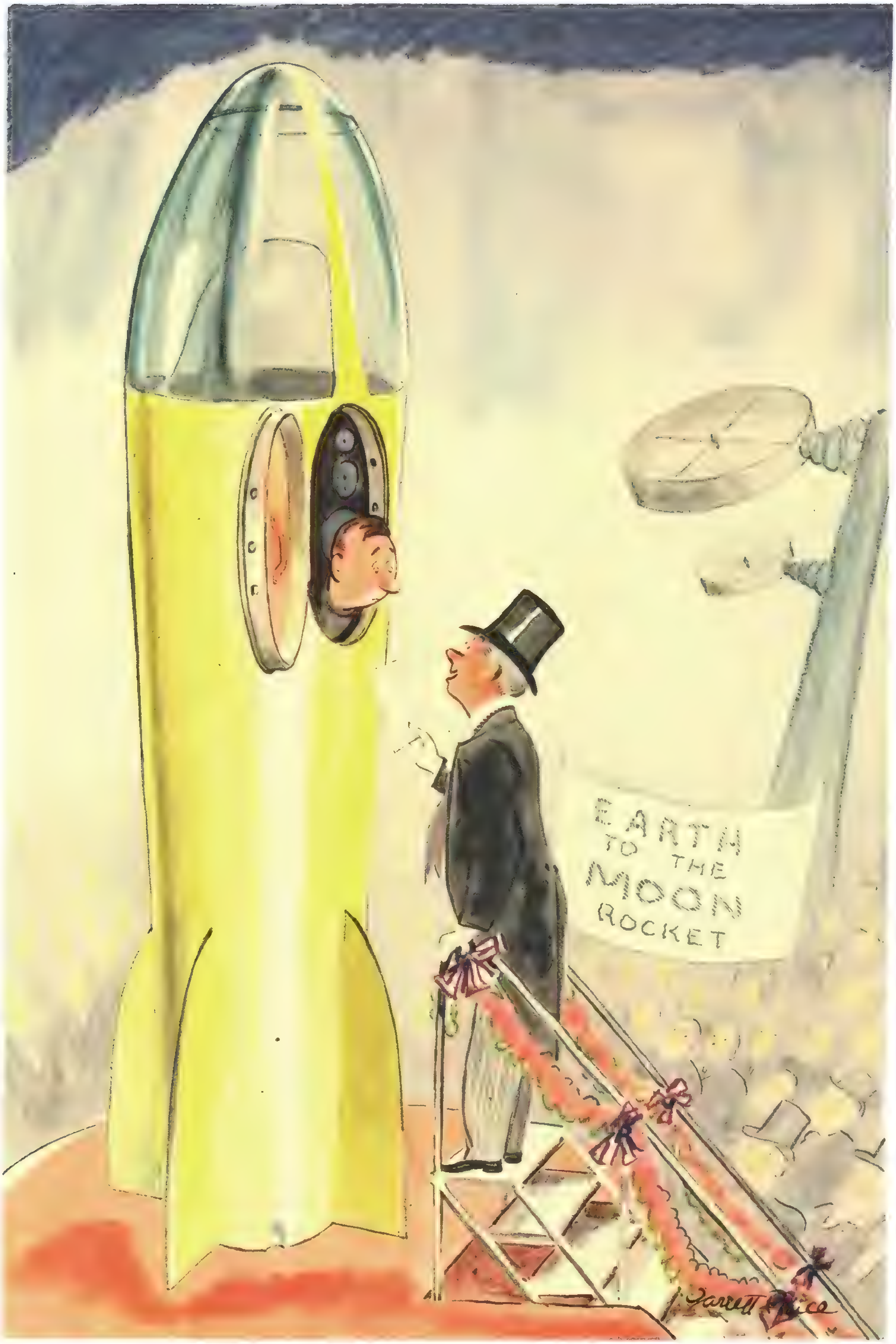
Because I am a free-lance writer, subject to distressing vagaries of income, my dimly delineated budget shifts over a wide arc, but with reasonable regularity I have managed such things as forgetting about all electric lights, and the right side of luncheon menus, indulging in extra towels, and putting extra stamps on letters that seem to need them without asking the post office about it.

The one about the lights is basic, at least with me. In times of the most acute financial stress I cling to this one; I'd wear cracked shoes before I'd give it up. By simply accepting lights, in the places where they are wanted, as a permanent pattern of after-dark illumination, the whole routine of remembering to turn them out, going back to turn them out, and particularly being reminded to go back and turn them out, is relegated, if I may be granted a slight pun, to the dark ages. It is pleasant to return from the movies without having to fall over the chairs; and lights on at night are the cheapest insurance (*Continued on page 231*)

FLAND

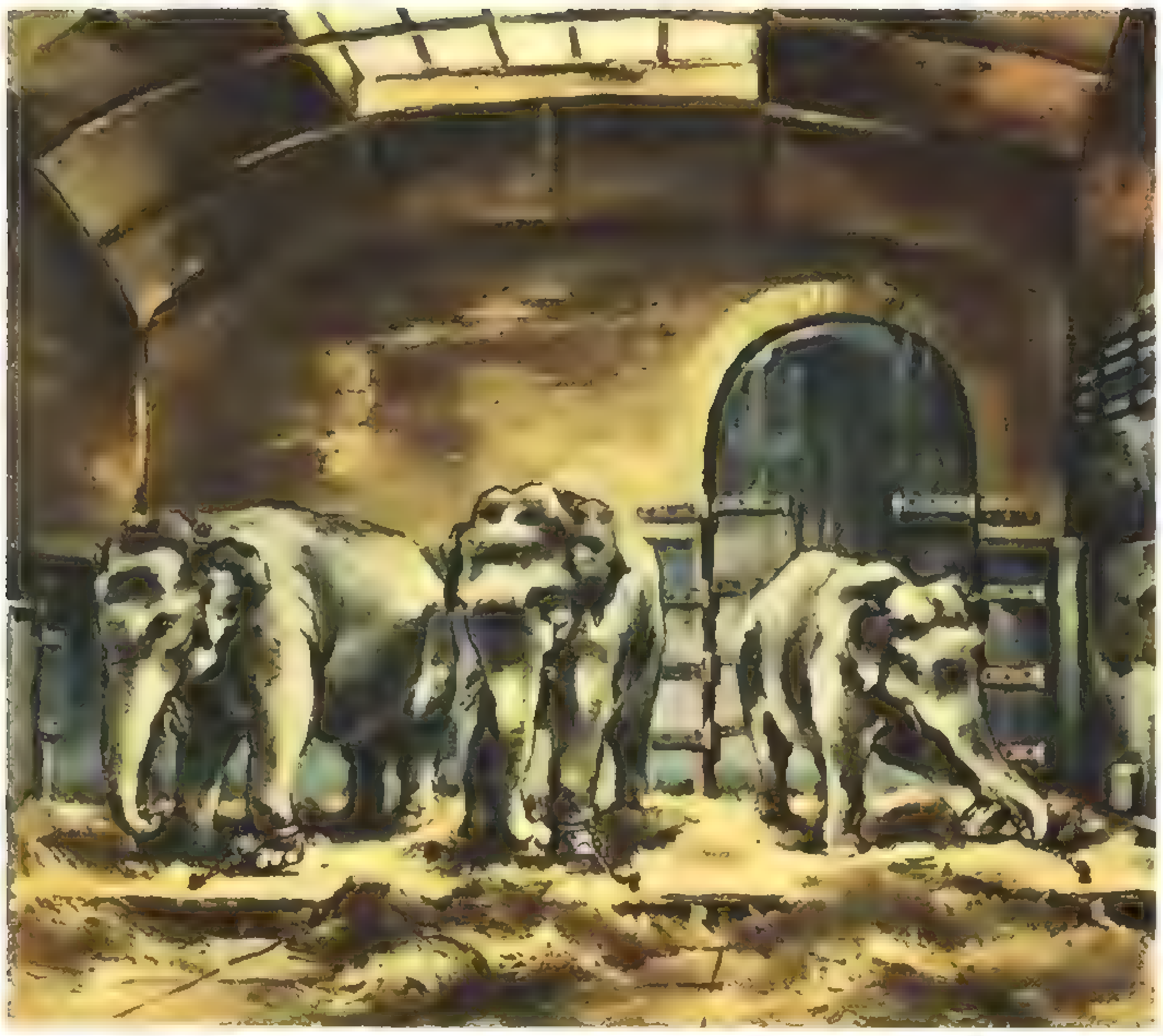
Music—Big Man at the Met

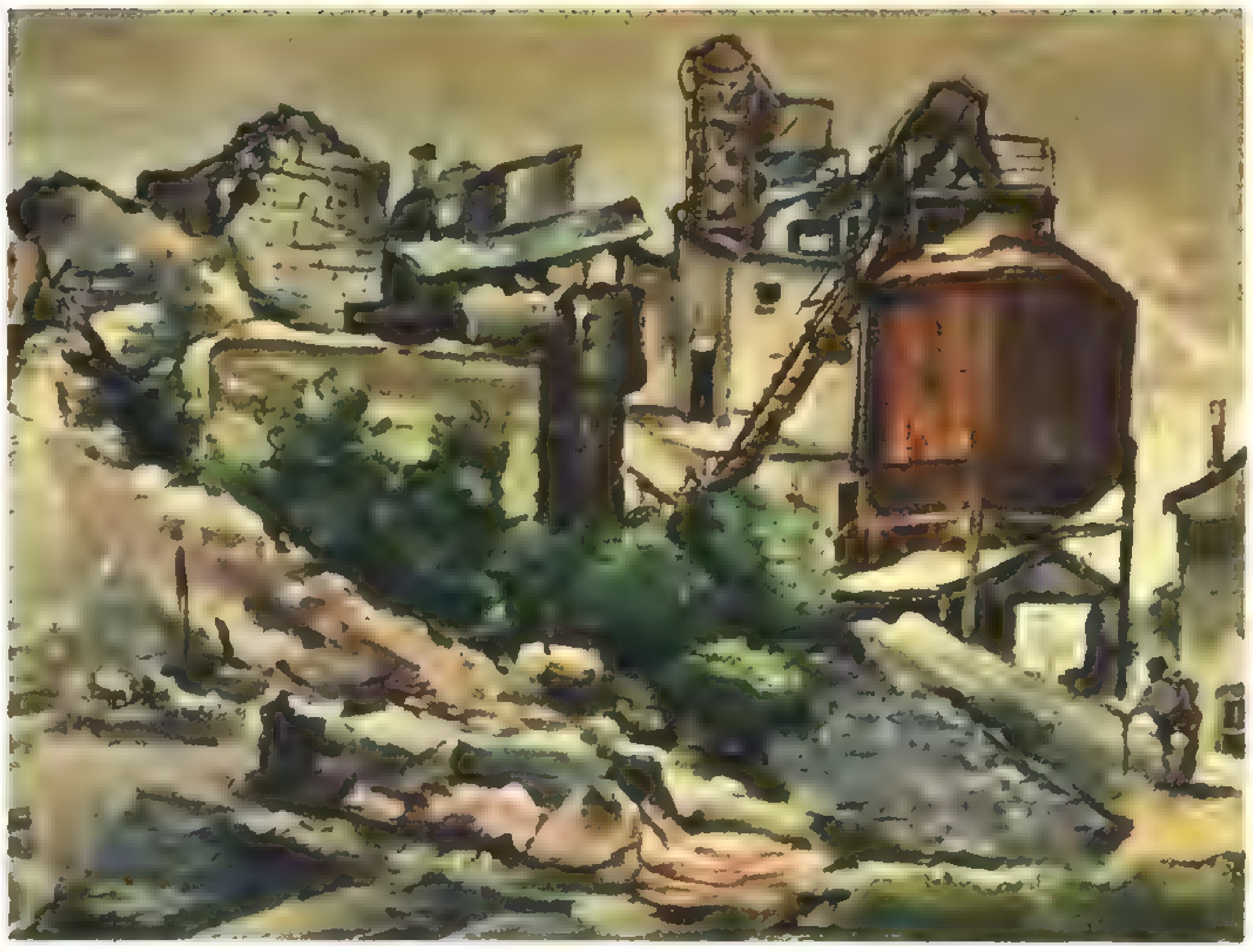
The biggest man at the Met in a literal sense is its three-hundred-and-twenty-pound basso buffo, Salvatore Baccaloni. He is also one of its biggest men in any sense. Seldom since Enrico Caruso has any singer been so consistent a box-office draw. From his first Manhattan appearance in 1940, operagoers have swarmed to see, hear and laugh at the forty-seven-year-old comic star. Born in Rome, he began his musical training at the age of six, decided to be an architect, was dissuaded and made his operatic debut at twenty-two. Three years later he joined the famous La Scala Company of Milan. He was playing heroic roles then and might be still if his great comic talent had not come to light. He likes it better this way. Now he can let his figure go and enjoy his wife Elena's Bulgarian cooking.

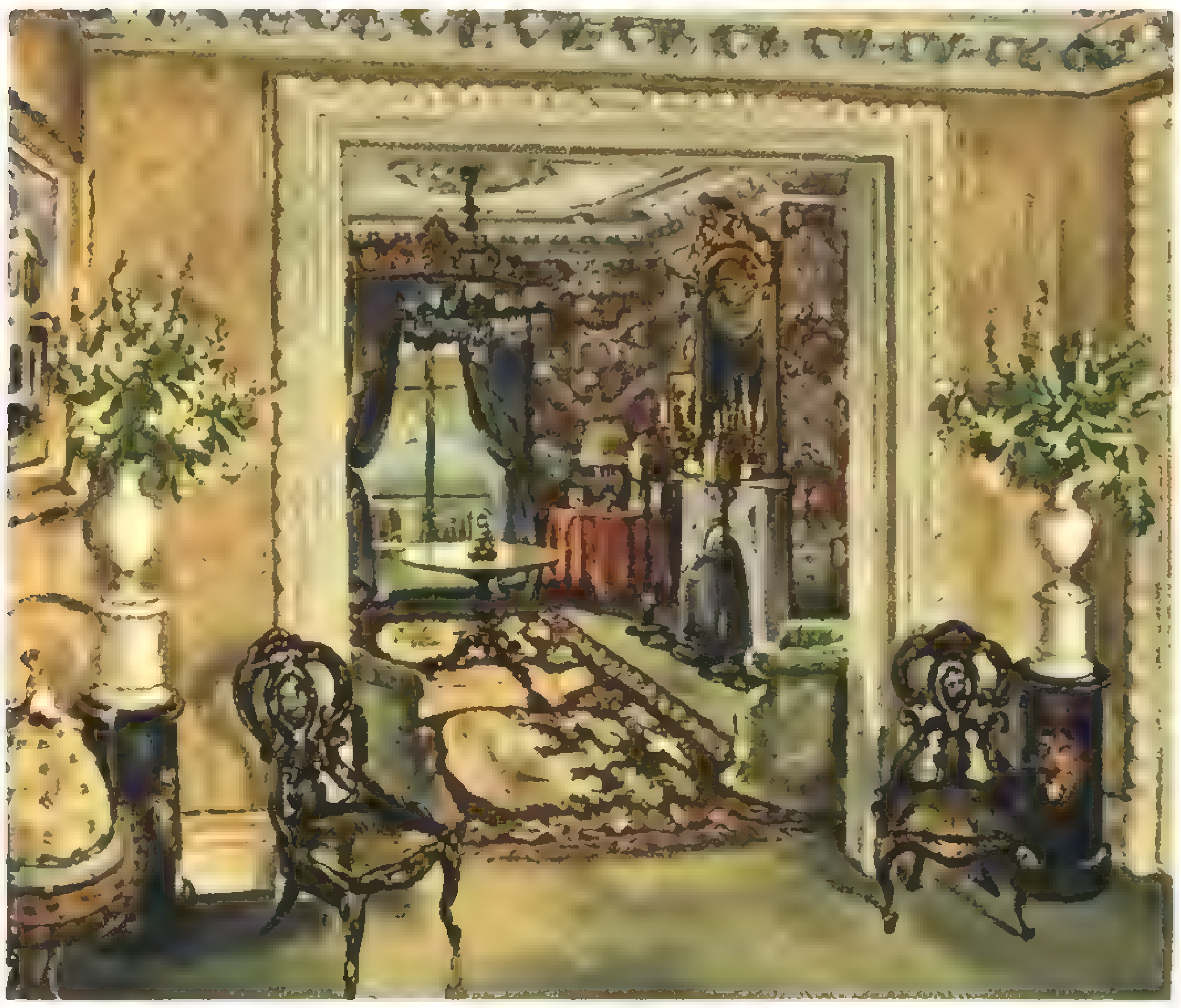

EARTH TO THE MOON ROCKET
Jarrett Price

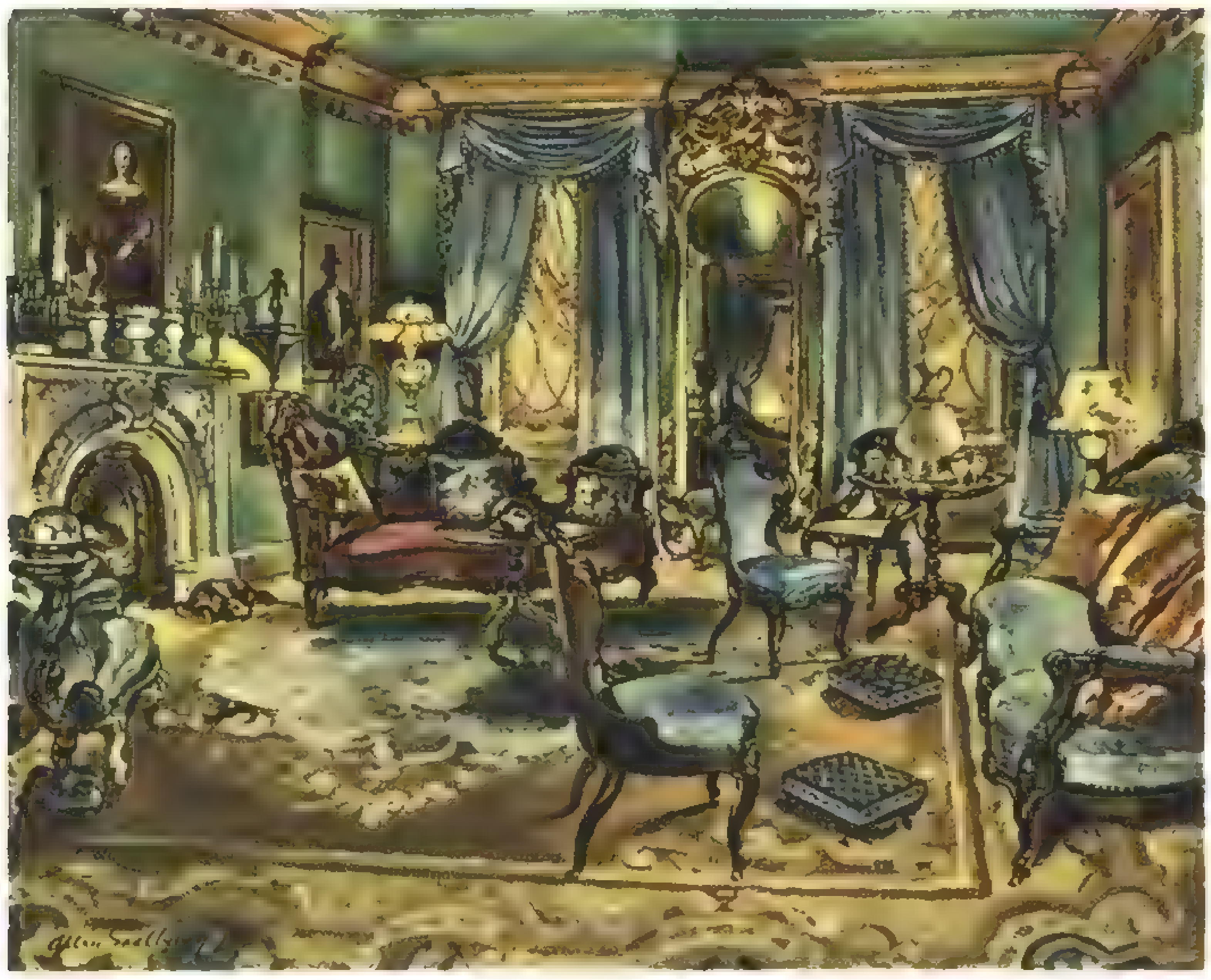
"Here's your letter of introduction"

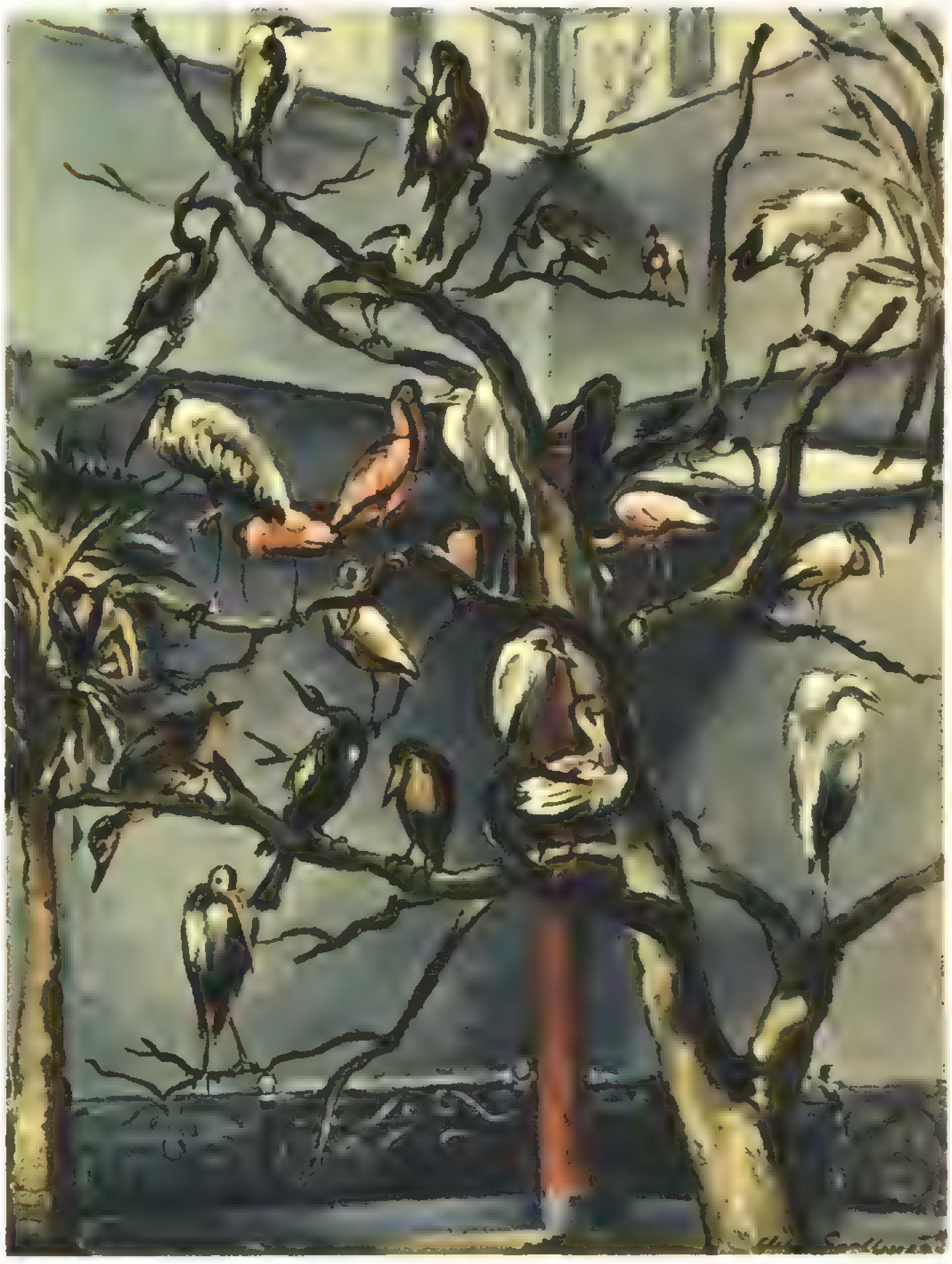
Art Portfolio
ALLEN SAALBURG


CASINE 19" X 21" **YOUNG ELEPHANTS**


CASINE 16" X 21" **RUINED LIMESTONE MILL**


CASINE 18" X 21" **PARLOR—MR. & MRS. CHARLES MacARTHUR**


CASINE 16" X 19" **DRAWING ROOM—MRS. JULIANA FORCE**


CASINE 25" X 19" **AVIARY No. 2**

Another in the series of one-man shows exhibiting the personal paintings and analyzing the work of America's outstanding commercial artists

Allen Saalburg: Descriptive Artist

by **ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE**

For my money by far the best company is that of the guy, rare indeed, who doesn't throw himself around or display his verbal muscles. The conversationalist who beats you over the head with dead mackerels or socks loaded with platitudes is welcome to all the soapboxes except the one with the cushions on it opposite my own easy chair.

Now it is a mistake to look at paintings other than as we look at people. A painting is a projection of a person. It is an attempt, if you will, of one guy with a brush in his hand to put through a toll call to another guy with a pair of eyes for listening. The guy with the brush, unless he yens for strait jackets, wants to get his call through as lucidly as possible—that is, granting he has anything to say. The call comes through with far greater fidelity when a man simply speaks in a well-modulated voice of the things which are on his mind and trusts to the ears of the heart to pick up his sound waves.

Allen Saalburg's conversation in paint makes sense without shenanigans. There are no brass knuckles on his pictures. He hits nobody over the head with mackerels or manifestoes. He accepts the chap in the chair opposite as someone of at least a moderate degree of sensibility. His composition never raises its voice or adopts a phony inflection. He gets to you with grace, tact, and a wily sense of relative values. Critically, therefore, it is our business to determine what is his method for thus getting himself over.

Most easily observed is Saalburg's use of a restrained palette. He is quite capable of rendering a dramatic scene, a record of the turgid contours of a bit of nature, or the bathos of some fragment of the bucolic, but he is always able to do so without pulling his color up into a frenzy of emphasis to put the point over.

Underlying his painting is draftmanship performing as decorously as does his color. The academic draftsman sins copiously in the direction of drawing. The schools have convinced him that drawing, if not the whole story, is at least ninety per cent of it. The men of the academy, therefore, will draw if it kills them. Paint too often, under the circumstances, becomes an adjunct as in tinted photographs, and much academic work is tinted photography. At the opposite pole we have men like Chagall whose work, one feels, is conceived in paint, evolved in paint, and rendered in paint. Paint isn't any more criminal than pencil, but happiest results are often achieved by a wedding of the two with neither too greatly intruding upon, nor rendering void, the other. Saalburg's is such work.

Likely, the tired appetites of our time demand vivid personalities vividly functioning. Errol Flynn and Vincent Van Gogh had equally captured the interest of American audiences, but less, one dares to presume, by artistic merit than by the dynamics of personality. The reputation of Picasso is as much that of a broken-field runner as it is that of a painter. The manifestations of Allen Saalburg are not of the clangorous kind. They are simple statements, simply and understandably exposed without brickbats. But they are the work of a man who is anything but negative in the evolution of his destiny as an artist. He has never been content to sit at the feet of the masters, though he is quick to admit influences. His temperament would never be satisfied with the turning out of a series of imitation Picassos, or imitation Michelangelos. One of his principal characteristics, whether he knows it or not, is an insistent need for the finding of his own medium of expression, which is a matter far beyond the question of whether or not he works in oil, gouache or bits of wire like Alexander Calder. This is not to say that Saalburg is insulated against the community of aesthetics. On the contrary, several of his most important preoccupations have been projects in which he was closely identified with others' efforts.

Saalburg, then, despite his disclaimers of interest in the work of others, is not an artistic isolationist. It is merely that the hubbubs of "isms" and of accepted enthusiasms leave him, as does the essential tragedy of man, a little detached. This is the meaning of objectivity in the arts as opposed to the romantic or expressionistic traditions. But where community is necessary he neither fears nor avoids it. As an example, the team of Saalburg, Bouché, and Henry, during two world fairs, worked practically as a unit in the designing and execution of a series of murals which brought their names resoundingly before the public, but what is more important, acclimatized each to the working temperatures of the others. Saalburg speaks of the influence they had upon each other. Prior to that he had been in charge of an ambitious set of murals for the New York Park Department. Here again the work was a community effort. Then, of course, there is his commercial magazine work, a field that is no easy conquest for the introverted artist whose thoughts center exclusively upon his own aesthetic integrity. It is a world of compromise and exchange, as is the field of stage and screen design to which he has also contributed. What then becomes of the core of reserve we felt we detected in Saalburg's easel painting?

That core of reserve is the center of a man who, being busy, allows as little as possible the intrusion of the easy enthusiasms of many of his contemporaries. His enthusiasms are required to be part of a general project. That project is the aesthetic evolution of Allen Saalburg. Its expression is taste, moderation, detachment and an almost sad realization that modern man must state himself with brevity, none of your ponderous Balzacian tomes.

Ever since America stopped going to Europe, changing its name while there and returning with an assumed personality to sing at the Metropolitan under an assumed name, the interest in Americana has grown until today, where we had once been culturally ashamed, it ranks almost as a national passion. Allen Saalburg rejects the lunacy that goes with the vogue, but the subject of Americana is one which provides the necessary peg on which to hang the current phase of his artistic development. He is doing silk-screen reproductions from early American designs, fire (*Continued on page 198*)

Bob Gallivan

"Oh, pardon me. Have you two met?"

Skirmish in Counterpoint

REHBERGER

Fearfully aware of the feud between their excitable maestro and the great pianist, the orchestra played as it had never played before

by **ROBERT V. RADIUS**

I WAITED a moment before going on stage that morning. Mr. Jensen, manager of the orchestra, stood beside me in the wing, stroking his hands together nervously. A clean edge of light cut the stage from the darkness of the empty hall. Everyone was early for rehearsal, and the musical hubbub that is born when a symphony orchestra tunes up was already full grown. The violinists were bowing in an accumulation of virtuosity; the bass viols grunted below. Oboe players ran scales, testing for flaws in their reeds. And the men in the brass section blew warm breath through their cold horns. Underneath it all the timpani throbbed as if to underscore the anxiety that hummed like a tuning fork over the stage. I watched the librarian race against time, distributing the parts. Then I started toward my seat among the second violins.

The houseman had already placed the chair up front for Von Steindl's coat. Von Steindl was the conductor. Beside it stood the concert grand piano. That was for Dashieliv. And that was the trouble. When Von Steindl had hung his coat over the back of that chair and Dashieliv seated himself before the piano, the battle would begin! For twelve years Dashieliv had been making solo appearances with the orchestra. And every year hostilities had flared anew. With each, music was a passion, and each was a master of his art. With each, total and violent disagreement with the other was inevitable. This year the conflict promised to be the sharpest on record. Since Dashieliv's last visit with us the Nazi armies had rolled into Russia.

Dashieliv was six feet of gaunt, pale, Russian pianist, world-famous, enigmatic as the weather. As an artist he was magnificent, and his technique at the piano was unsurpassed. I liked him nonetheless for the biting sarcasm he used on Von Steindl. Privately, I had always sided with Dashieliv in these feuds with "the old man."

Von Steindl was the kind of symphony conductor who wears his silk hat on one ear. There wasn't a man in the business who was harder to work for; if he felt like it, he'd fire you without blinking one of his cold grey eyes. And Dashieliv was just the man to make him feel like it. But there was no better conductor anywhere than Von Steindl, nor one who loved his art more passionately.

The feeling of tension coiled like a spring through the orchestra, winding its members close together. My own concern was almost painful. Contracts for next season would be renewed in a few days, and the old man and I were not on the happiest terms.

I hadn't noticed Von Steindl on stage until the orchestra suddenly quieted down. Then I felt his cold eyes surveying us. His coat hung, like a battle flag, over the back of the chair. His heavy jowls seemed tight in anticipation of a scrimmage. He grasped the baton in his pudgy fingers and mounted the podium. His short figure towered over the orchestra. Down came the baton, and the orchestra answered with the ponderous opening chords of Brahms' *Tragic Overture.* We had played over the place where the clarinet has the melody before he stopped us.

"That was fine, Lorriman—beautiful," he said to the first clarinetist. "I want to hear that again myself. Back to the double bar, please."

He sounded almost affectionate. Maybe the old man was in a good mood after all, I thought. But his eyes were as forbidding as ever, his beat too concise. Well, Lorriman had pleased him. I had known the inflexible Von Steindl to melt and become affable before a beautiful phrase or a deft turn in the harmony.

After a while, Dashieliv entered, moving deliberately, almost ruefully. About him hung an aura of strength, and at once I could feel the impact of his personality. His small black eyes alone were alive in his expressionless face.

"*Mister* Von Steindl," he said slowly and nodding his head repeatedly as if to impress the fact on his memory.

Instantly, the old man stiffened. Until now, they had always conversed in German. This year apparently Dashieliv did not intend to speak Von Steindl's language.

"Comrade Dashieliv," the old man returned.

Mr. Jensen stood in the wing, wringing his hands womanishly.

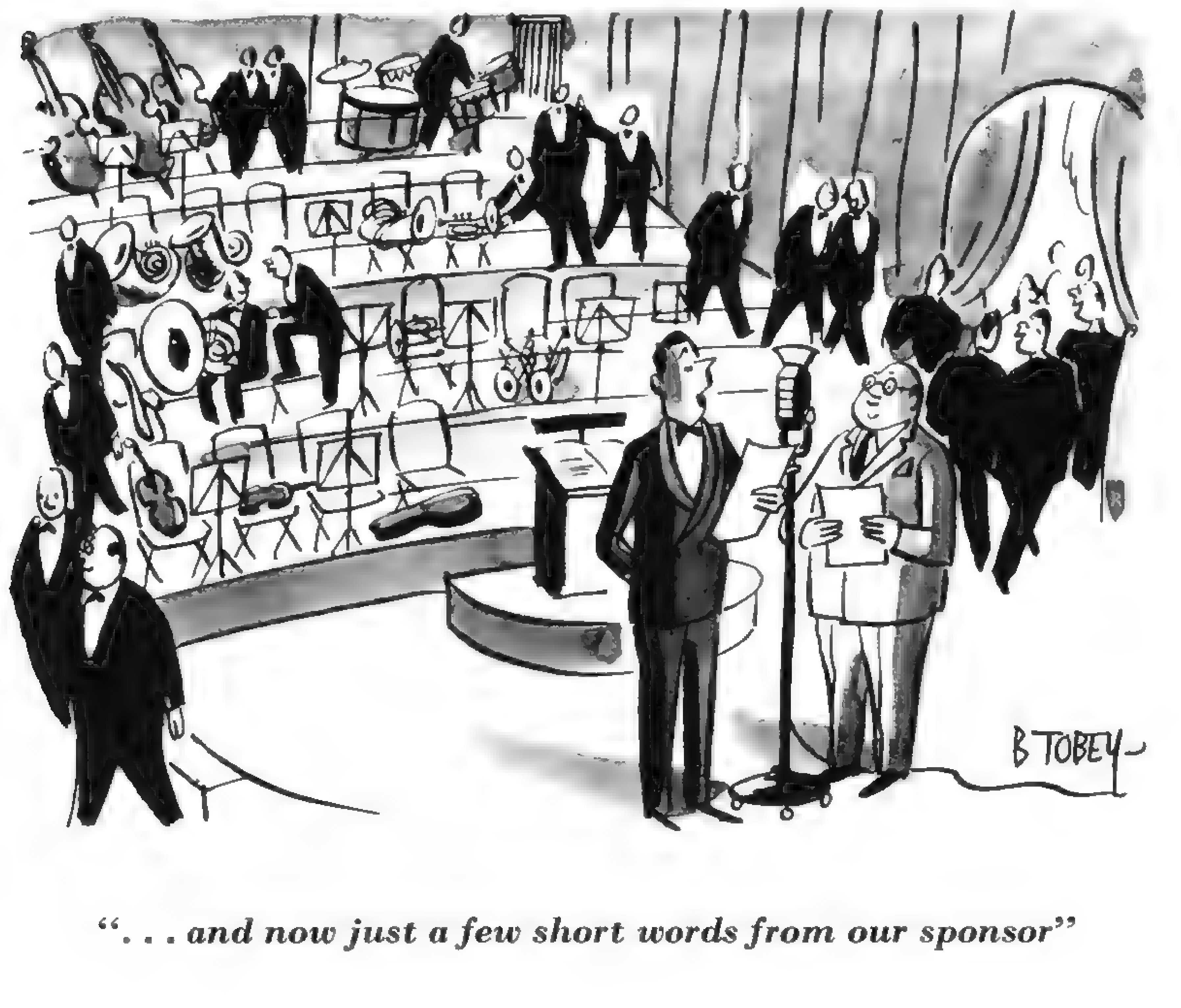
The Russian seated himself at the piano. I was facing him from where I sat in the second-violin section. His white fingers reached down to adjust his chair. Then he rolled a chord on the keyboard. Von Steindl had already turned to the orchestra.

"The concerto," ordered the old man.

Obviously the task of the orchestra conductor in directing a concerto is to follow the soloist with utmost fidelity—an art at which Von Steindl was a master. The eyes of every player hung on the end of the baton as Von Steindl began to beat the opening measures. The orchestra sounded tense and crisp. Then the solo piano entered, piercing the thick veil of orchestral tone, singing above it, leading it, beating against it, twining through it, caressing the melody. Music of incredible beauty spun from Dashieliv's finger tips. His playing spoke with the authority of his deep musical insight, and I knew that Dashieliv's soul and music were one. Only once did he stop and request Von Steindl to repeat a passage. After the first movement came quietly to an end, I watched Dashieliv sitting calmly at the keyboard. Von Steindl, on his podium, silently flipped the pages of the conductor's score. Suddenly, the unpredictable Russian turned to the old man.

"Fine, Mr. Von Steindl," he said, and for an instant his black eyes gleamed. "Your orchestra—it is superb!"

The old man was struck dumb, and a violinist's bow clattered to the floor. But Dashieliv nodded for us to begin the second movement. Again the lovely voice of the piano rose out of the subdued orchestra, warm and tender, now near, then far, lonely, exalted, singing and weaving the lyric de-



". . . and now just a few short words from our sponsor"

sign. A questioning half-finished phrase was announced by the piano. It was to be answered and balanced by the horn of the orchestra. Foolishly, the horn tone was bungled. Instantly Dashieliv's hands came down hard on the keys and a dissonant chord crashed through the empty hall! Von Steindl's baton struck the conductor's stand like a gunshot. "This is it!" I thought.

Dashieliv asked meekly: "The beginning of the movement once again?"

The old man looked closely at Dashieliv, then returned to his score. Lightning had cracked, but the storm did not follow—yet.

I knew the last movement of the concerto was difficult for piano, because I could recall some fine pianists who had had to struggle with it. Dashieliv began at a lively tempo, effortlessly, faultlessly, the music rippled from the piano. Von Steindl held the orchestra to within a hairsbreadth of the solo part. Thus we came to the passage for which we in the orchestra had our greatest misgivings. Here our parts are fragmentary, rhythmically irregular, and extremely hard to fit together. They depend entirely upon the piano for their continuity, and if the soloist plays this passage too fast, the entire orchestral accompaniment may collapse under the strain of his speed. For a pianist of Dashieliv's facility, it would be child's play to impose catastrophe upon the orchestra. As we approached the passage Von Steindl glanced apprehensively at the piano. But Dashieliv, with great consideration, moderated his tempo. Quite comfortable, the orchestra followed him, and Von Steindl readily managed the intricacy of the accompaniment. Nodding encouragement from time to time, Dashieliv carried through to the final pages of the concerto.

In this final passage the pianist encounters his supreme difficulty, while the orchestra, in turn, gains respite in a most uneventful part. The musical figure for the piano is a long, rapid succession of octave intervals occurring simultaneously in both hands. I watched Dashieliv's hands, spanned to strike the octave notes, rise momentarily above the keyboard. When they came down again, the sequences pealed from the piano in clean, cool perfection. His face remained immobile, as with the ease of his mastery he brought the concerto to a brilliant conclusion.

Downstairs, I began packing away my violin. Beside me Clementi, the bassoon player droned a minor scale.

"What are you so dismal about?" I asked.

"The Russian—there is no more fight in him."

"Will nothing but a battle make you happy, Clementi?"

"All morning something should happen—but no! Now I feel like this . . ." He ran up seven notes of the scale, left it hanging there, unfinished.

"I'm glad that it's you and not the old man who feels like that," I said. "If he had gone up in a rage, I never would get that contract for next season!"

"Contracts come tomorrow," Clementi reminded me heavily.

When the lights went up on stage that night, I was feeling hopeful about the contract. As always, the house was full for Dashieliv, and the little excitement that always precedes a concert ran through the orchestra.

Then the audience began to applaud, and I knew the old man was coming on stage at the far end. In another moment he was at the foot, bowing graciously. His complexion was a shade pinker than usual. Imperiously he mounted the rostrum and faced the orchestra. He seemed poised and cool, and apparently had no thought of Dashieliv. But his left elbow twitched a little as he raised his baton. Everyone brought his instrument up to playing position. A quick down beat, and the concert was under way.

We settled down to playing the orchestral numbers; despite a fine performance, these compositions were overshadowed by the expectancy of Dashieliv's appearance. At the intermission, we filed off stage, and downstairs we conversed in little groups, speculating on whether the old feud had at last blown itself out. I found Clementi at his locker, fumbling in his overcoat pocket for a cigarette. He sighed deeply and took the cigarette and light that I offered.

"This concert—I wish it should be over," he said dolefully.

"Getting out of breath?" I asked.

He squinted his contempt for my remark.

"They don't fight yet, but that Dashieliv! Nobody knows what that Russian does yet!"

I was shaking my head, half agreeing with him, when the bell rang—the signal for us to go back on stage. I ground out my cigarette, and hurried to my place.

The stage lights went up again. Dashieliv entered, followed by the old man. I saw Mr. Jensen in the wing, closing a door after them. In contrast to Von Steindl's energetic gait, Dashieliv seemed to move even more deliberately than he did at rehearsal. He appeared taller in full dress. He came forward and bowed leisurely in acknowledgement of the applause. Von Steindl looked steady and confident, as he opened the conductor's score on his stand. Then, without more ado, Dashieliv seated himself before the piano and nodded for Von Steindl to begin.

Again the piano sang under Dashieliv's touch. Nowhere in the smooth flow of tone did even the mechanics of his playing become apparent. The instrument itself was forgotten in the immediacy of the music. There was only Dashieliv, the pure beauty of his music, and one's self. Von Steindl followed every nuance to perfection, and seemed almost to enjoy himself as the orchestra instantly responded to his minutest direction. The audience fastened on every note; not a breath was heard throughout the hall. For a quarter of an hour, the first movement of the concerto continued. But time stood still. And when Dashieliv had finished and rose to his feet to acknowledge the outburst of applause, it seemed that he had played for but a few moments. All the while he scrupulously ignored Von Steindl.

Promptly he was seated at the piano again, the second movement began. This was the slow and lyric section of the composition, the song of the concerto. He played it with an understanding and sympathy that at once endeared him to his hearers: I couldn't help liking the man. The melody emerged in endless variety of color, and rose to an edifice of tone. This was the kind of artistic triumph that had made him the great Dashieliv. I could feel the intensity of the audience straining to catch every golden note. The orchestra too had caught his inspiration and played with rare subtlety. Slowly, quietly then, the song came to an end. The last note quivered tenuously through the hall.

For a moment I sensed the lull before the storm, as without pause Dashieliv plunged into the finale. His tempo was quick, yet no faster than at rehearsal that morning. His fingers tripped nimbly over the keys. Von Steindl instantly caught the change of pace, and the orchestra fell exactly in step with the solo. The music moved ahead in perfect ensemble. Now the piano dropped out, as we played an orchestral interlude. And again Dashieliv entered, sweeping the keys with ascending scales. He seemed tireless, and appeared as fresh as he had at the first note of the concerto. I glanced quickly at his face. Except for the burning eyes, it was as impassive as ever. He seemed detached from his playing, directing those unerring fingers from a mind remote and apart. Here, then, we approached the passage that had held so much terror for us at the morning rehearsal, the passage in which orchestra and conductor are at the mercy of the soloist.

Then it happened! With the speed of an arrow Dashieliv whisked into the passage. His fingers flew. Scales were flung from the piano like crisp drumfire. His tempo was tremendous. There was a gasp from the audience, and I seemed to feel the breath on my neck as the mass of white faces closed toward the stage. It struck Von Steindl like a thunderbolt; I could almost hear his spine snap erect. The orchestra was electrified. Bedlam broke loose in the woodwind section as the men tried to fit their interchanging phrases and cross-rhythms into that whirling wind of piano tone. I glued my eyes to my part, but in the margin of my

(*Continued on page 188*)

A Demon in the Clouds

Scientists hope to develop instruments which can guide airplanes safely through their greatest hazard, the thunderstorm

FAULKNER

by JOHN C. ROSS

At 4 p.m. on November 4, 1944, TWA Flight 8 took off from San Francisco and proceeded according to plan to a cruising altitude of 10,000 feet. Thunderstorms were developing across its route near Hanford, California, but Pilot Alford Thomas Bethel was not aware of that. A dozen people on the ground near Hanford saw Flight 8 disappear between cloud layers concealing a rapidly forming thunderstorm. A minute later an ignited flare, broken free of its parachute, hurtled out of the storm, followed by hundreds of plane parts raining down over a wide area. Small parts were found nearly four miles from the largest section of the main fuselage.

There was no collision, no prior mechanical failure or weakening of structure, no evidence of explosion or fire in the air or damage from lightning or hail. The storm had wrecked the plane simply by violent, turbulent air.

The ordeal of Flight 8 has been reconstructed by analysis of the wreckage, especially by a study of the flight barograph record, which remained intact. Apparently the DC-3 met a sharp updraft on entering the storm and was carried to an altitude of 10,200 feet. The pilot immediately began a slow descent to 8400 feet. Then the plane met another sharp updraft. Here the barograph shows a *reversal of time.* Apparently the plane was flipped on its back and flew upside down.

At 9000 feet the pilot again began to descend slowly. During the descent there is additional evidence of time reversal. At 7400 feet the pen separated from the plane under a force of at least ten times gravity. Here the left outer-wing panel ripped off and struck against the fuselage, splitting the passenger compartment and hurling the passengers into the violence of the storm.

The Civil Aeronautics Board's report of the accident says that "relatively, this thunderstorm appeared to be less severe than many Midwestern summer thunderstorms and it does not seem reasonable to believe that its degree of turbulence would have been unique."

The first requirement of a thunderstorm is an upward-moving column of air. When air rises it expands—and automatically cools, until the moisture it contains becomes visible as clouds. As the air continues its upward rush to an altitude where it cools below freezing, a thunderstorm is possible. A thunderstorm seldom occurs unless the tops of its clouds are in the freezing level.

The process aloft appears to be thus: Ice crystals form and become the nuclei for raindrops which finally fall toward the ground. Apparently raindrops seldom reach the ground if the upward air current keeps rising faster than thirty-five feet a second. Falling faster than thirty-five feet a second they may be shattered and spray borne upward.

Here is where lightning originates. One theory is that electricity is formed as falling raindrops are blown into spray by upward-racing air currents. The breaking raindrops produce positive and negative ions of electricity, making the cloud a huge storage battery which discharges from cloud to cloud or from cloud to ground.

Another theory is that lightning is caused by ionization at freezing level and lining up of ice crystals accounts for the rapid charging that permits repeated lightning strokes from one cloud. During the instant of lightning's life it releases more energy than the nation's power lines carry. Thunder is the noise made by a lightning bolt which heats air along its path, causing it to expand and contract, sending out a wave of sound.

A group of Federal agencies, including the Army, Navy, Weather Bureau and National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, are making the most comprehensive study of thunderstorms ever undertaken. Roscoe R. Braham, research analyst for the project, explains that a thunderstorm is composed of huge cells of air which live through three stages. In developing, the vertical air currents are upward and increase with height. Downdrafts begin only when condensation in the upper atmosphere is sufficient to start the rain falling. As rain begins, the cell reaches its peak stage. Here there is a major updraft and a major downdraft. The updraft is near the front edge of the cell; the downdraft near the center and rear edge, occurring with the rain. Usually the downdraft decreases and the updraft increases with height. During the peak stage the cell becomes pear-shaped, with the updraft in the larger, and the downdraft in the smaller end. When the downdraft at the base of the storm exceeds the area of the updraft, the cell reaches a dissipating stage, and downdrafts prevail at all but the highest altitudes. The speed of the draft is less than at peak stage. The pear shape is reversed and the largest end contains the downdraft. As the updraft dies out the cell again becomes circular.

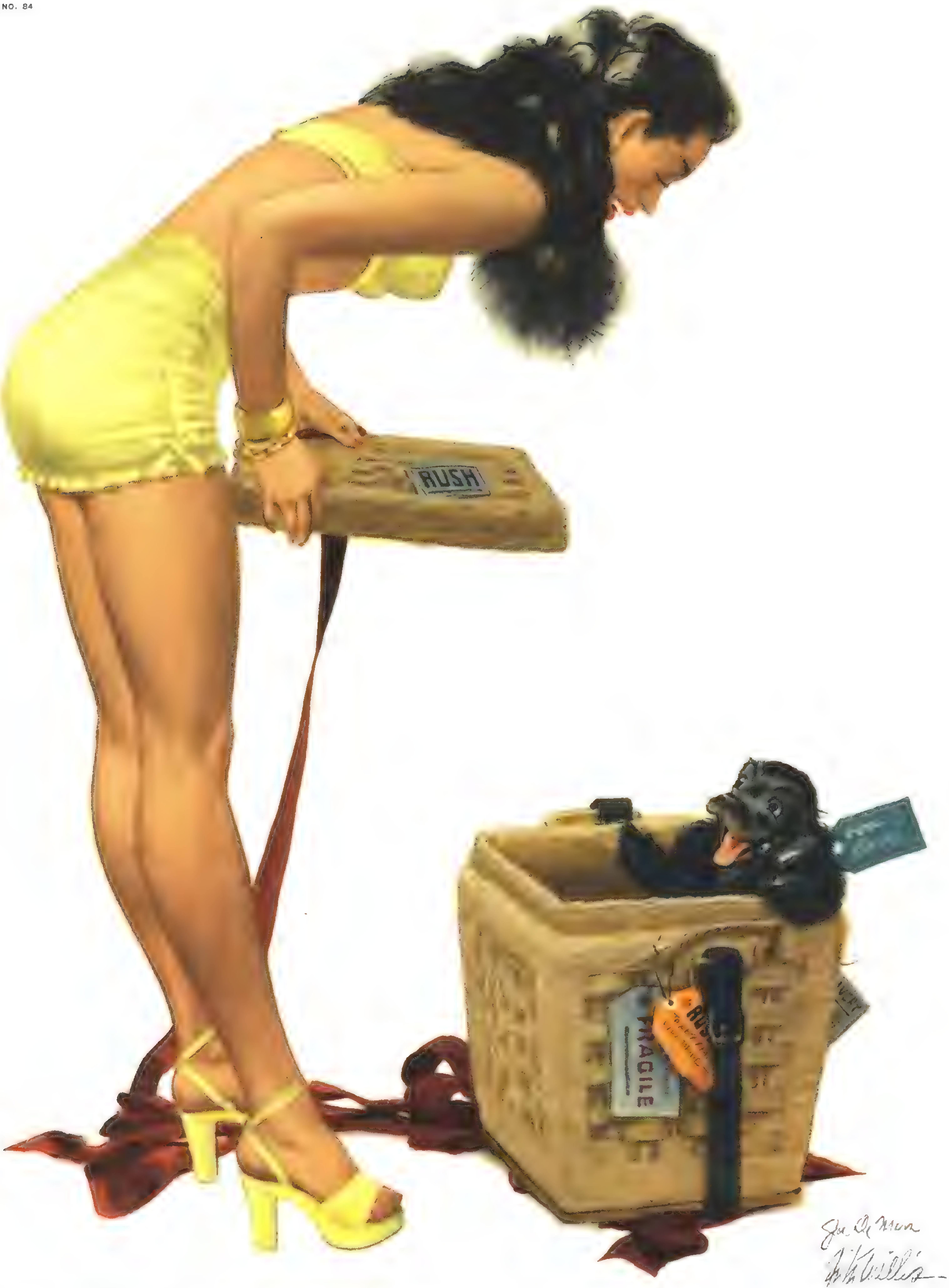
The Thunderstorm Project has discovered there are wide lanes of relative calm between the cells of the storm. Scientists hope that sensitive instruments can be developed to locate the cells and chart a safe route for airplanes between them.

Ground observers often identify approaching thunderstorms by four indications. First, there are the cumulus clouds, which are turbulent with energy; updrafts and downdrafts boil and swirl. A second indication is a flat top with an anvil-like deck jutting out in the direction the cloud moves. Uprushing air may cause a third indication—a twisting rolling horizontal cloud like a dirty bolt of cotton. Fourth is a dark area toward the base of the storm, at the rear of a cell, often almost black where the rain is falling.

Hidden within the cloud may be tornadolike winds, seldom seen unless they dip toward the ground. The near-vacuum in their center and the 500-mile-an-hour velocities of their twisting edges can smash a plane like kindling wood.

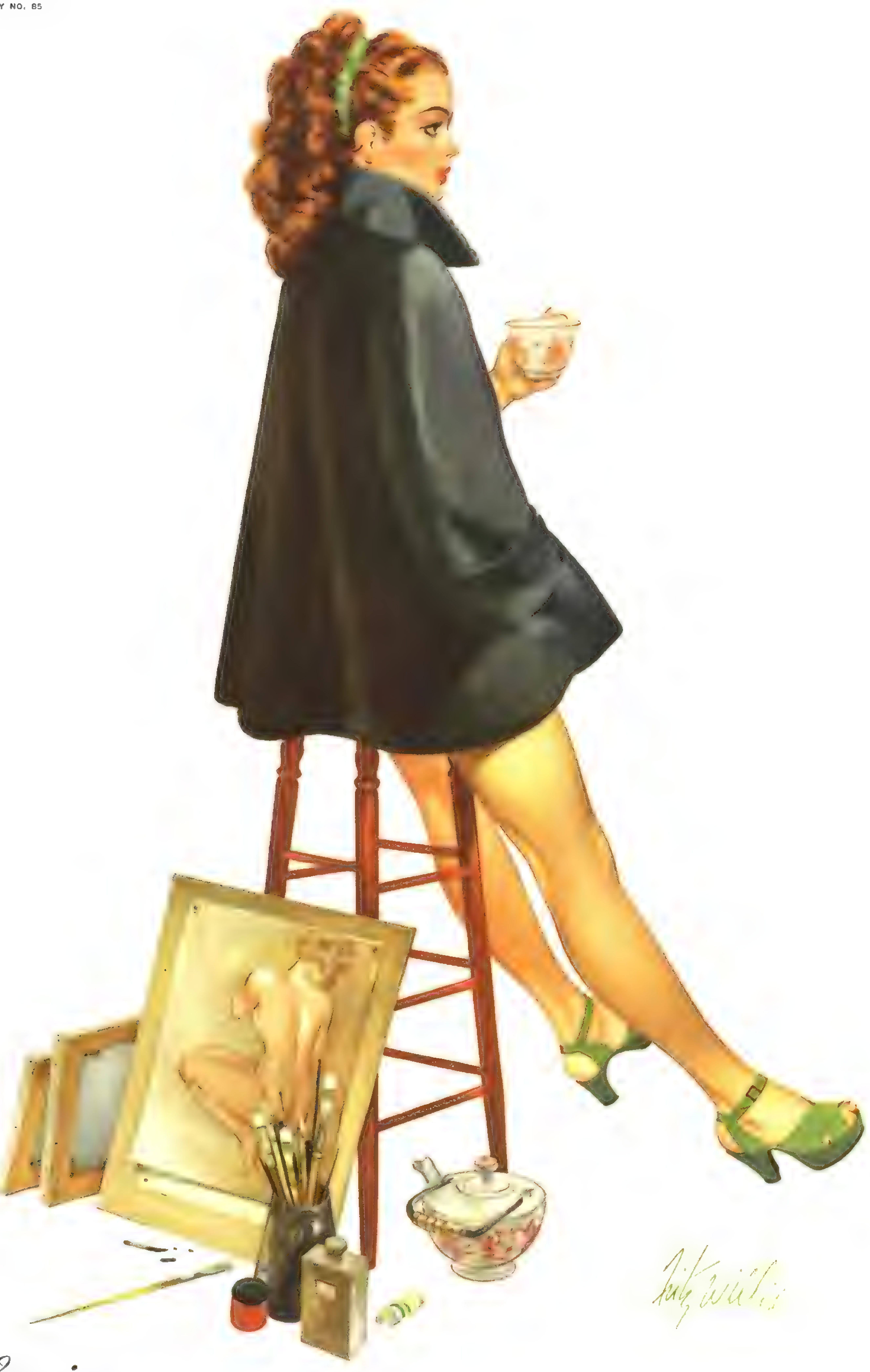
Sometimes the raindrops freeze as hail and start downward only to be blown aloft repeatedly. On each cycle they gather a new layer of ice and may grow so large that only an upward current greater than 150 miles an hour can sustain them. They may be blown out of the top of the cloud and fall down the sides in clear air. One American fighter pilot flying through a thunderstorm over France during the war had the tail of his Lockheed Lightning wrenched off by the violent turbulence. He bailed out, suffering no injuries except from hailstones.

The thunderstorm comes and passes swiftly. Its violent life may last only fifteen or twenty minutes. Then winds and rain subside, for the air is once more in equilibrium and the world is at rest. ⌗



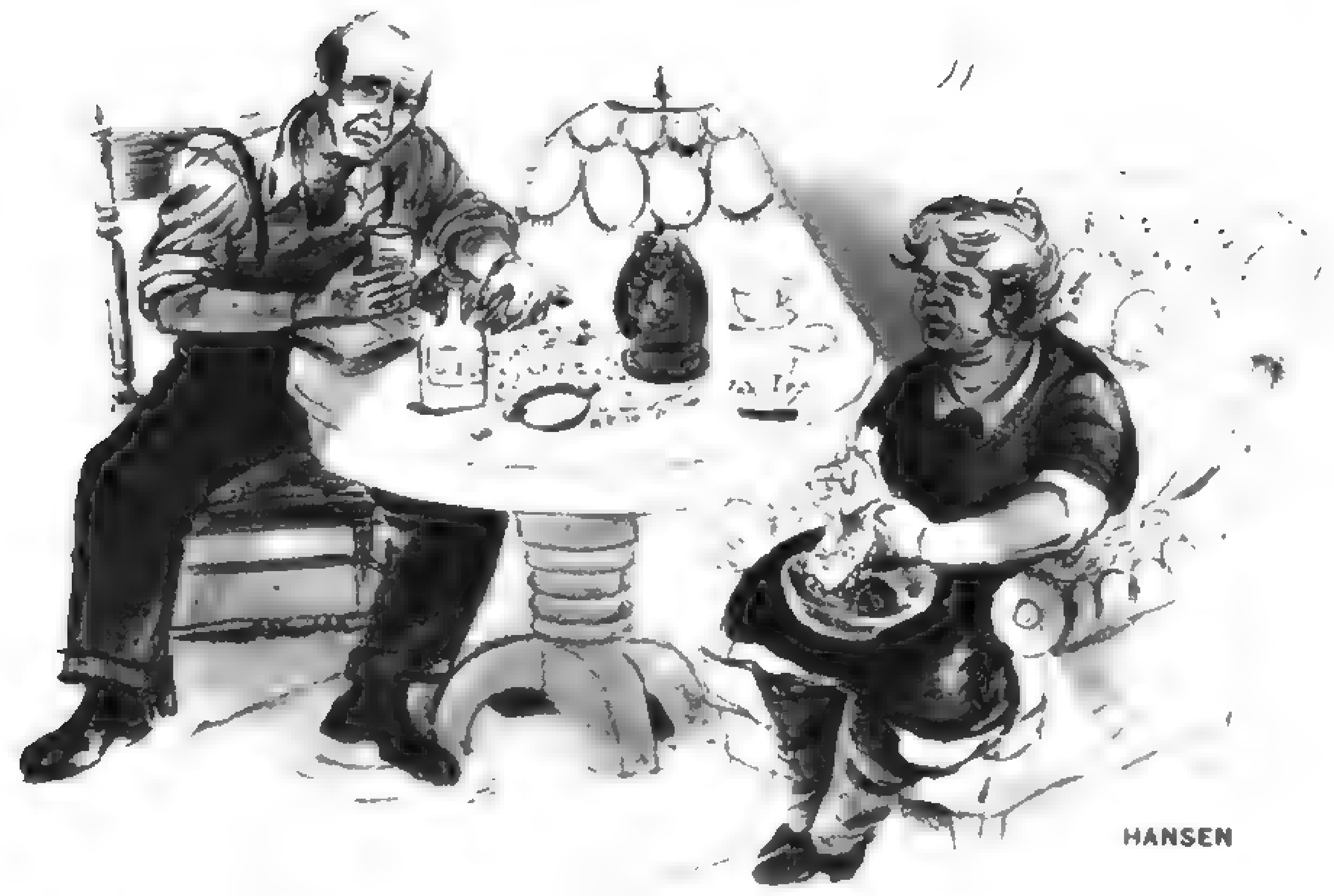
Dog's Life by JOE DE MERS & FRITZ WILLIS

There are a number of definitions of a dog's life and the curious thing is that most of them do not fit dogs. What people are usually talking about when they say a man is leading a dog's life is that he is leading a man's life and that he would be a great deal better off if he were leading the life of a nice, respectable, well-fed canine. Take the case of our lop-eared friend in the picture. This dog's life he is leading only means that he is about to be the pampered pet of the Esquire Girl. While her man friends cool their heels waiting for her, our friend will be subject to all the kissing, cooing and feeding any man could ask for. A man might wonder: what's wrong with living in a doghouse?



Genius by FRITZ WILLIS

Legend has it that a true genius is seldom appreciated until after he has been laid away and is unable to enjoy the fruits of his fame. Traditionally the real artist freezes undiscovered in his garret. No end of sympathy has been accorded the poor hungry fellow and many a pretty tear shed in his behalf. No one, however, has mentioned the equally unheated and unfed state of his model, who must get by on a kind word and an occasional cup of tea. That is, no one until our Mr. Willis, a sleek, much admired artist, be it added, but full of sympathy. Here he depicts our Esquire Girl who bet on the wrong horse, or the horse who will come in later, and would trade him for a square meal.



The Meggs Case

Imagination, the old seamstress figured, was far stronger than the cloth and the thread which she used to make the garment

by WILLIAM VALRICK

One could hardly say that Meggs was mean, cruel or vicious to his wife. By all normal standards, he probably would have been considered an excellent husband. Not the best provider in the world perhaps, but he was terribly hard of hearing and that's always a handicap in the business world.

As time passed Mrs. Meggs grew dissatisfied with her way of life. She was no longer young. A stranger would have passed her off as a plump, dumpy little woman with untidy hair and nimble fat hands and wrists. Despite their seeming plumpness they were confident hands, the kind one associates with doctors.

One day a sign appeared on the front lawn of the Meggs' small, drab home. It was one of those pathetic little signs that herald some equally pathetic business project: "Sewing and Hemstitching." It was an appropriate venture.

Mrs. Meggs could keep a needle flashing accurately hour on end. Her home was filled with covers for chairs, teapots, everything—all appliquéd with pansies or baby chickens or, in the case of the sofa, an American flag with an incorrect number of stars and "God Bless America."

Months passed, the business limped along, and hatred, fear and loathing lurked in the corners of the house.

Mr. Meggs was seen less and less. Then, at least to those few who were paying any heed at all to the Meggs family, a momentous discovery was made. "Someone in that house is a drinker." It was found that almost daily Mrs. Meggs would dart into the corner chain drugstore and buy a fifth or at least a pint of the cheapest gin available, hiding it away in the bottom of her shopping bag for the journey home to her silent, waiting house and almost deaf husband.

Undoubtedly old Mrs. Meggs was systematically making of her husband a drunkard. Also it was obvious that there was some purpose behind this action because money was much too hard come by in the Meggs household to be spent on gin.

Another development came rapidly. Mrs. Meggs started buying scientific fiction magazines! Always within a day or so she would turn them in to the secondhand store for three cents. This thrift on the part of Mrs. Meggs later gave the police one of their best clues. They learned that one magazine had not been turned in.

The detective who broke the case, as far as it was ever broken, used this one unreturned magazine as the starting point for his reconstruction of the crime.

He obtained a copy of this particular issue of *Fantastic and Horror Tales* and read it through from cover to cover, even the advertisements. How could this mess of pseudoscientific drivel have anything to do with the Meggs case, he wondered. Yet he somehow sensed that it did.

Then he realized that all the stories he had just read had not been the same. One was different. It was laid in modern times and was a tale about an insane but brilliant scientist who by accident discovered an unusual liquid, a liquid that when poured over human flesh caused it to adhere to itself permanently. The scientist had dumped a cauldron of this material over a younger scientist. Of course the man died an extremely horrible death because if he closed an eye it was closed forever—to touch hand to hand locked them for eternity.

The detective at first couldn't see where it tied in with the Meggs case. Mr. Meggs' eyes were still spoken of in awed, frightened whispers by the few (the detective among them) who saw them before the lids were drawn over the sightless eyes, a covering that later none cared to lift.

Then suddenly, as the hackles rose on his neck, all the small pieces clicked into place, into an utter eldritch horror of fat, dowdy Mrs. Meggs taking her revenge on life in the helpless form of her husband.

None of this detective's hypothetical but logical solution of the Meggs case ever appeared in the newspapers. At the time all that was said was that a Mr. Meggs had been found dead under suspicious circumstances by a policeman summoned by neighbors. And that his wife, who had supported the two of them by taking in sewing in their home, had disappeared.

But in a secret and confidential report the detective said: Mrs. Meggs over a period of time developed alcoholism in her husband. This was so that when the time came it would be easier to plant the necessary thoughts in his mind and also so that she could handle him physically. Next she introduced him to scientific fiction magazines, and the story about the mad professor and the clinging flesh. There can be no doubt that Mr. Meggs each evening read a new magazine, but that it contained the same old story.

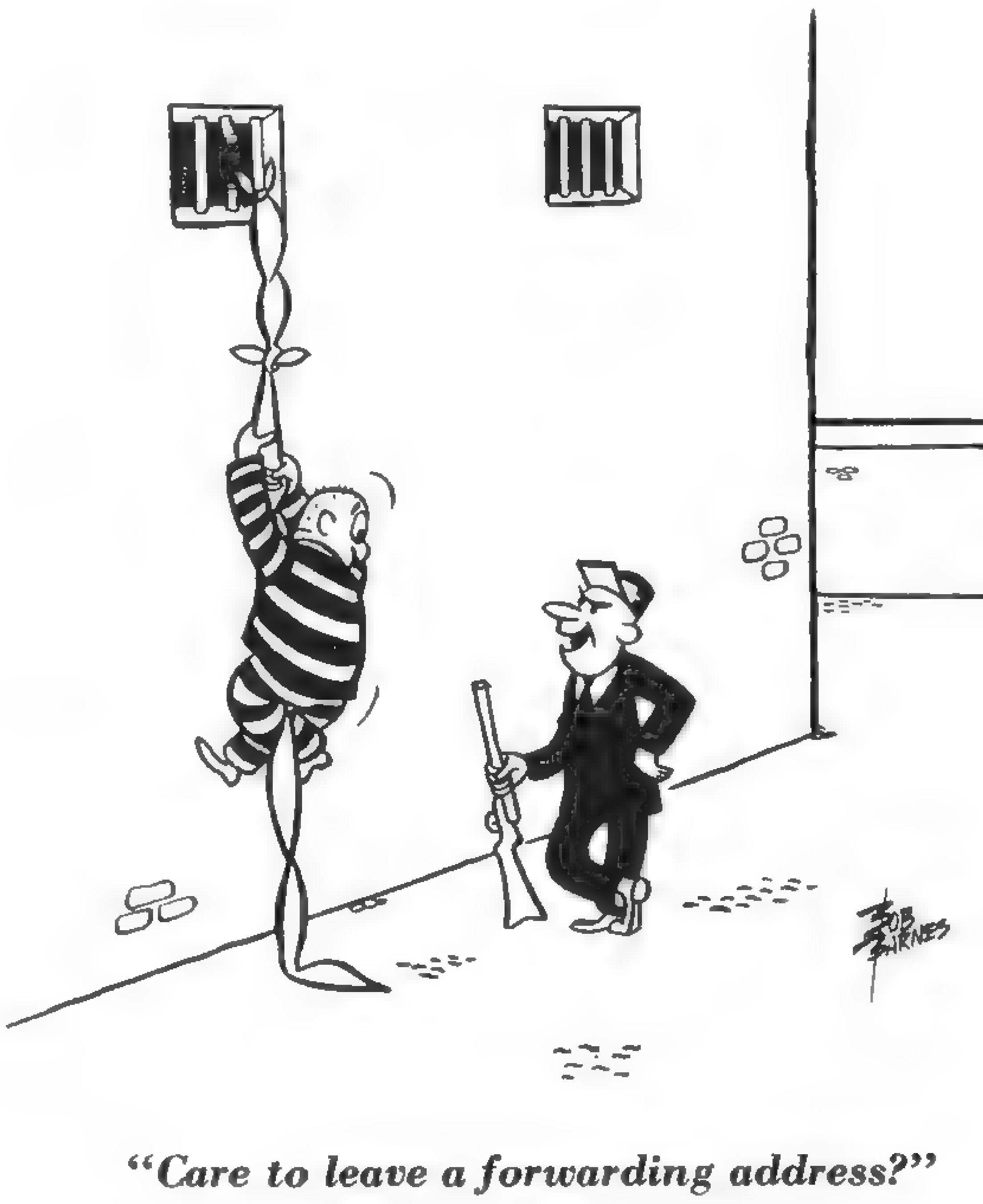
Not as difficult a feat for Mrs. Meggs to perform as it might at first appear. Only one wire staple was used to hold the magazine together. It was simple for the deft hands of Mrs. Meggs to pull out the staple, fit in the few pages from the other magazine that contained the mad-professor story, then clamp it back together again.

A charming domestic scene: Mr. Meggs drunkenly nodding over a magazine that changed each evening but reading each time a story that remained constant; and Mrs. Meggs, her needles flashing, working on something that grew ever more voluminous.

The policeman who first found the body of Meggs had been unable to figure out what had happened. The corpse was lying on the floor in the living room. Great strain showed in every line. The terrible tautness of the muscles could be seen even through the canvas. When he had untied the cords that held the piece that covered the face he said it was the most terrible thing that he had ever seen.

The whole body was encased in an elaborate strait jacket, a very tight one, so that when all of the various cords and straps were drawn tight the fingers could not be separated or the arms lifted away from the body. Even the mouth couldn't be opened—to scream. Yet, in actuality, no physical violence had been done to the poor old man.

As Patrolman Morelli, who was there, said sometime later: "The whole thing was bad enough, but the thing that got my gorge—if you could have seen the various fancy stitches she had used to sew that strait jacket together. And, damn it, there were even gingham pansies buttonhole-stitched on the part of the jacket that covered his head. They had been sewn on to look like laughing eyes." ⧣



"Care to leave a forwarding address?"

Each reader may compose his own ending to this unpredictable variation on the familiar theme that all's fair in love

The Lady or the Gun

by ASHER GERECHT

Mine wasn't the only seat on the bus . . . The moment she dashed off the bus right in front of the one I was on I saw her. She was a tall brunette, and carried a large bag of groceries. Before our driver closed the door she ran up, almost stumbling on the last step, and dropped her dime into the coin box. She looked down the empty aisle until her gaze stopped on me. Her hair was a curly brown, shoulder length, and her hat was small. Her brown coat didn't hide her figure. She came up to me and we looked at one another without blinking. She stumbled as she turned to sit down. I caught her by the arm, right above the elbow. She hit my thigh and jolted onto the seat. Her arm felt good, even through the coat.

"All right," she said in a small voice.

I didn't let go. She began forcing her arm backwards, but I had support; my elbow ground into her side.

"Let go," she whispered. I began pulling the arm over to me. "Please," she said. I released her, but she did not try to move away.

She had a big, strong, woman body. She tried to push in to take more of the seat, but she stopped that, too, as I resisted.

"Wasn't there anyone worth-while on the other bus?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" she asked. She was nervous, but when I didn't answer, waiting for her response, she calmed.

"We're not riding far," I said.

"No."

"Where are we getting off?" We looked at one another again and I made her wink her eyes first. It doesn't mean anything, but some people let themselves feel beaten by that, and if they do it makes the rest easy. She didn't. Her eyes were a dark brown, and below her rimless glasses were two scars, the only scars on her smooth face, noticeable at close range only, as if perhaps at some time the glasses had been jammed into her face. She wore no earrings. She had long thighs. Our knees touched.

She shrugged. Still looking at her I felt for her left hand, the one near me, and I caught it by the fingers and felt each one; I put the hand on her thigh and kept mine over it, and I said, "Yes."

"Six more blocks," she said. "Where are you getting off?"

"You just said." Her hand quivered upward a moment and mine went with it, but it fell down by itself. Her shoulder, underneath mine, hit against me once, but it stopped. Her lips half-opened and she was going to say something, but she saw the way I was looking at her and she turned her head. Her fingers curled up onto the back of my hand, and there was no fight from her. When we passed the fifth stop, she walked to the middle exit. I followed her. The bus stopped and we stepped down.

"Here we are," she said.

"Not quite," I said.

"Will you carry the groceries?"

"No."

Her heels were rubber, like mine. Most women wore leather, but hers made no sound as we walked past the apartment buildings.

"Aren't you curious about what I'm going to cook?"

"No."

"Aren't you curious about anything?"

"Yes," I said.

"What?"

I laughed.

"I like you," she said, yielding, and she put her hand on my arm and walked close to me the rest of the way. I took the bag of groceries from her and she said, "Oh! You trust me now?"

"Trust you?" I said. "Why shouldn't I?"

Hair hid her face as she inserted the key. "You might not."

"Why not?"

"Maybe this is a trap," she said.

"Maybe."

"Aren't you scared?"

"Of what?"

We walked up to her second-floor apartment and she turned on the light. I followed her in and gave her the groceries. She walked ahead of me into the kitchen and set the bag on the little white table. "I might be double-crossing you," she said.

I twirled her around, and brought her up hard against me. Her hair was touching my fingers. She was hurt first, then frightened, then soft; and when she was ready and wanting to be kissed I let her go, and she still stood against me. "As long as I don't hurt you I won't worry," I said.

She followed me into the front room; my back was to her all that time, and nothing happened. "See?" I said.

"Yes," she said. She ran into the bedroom, and I took off my coat and hat and loosened my tie and turned up my shirt sleeves.

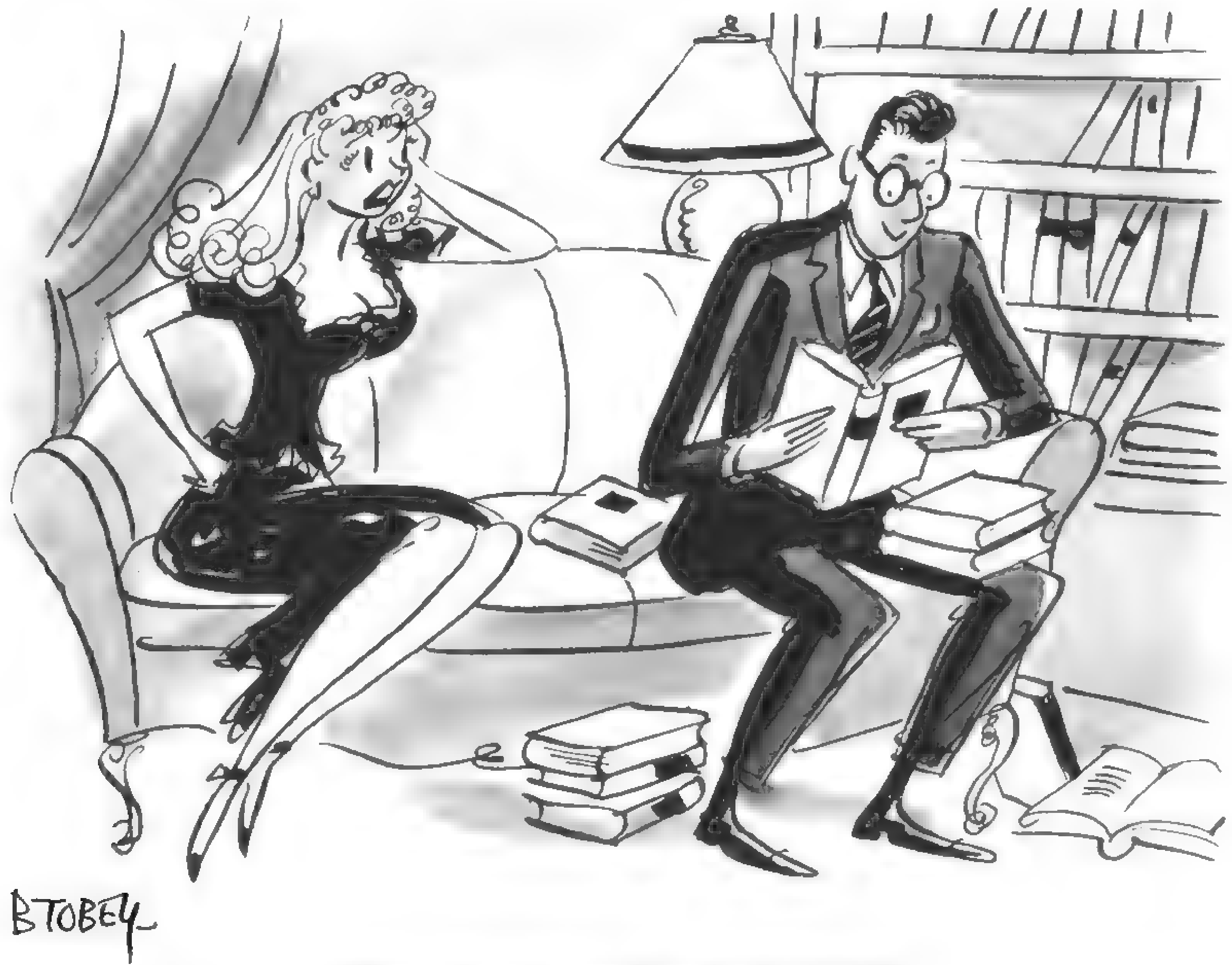
There was a picture of a man about thirty on the mantelpiece. He was squat, with black hair, cruel eyes and a thick, worried face. There was no signature or inscription on the picture.

Through the venetian blinds I looked out on the street. No one was there. I checked the door. It was locked. I shut the blinds, and checked the ash trays. A few rouge-tipped cigarettes. Down on my knees I checked the floor, but there were no shoes or slippers. The closet had only women's clothes in it, and they were all one size. I sat down, smoked a cigarette and relaxed.

When she came out she wore a simple brown house dress. I didn't have to guess about the way she looked. I was right.

"Help me with dinner?" I walked into the kitchen and I peeled potatoes for her. "Do you like doing this?" she said. I looked at her. She flustered, and I thought for sure that I had the upper hand. "Some men don't like to do this. You don't have to help me."

"You asked me to," I replied. "Just a minute ago."



"Read any good books lately?"

Her eyes puzzled over me. She sat down on a stool across from me and began slicing the potatoes I had peeled. "My name's Julie."

"Hello, Julie."

"Hello." She finished slicing the first potato. "Well?"

"Mine's Ralph."

"Hello, Ralph."

"Hello."

She must have put on a little perfume when she changed, for the smell of her floated around me in that little kitchen.

When the steaks were on she fixed a cool salad and let me season it. She set the table, and when everything was done there was a moment's awkwardness. I wanted her to start anything. Instead, she set to work cleaning the first tools she had used.

"I think they're ready now," she said finally. "You like your steak rare too, don't you?"

"Thanks," I said.

"I'm sorry," she said, and she smiled at me. "I forgot to . . ."

"I like mine rare."

"All right," she said. I held her wrist as she lifted the steaks onto our plates, but that was the closest I came to her.

There was a bottle of port on the table. She filled our glasses, and when we clinked them she said, "Let's have a silent toast."

"Let's have a loud one," I said. "Happy days?" I had my glass out for a re-chin, but she had already started drinking. I set my glass down, and I did not touch it.

Behind her on the wall was a cuckoo clock. The mechanism was broken, and the bird stayed outside. When the hour came, instead of chirping he went into a nervous tick on the end of his extension, and the noise livened the meal.

She was even beautiful to look at. She saw me staring at her, but she asked nothing about me until we were smoking over our coffee.

"Tell me about you," she said. I shook my head.

We put the plates into the sink, and she said, "Let's leave them."

"All right."

"Would you have helped with them?"

"I was helping you."

"Why?"

"Why not?" I said. She laughed and shook her head, and we went into the front room and sat on the sofa. I stayed away from her.

"You pulled the blinds," she said, and then, after a moment: "Aren't you worried?"

"Of what?"

She sat down beside me. "Of people doing things to you."

"What things?"

She waved her hand. "Oh, anything. You know what I mean."

"Why should I be?" I said.

"Don't you do things to people?"

" 'Things?' It's simple, Julie. If I act right with a man, and he does wrong, then I know it's not my fault—it's his. So as long as I can do the right thing . . ."

"What are you?" she whispered. I shrugged. "But if somebody does something to you," she continued. "If there should be a double cross . . ."

"I get even."

"Always?"

"I said I get even."

"Up to death?"

"Up to."

"That's not what's called the—"

"I don't call it anything. If you really want to follow it, it's not too hard a thing to do."

It wasn't the first or last time that night we tried to read each other's eyes and failed. She gave in by kissing me. It was the type that started fast and fighting, and settled from a flash into a slow, easy, sure agreement, and worked up and pounded until it had to quit, if it stayed a kiss. She cried a little, and she hit my chest when we separated, and she crumpled my tie. She had to do something until she was quiet.

"You haven't even tried to kiss me!" she said, pulling off my tie, "and we've been here over two hours!"

"There's time," I replied, and she looked at me and said, "Maybe."

She got up from the sofa then and walked over to the entrance door, and hesitated.

"It's locked," I said. "Do you need the safety?"

"No," she said, and walked to the door of her room. She had her back to me. "Ralph? Ralph!"

I didn't answer her.

"Well?" she said. She walked out to meet me, and she *was* crying.

What I didn't know then I learned later. The man whose picture was on the mantelpiece was named Johnnie Webber. He was very jealous of Julie. He knew she had been two-timing him with somebody else, but he hadn't found out who; and after she had quit the second man, when she tried to tell Johnnie it was over, she only made him more jealous. He wouldn't believe her, so she decided to show him somebody he could do something to.

She planned to palm off a man on Johnnie to satisfy him and be done with it. She set him up to be suspicious for the night, and she tried to build a good hand, but she was in a hurry. It was a double cross to end a double cross.

At the beginning she must have been pretty sure that everything would go all right, that Johnnie Webber wouldn't hurt her because he wanted her too much. Regardless of what he did to the man he found with her, she would be in the clear, she thought. That was at the beginning; after she walked to the door and walked away when I spoke up, it was too late.

I was asleep when Johnnie Webber came into the apartment with a gun in his hand. Mine hadn't been the only seat on that second bus. But she picked on me, and I was it.

He tried to act smart about me being the man who had been stealing his girl, while I listened and started to understand what I had fallen into so easily. Julie cried. He told her to shut up and get dressed, while he held his gun on me, but she cried.

"You can tell him I'm not the one, Julie," I said.

"Yellow?" he said, when she didn't answer.

"No," I said.

"Want to cry, or something? Write your last good-byes to any other dames before I take you both out somewheres?"

"No," I said. "I don't blame you."

"Blame me!" he shouted.

"You're getting even for a double cross, and according to the way you see it you're doing the right thing."

"Thanks," he said. "You want to tell that to this . . . Does Julie know what you mean?"

"Yes," I answered for her.

"Don't shoot him, Johnnie," she cried. "Don't shoot him!" She rushed around, and he turned to see her, the movement catching his eye, and I swung the alarm clock from the bed table at him. The gun went off, the bullet cutting in a light knocking burn at my forearm and I lunged for him. He was easy.

Julie pulled me off him, and loosened my hands from his neck. "Get dressed," she said. "Hurry."

I tied a handkerchief around my arm, and put on my clothes and walked into the front room for my coat and tie and hat. Julie was with me, but I didn't talk to her.

Julie put her arms around me and tried to kiss me, but I turned my head, and she staggered words into my ear. I tried to shake her off, and then I waited for her to stop. She soon became calm, and released me.

"Wait a minute," she said. I unlocked the door, and stood waiting for her. She came back holding the gun in her hand.

"I double-crossed you," she said.

"Yes."

"You would have been killed. He was going to kill you."

"Yes."

She came up close to me, so that I only had to reach out to touch her, and she whispered in a strangled voice, "You want to get even, don't you?"

We were looking at one another again, deep into each other's eyes.

She handed me the gun. #

When Darrin puts together one of his custom-built cars, he conjures up the customer's dreamboat and then adds a few special touches of his own

Cellini of the Assembly Line

by MARON SIMON

"I'll take five of these," said Macoco, the Argentine millionaire. Macoco was shopping just off the Champs Élysées in Paris. He wasn't buying cravats, or even shirts, but automobiles, priced to an emperor's purse, their sumptuous bodies resplendent with the touches of a master maker. Howard A. Darrin, creator of the cars, briskly wrote down the order for five automobiles, total—$60,000.

Darrin, a busy young man of forty-eight, has spent a quarter-century designing spectacular and astronomically priced automobiles for pre-eminent motorists of three continents. And unlike most automobile designers, whose identity is securely concealed behind the manufacturer's coat of arms, Darrin is not only well known to the people for whom he has created cars but is on terms of warm friendship with most of them. This has been possible not only because Darrin has an inviting personality, but also because the construction of a Darrin automobile body is a production in the full Hollywood meaning, and the car itself becomes a starring vehicle for the specific owner.

Darrin, who is addressed as "Dutch" by everyone who knows him, is a pleasant-looking, carelessly immaculate businessman-genius with a young, reassuring face, a good New Jersey inflection, the wide shoulders and deep chest of a working athlete, and an experience as cosmopolitan as the *Berengaria.*

In the years between World Wars I and II, Darrin turned out custom-built cars that sold for $6000, or $14,000, or $20,000, and even one for $43,000. He made them for Leopold of Belgium; for Alfonso of Spain; for Viscount Louis Mountbatten; for the Duc de Doudeauville, president of the French polo and jockey club; for Rothschilds of the English, French and Austrian branches; for James A. Moffett, Standard Oil chief; for Clark Gable, Orson Welles, Bing Crosby, Hedy LaMarr, Rita Hayworth, Marlene Dietrich and other denizens of the Hollywood colony.

Perhaps the gilded era in which Darrin operated during the twenties and thirties reached its rococo climax in 1928 when he was engaged to create a car for Vergil Neal, the Paris perfume manufacturer. Neal had invited bids from several designers. All they knew of the desired specifications was that Neal wanted an expensive car—the more expensive the better. Tipped off by a friend that $41,000 was then the highest bid, Darrin added $2000 to that figure and got the contract.

He gave the noted perfumer his opulent money's worth. Onto a Hispano-Suiza chassis that cost $10,000, Darrin built a town-car body as fabulous as the pleasure dome of Kubla Khan. He upholstered it with broadcloth and covered the floor with a beaver rug. He gold-plated the fixtures and trim throughout. He installed two Swiss clocks and two vanity cases of solid gold, draped a couple of beaver robes over the gold-plated robe rail, and designed three tooled-leather cases for the trunk compartment in the rear. Folding out from the partition behind the chauffeur were a medicine chest, a bar and a writing desk. Into the dashboard went special gold-plated instruments—an altimeter, an RPM counter, a compass. The color was blue with a hint of grey. The designer named it Darrin blue. For all its lavishness, Darrin's innate good taste kept the car's magnificence from spilling into gaudiness.

Despite the rich gewgaws he put into Neal's equipage, he still made $20,000 on the job, but in such a creation he feels that a commercial note is a sour one.

"If you buy a Rembrandt," he says, "you don't want to know how much Mynheer Van Ryn spent for his canvas, for his colors and his brushes; you don't figure what his easel cost, what he paid for his studio rent, overhead and other expenses of doing business. You just buy a work of art. This car was a work of art."

Darrin admits he was fortunate during his Paris period, because most of his customers were blessed with a genuine connoisseurship in the building of an automobile, and he encouraged them to participate actively in the planning of their cars. They went over his designs with meticulous appraisal. In the year they usually had to wait for delivery they came frequently to his shop at Puteaux, on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, to inspect each progressive phase of the job, from arrival of the chassis to mounting of the body and installation of the fittings.

One of the most painstaking of all was the then Lord Louis Mountbatten, for whom Darrin was retained to design a body on a Rolls-Royce chassis. It was a $20,000 car and, as Darrin says, "when Mountbatten had a car built it was a project."

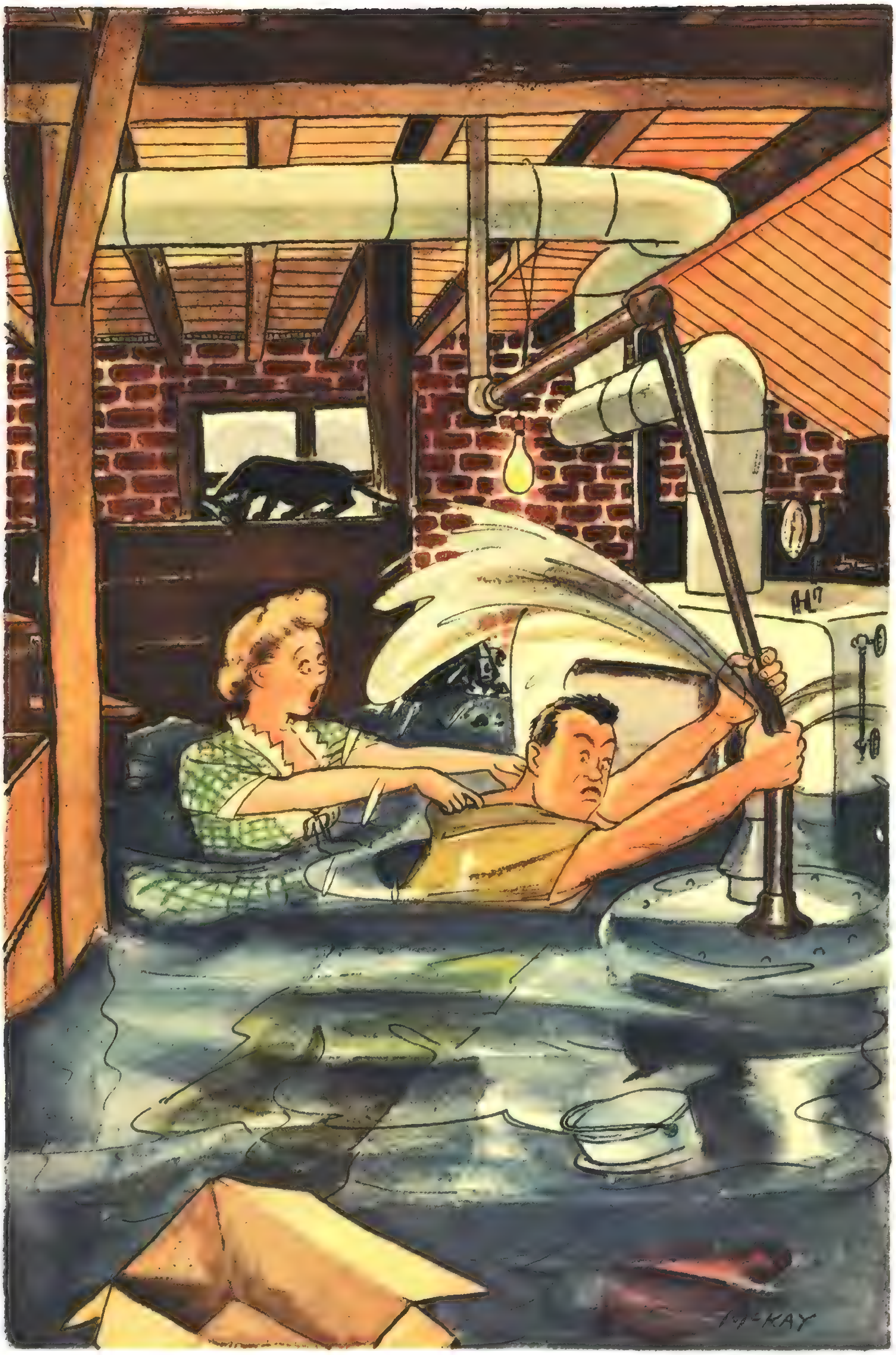
Methodical and technical-minded, Mountbatten planned it as thoroughly as a campaign, considering every dimension in infinite detail, down to the room he wanted for his knees, for his feet, for extra seats, for high hats, for the chauffeur. He prescribed specifically the items he wanted installed—map cases, walnut paneling, a demountable inclosure for the chauffeur for use in London weather. Darrin has tremendous respect for Mountbatten's judgment of automobiles and learned a lot from him. He also won Mountbatten's friendship and was invited to play on his polo team at Deauville, although Darrin's handicap was never better than two. Another of his teammates was Alfonso. The $20,000 Duesenberg which Darrin designed was the only car the ousted Spanish king took with him into exile.

Every car that Darrin designed in Europe was a town car. His family usually had one, a Renault, a Minerva or a Rolls-Royce, for a brief while before it was sold. For his own use, however, he bought a small American car each year, usually a roadster, and hurried about Paris with the top down and his three children piled into the rumble seat.

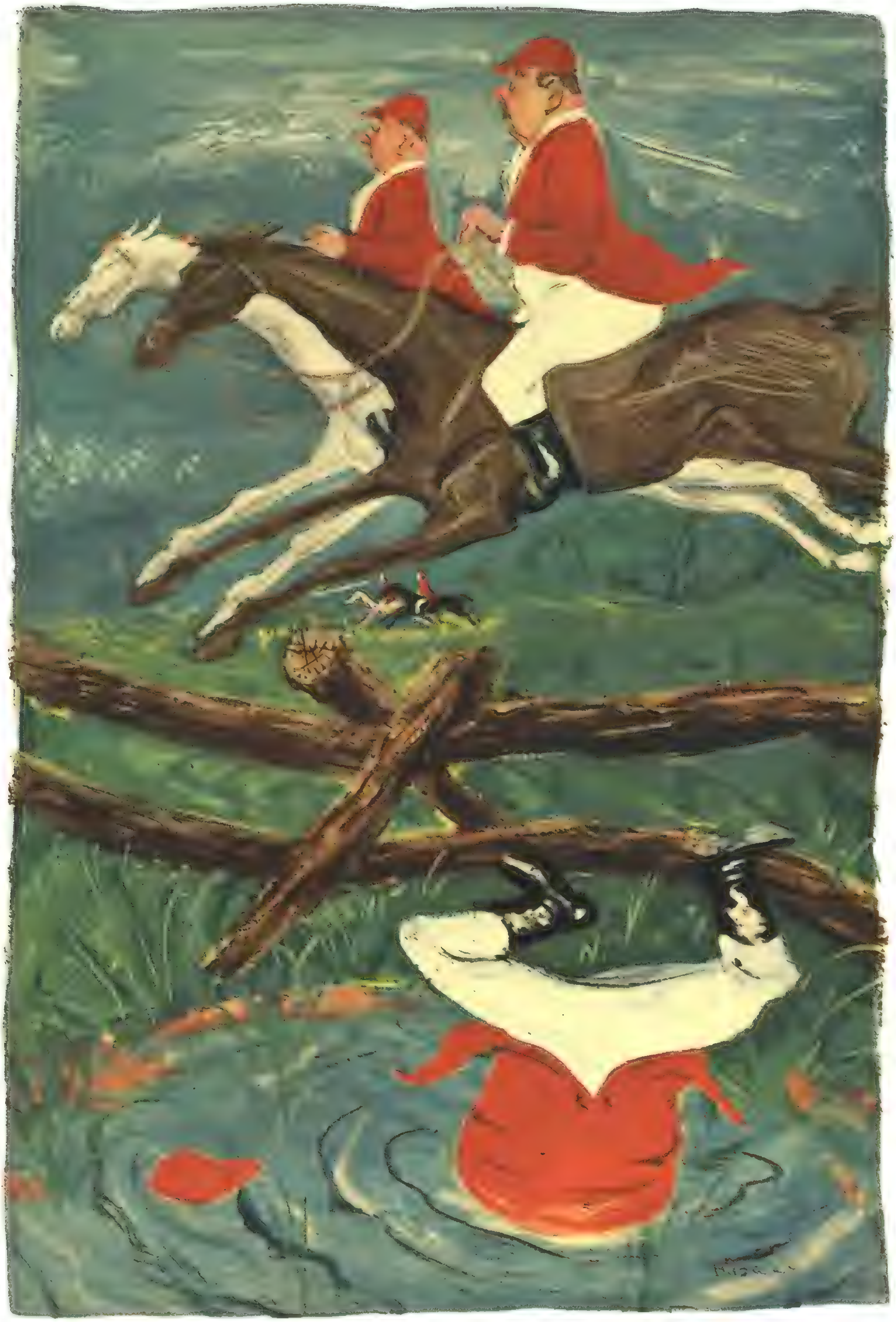
In 1937 Darrin called the turn on events in Europe, packed up and

(Continued on page 220)

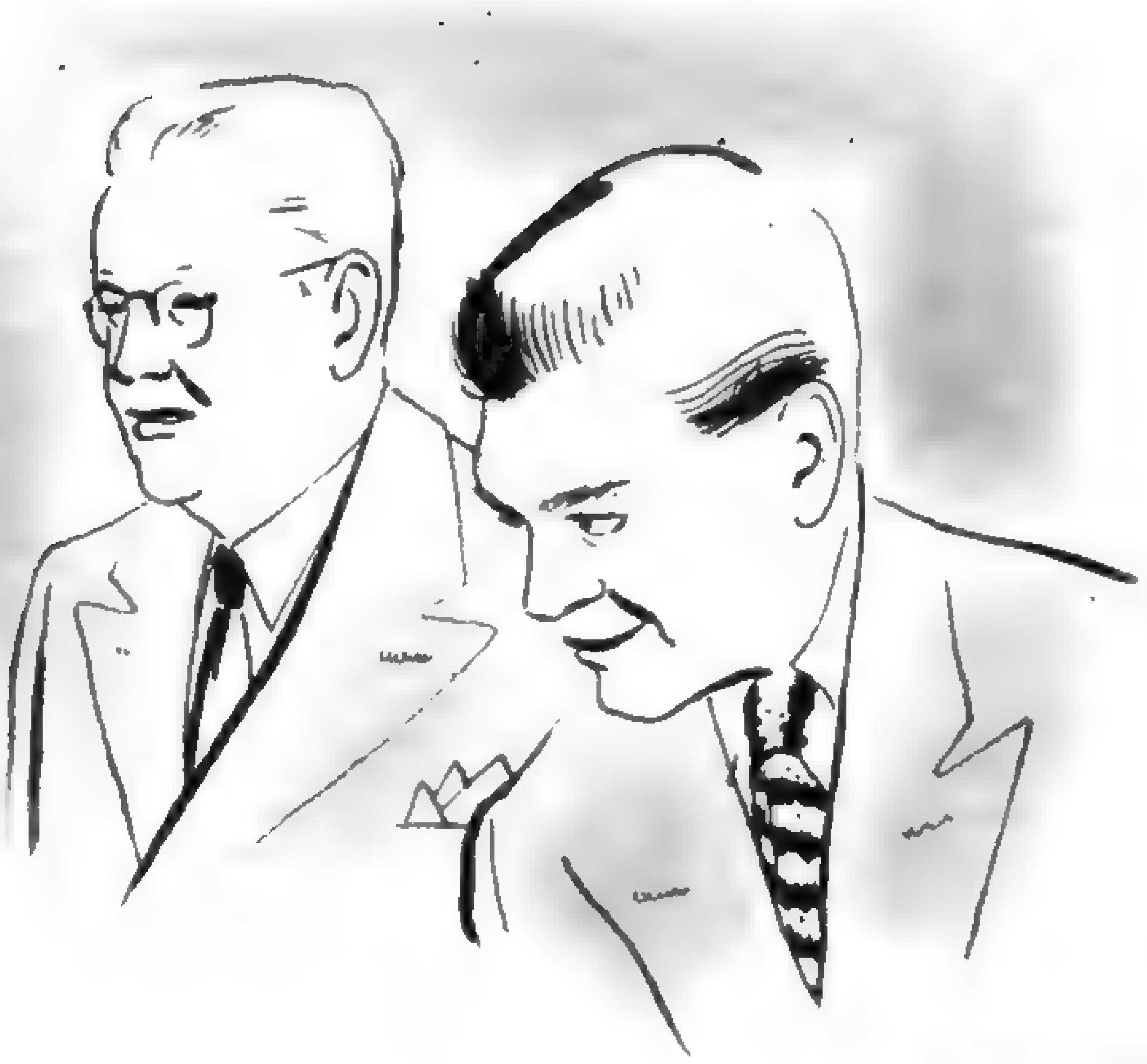
"Hello, John. Would you step out to the garage a minute?"



"Kiss me, darling, we'll drown together—the plumber can't make it till next week!"



"My word, isn't that Twillingsby?"



CHAVALLIER

Some of the best of the *esprit de corps* of college football seems to have wandered over to a pro team

The Fighting Giants

by GEORGE WISWELL

On October 27, 1946, 65,000 football fans were jammed in the Polo Grounds. 75,000 more were turned back by the police before game time, a half mile from the park. Down at City Hall they said it was the biggest turnout for a sports event New York had ever seen—any year, any sport.

The game? The Chicago Bears were in town to play the New York Giants, and the boys were turning out to yell for the home team. Just why the Giants rate a following no local college team can touch even in sentiment, much less in gate receipts, is a little hard to figure out on paper. No "name" stars, no razzle-dazzle playing, no training rules, no fancy shows between halves, no high-speed publicity, a coach you never heard of before he took over the team, a couple of near-kid owners, one of them—the vice-president and talent scout—barely dry behind the ears. What kind of pro outfit is this? How could you win football games or make any money with a setup like that?

The New York Giants do. They win lots of games: five championship play-offs in the last ten years. They make lots of money: last season's gross at the Polo Grounds alone was over $1,000,000.

New Yorkers love their Giants because they provide the tough, sure, fast pro style of football, where most of the college teams in the vicinity are relatively weak. But above all they love them because they win and because each of the aforementioned "handicaps" has proved, over the years, a means of keeping the Giants up with the winners.

Take the players. Ever hear of Geneva College? It produced Cal Hubbard, one of the great tackles of all time. How about Kansas State Teachers College? It gave the Giants Dale Burnett who for nine years was an outstanding triple-threat man. Instead of seeking the headline hounds from Notre Dame and Minnesota, the Giants cull the whistle-stops for men who are unknown until they start creaming the Granges and Harmons and Baughs in the pro league. "Butch" Gibson, acknowledged to be one of the finest guards ever to play football, came to the Giants from Grove City College. Hap Bernard, a famous end, came from Oklahoma's Central State Teachers College. And of course there was Tuffy Leemans, the pro League's champion ball carrier in 1936. He came from George Washington U., a school not noted for football.

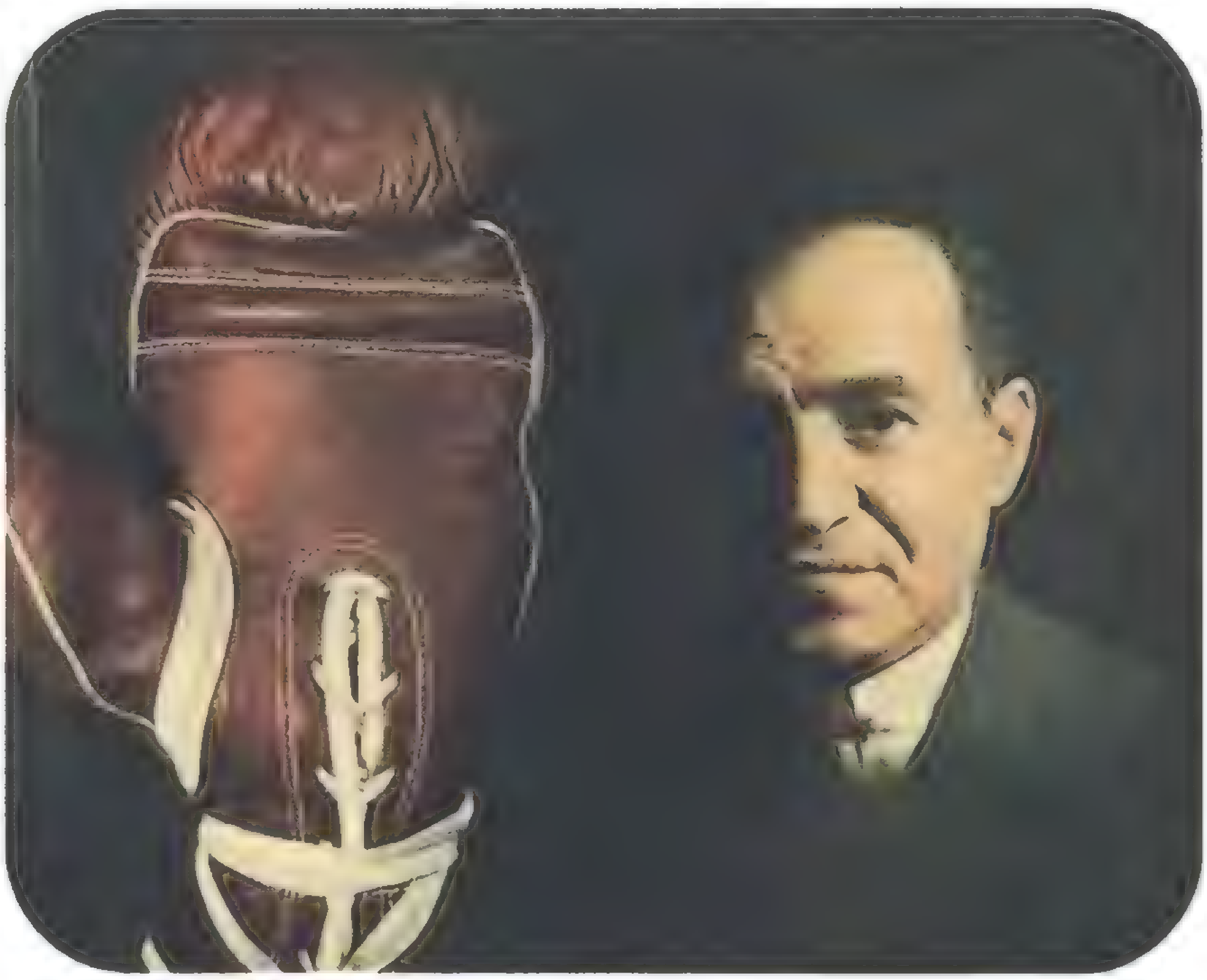
By assembling men for their talent, rather than for their reputations, the Giants avoid trouble with temperamental grandstanders and are able to concentrate on team play. This is the secret of their unprofessional enthusiasm and spirit that amazes fans from other cities who are accustomed to seeing pros go about their duties with cool unconcern. At crucial points in close games, the Giant bench seethes. The men bite nails, pull hair, and howl like a pack of frantic collegians. Frequently an ex-Giant will barge into the dressing room at half time to berate or advise the man now playing his old position. "Look," he will say sternly to the rookie, "the way to get that guy is to cross over and hit him from the side, low. And if you get a chance, muss him up for me. He stepped all over me three years ago and I never did get back at him." Such interludes are commonplace at the Polo Grounds. Most of the old Giants still have an avid interest in the team.

Once Ken Strong was injured painfully during a tough game with Green Bay. He was carried to the dressing room where he watched the game through the clubhouse window. He saw his team driven back to its own 20. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he ran limping out of the dressing room, straight up the field and under the goal posts, and ordered his substitute back to the bench. It's this kind of *esprit de corps* that wins games, sometimes from stronger opponents. The fans enjoy it for they know the Giants care. They know the team is doing its damnedest to win every minute. They are never embarrassed, as supporters of some other pro teams sometimes are, by the belief that the team didn't try.

Everyone familiar with the Giants is aware that their get-in-there-and-fight attitude is chiefly generated by Steve Owen, head coach for the past seventeen years, and the fulcrum of the team's success as a financial and athletic enterprise. Stout (270 pounds) Steve is a wizard at handling men, as he is a master at building an impregnable defense. He is continually pulling games out of the hat, games that he had no right to win.

It was Owen's idea to tog his squad in tennis shoes that zero December day in 1934 when the Giants won the championship 30-13 from an obviously superior Chicago Bear team. Leading 13-3 at intermission, the Bears spent the second half sliding footlessly around the frozen field while Giant ball carriers, like a ballet team, ran gracefully through them.

Owen began playing tackle for the Giants in 1926. Along about 1930 the team ran into coaching trouble *(Continued on page 201)*



GLANTZ

Backstage in Sports—Nat Rogers

The dream of every tough kid who laces on a pair of boxing gloves is to appear in what Harry Ballogh refers to as The Stellar Presentation on a Madison Square Garden card. The man who has made it possible for a variety of tankers and champions over the last eight years is Nat Rogers, a dour habitué of the bubkis circuit, matchmaker for the 20th-Century Sporting Club, an organization constructed around the lethal fists of one Joe Louis and the money sense of Onkle Mike Jacobs. Mr. Rogers is a middleman dealing in claret and greenbacks. Mr. Jacobs has the champions, Mr. Rogers digs up the challengers for the slaughter and the profit. Once manager, press agent, box-office man, it is Mr. Rogers' job to put on a card that everybody likes. The impossibility of this may account for his disposition.

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Urgent is the word for Tech, where youthful genius determines the shape of things to come

by **FREDERICK FREED**

Like most schools the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has a Latin motto. Translated it means "Mind and Hand." It is a good motto, but not very quotable.

This cannot be said of the unofficial motto which is written in the Freshman Guide and in the heart of every young man who passes four years at MIT. It is "Tech is Hell."

This does not refer to the moral situation, nor to the Cambridge weather, but to the working conditions. There is probably no place in the world where it is necessary to maintain such continuous exertion to achieve a simple B.S. degree.

The rewards, however, are vast. A disproportionate number of the scientific developments of the day stem from Tech-trained minds. On a more concrete level the top man in his class at MIT may have his choice of half a hundred jobs and even the anchor man of half a dozen.

It was not always like this. Tech's story began with skepticism almost a century ago. It started with the trouble William Barton Rogers had with the State of Massachusetts. Authorities agreed that the technological school he proposed to build was impractical.

In 1861 he got his charter, the state having by then conceded that the study of science might be valuable mental discipline for young gentlemen. Latin and Greek were preferable, of course, but Mr. Rogers was persistent and finally they let him have his way.

They let him set up his school in the Boston Mercantile Library and were not surprised when he was able to gather only fifteen students for his first class. After all, no one could imagine that a grown man would make a career of science.

But then no one could imagine that a man would fly, talk across a continent or split an atom. Mr. Darwin had only just propounded his strange theory about monkeys and people, and the atom was an invisible thing that doubtless did not exist at all.

To a contemporary generation violently convinced of the atom's existence, Latin and Greek seem less practical than they once did, and Mr. Rogers' Technological School an academy for wizards on thee and thou terms with the razzle-dazzle scientific future.

Once the college hero carried a football under his arm and graduated into the bond business. Today he is a high-domed young man with a test tube who appears to hold an option on whatever tomorrow there is going to be.

At MIT you will find no stadium and the coeds are likely to be mostly interested in metallurgy. Still no one can deny the glamour that surrounds the preparations for smashing atoms and rocketing to the moon.

As for impracticality, were the dubious authorities alive today they might note that Tech graduates are presidents of General Motors, General Electric, DuPont, Goodyear and half a hundred other major corporations; that thirty-seven of them were admirals, and eighty-eight, generals in the recent war; that every Navy ship afloat was designed by a Tech man.

And this seems only the beginning. With government and business crying for more trained scientists, MIT's walls are bulging with the attempt to keep the supply up to the demand. The prewar enrollment of three thousand has been upped to five thousand two hundred and the end is not in sight.

But the Tech way of life remains largely unchanged, if intensified, a continuing source of bewilderment and awe to residents of less specialized institutions of higher learning.

There is the strange technical language Techtonians talk and the fervor with which they bend to the books, a fervor only exceeded by the ardor of their relaxation when exams are done.

There are campus activities like the Rocket Association and the Radio Society, and a campus magazine that prints stories about Micro Pulse Radio Telegraphy and Fluid Catalysts.

There is Field Day on which the freshman and sophomore classes meet in track and field events and finally in the Glove Fight. One class wears grey gloves, the other red. The class which ends up with the greater number of gloves wins the day.

There is the *VooDoo*, the humor magazine. Being put out by engineers and scientists you might expect it to take a back seat to its liberal-arts brothers. Actually it ranks among the top college-humor publications.

These are part of Tech, and so are the twenty-four fraternities, the famous nautical association with its fifty dinghies, the athletic activities. But the heart of Tech is its unequaled faculty and scientific and engineering facilities, and the thousands of bright young men poring over books and sweating in labs who have a rendezvous with the electronic, jet-propelled future.

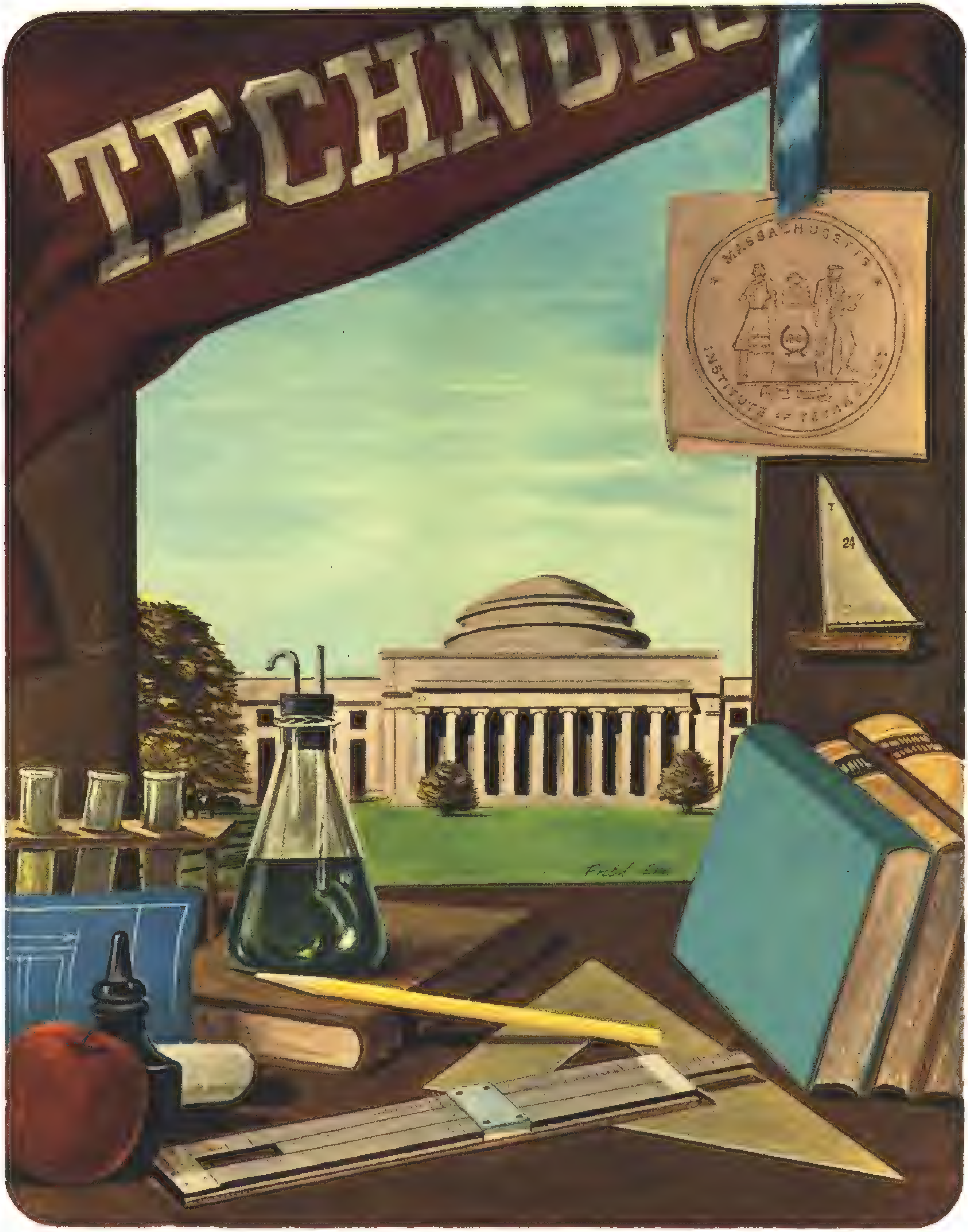
The Tech mascot is a beaver, and it is a fitting one. The Tech cheer is perhaps even more fitting:

E to the X du dx, E to the X dx,
Cosine! Secant! Tangent! Sine . . .

GLANTZ

Theatre—Flies on Broadway

The most exciting play on Broadway this season is not, as it happens, on Broadway at all. This is a not unfamiliar tale to theatregoers who had to go off Broadway to discover the Messrs. O'Neill and Odets among others. The scene of Broadway's latest attack of myopia is the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research. There, under the direction of Erwin Piscator, a talented amalgam of students and faculty are nightly performing The Flies, *a stirring retelling of the Electra story with an Existentialist twist by M. Jean Paul Sartre himself. The performance: sensitive and professional. The verdict of the critics: unanimous bravos. Above, Dan Matthews as Orestes pleads with Carol Gustafson, a lovely Electra, to ignore the blandishments of the wicked god Zeus (Jack Burkhart).*



Massachusetts Institute of Technology

A Profile

Painting by Fred Eng

No picture here of betatrons smashing atoms or rockets pointed to the moon, but well there might be, for MIT has become the symbol of the scientific tomorrow. Present too but future more, its brick and stone and bright young men being concrete proof of our arrival in the age of the atom and rocket, the plastic and magnetron. Above, the symbols of a symbol: The test tubes and the slipstick, the blueprint, the triangle, and the weighty technical tomes. If a man stays his full four years at MIT he gets to know these better than his sweetheart. But even science pauses to catch its breath and then there is the campus, sailing on the Charles, Boston girls and girls across the river at Radcliffe, plus a hatful of traditional festivities.

Now that you've found many American wines equal the imported goods, try once-over-lightly the postgraduate course offered here

Make Mine Wine

by BILL BURTON

TAD PUDGE and his genial sidekick, Alistair McGinity, were slanted against the Little Uproaria Bar one afternoon.

"Wine . . ." remarked Pudge.

"Don't mind if I do," snapped McGinity.

"You and your continental manners," sneered Pudge. "It may interest you to know it's not necessary to drink wine with a beer chaser."

"Don't mind if I do," snapped McGinity.

"A pocket grape trampler says you don't answer ten right on the following quiz," gritted Pudge, whipping the f. q. from his pocket.

Ten right and you inherit McGinity's post at the bar. Twelve right and you inherit McGinity. Get them all and you can have Pudge too.

1. Ambrose Bierce, a cynic if there ever was one, was heard to mutter, just before he disappeared into Mexico:

a. Wine, Madam, is God's next best gift to man b. Wine, Madam, is God's best gift to man c. I, Madam, will have another of the same d. This round, Madam, is on me

2. A popular American wine is:

a. Saturnine b. Chere c. Rhine d. Tokyo

3. Franklin Z. Proschick, your boss, tells you to go look for Grey Riesling. You hustle off to:

a. the nearest Turkish Bath—he is a lush b. the nearest Faith Baldwin novel—he is fictional c. a winery producing Rhine wine d. an employment agency—this is Proschick's way of telling you that you're through

4. A sommelier is:

a. a man who walks in his sleep b. a French wine salesman c. a vintage year d. a person in charge of the wine cellar

5. Epicures are especially fond of:

a. oysters and chablis b. lobster and grenadiers c. Laurel and Hardy d. hair of the dog

6. You enter a room full of coopers. In a trice you:

a. ask for Mel Ott b. realize you are among caskmakers c. notice that they are all cousins d. ask for a drink

7. Elsworth Tidelby remarks, as he sips his wine, "This is brut." He means to say:

a. This is a female wine b. This is a dry wine c. This wine is not feeling well d. This wine is also called "preche"

8. Red wine should be served:

a. only with fish b. only with meat c. when Russians are your guests d. whenever you've a mind to

9. F. X. Charrd owns a "pipe." What's he got?

a. A cask containing 117 to 140 gallons b. A cinch tightener c. A Piedmont grape d. His own wine cellar

10. A wine bottle is stored on its side because:

a. It increases storage space b. It keeps the cork moist, preventing spoilage c. It is easier to drink from d. The monks did it that way

11. Volstead J. Ravenus offers you some twenty-five-year-old champagne. What do you do?

a. Offer Ravenus the back of your hand, only certain vintages are good after fifteen years b. Fall down and kiss his feet c. Ask about price. Ravenus is shifty d. Don't take it. Ravenus' real name is Volstead J. Borgia

12. The ideal storage temperature for wines is:

a. body temperature b. fifty-five to sixty degrees c. seventy degrees d. thirty-two degrees

13. You are a stranger. They mention Zinfandel. Right away you know the gossip is about:

a. Sinbad's mule b. a California wine c. a "very brut sec" d. Harry Von Zell's wife

14. Victor Faulkstein offers you several nips. You have to decide quickly. What do you do?

a. Abjure them. They are souvenir Japanese he has brought home b. Withdraw. He is offering to bite you c. Ask for soda in yours d. Take them. They are miniature bottles

15. When you are brought in the chief of detectives is talking about Amoroso. You realize:

a. The jig is up b. The chief is in love c. He is talking about medium dry imported sherry d. At last they've found the man who kidnaped Charlie Ross ###

Fouquet's of Hollywood

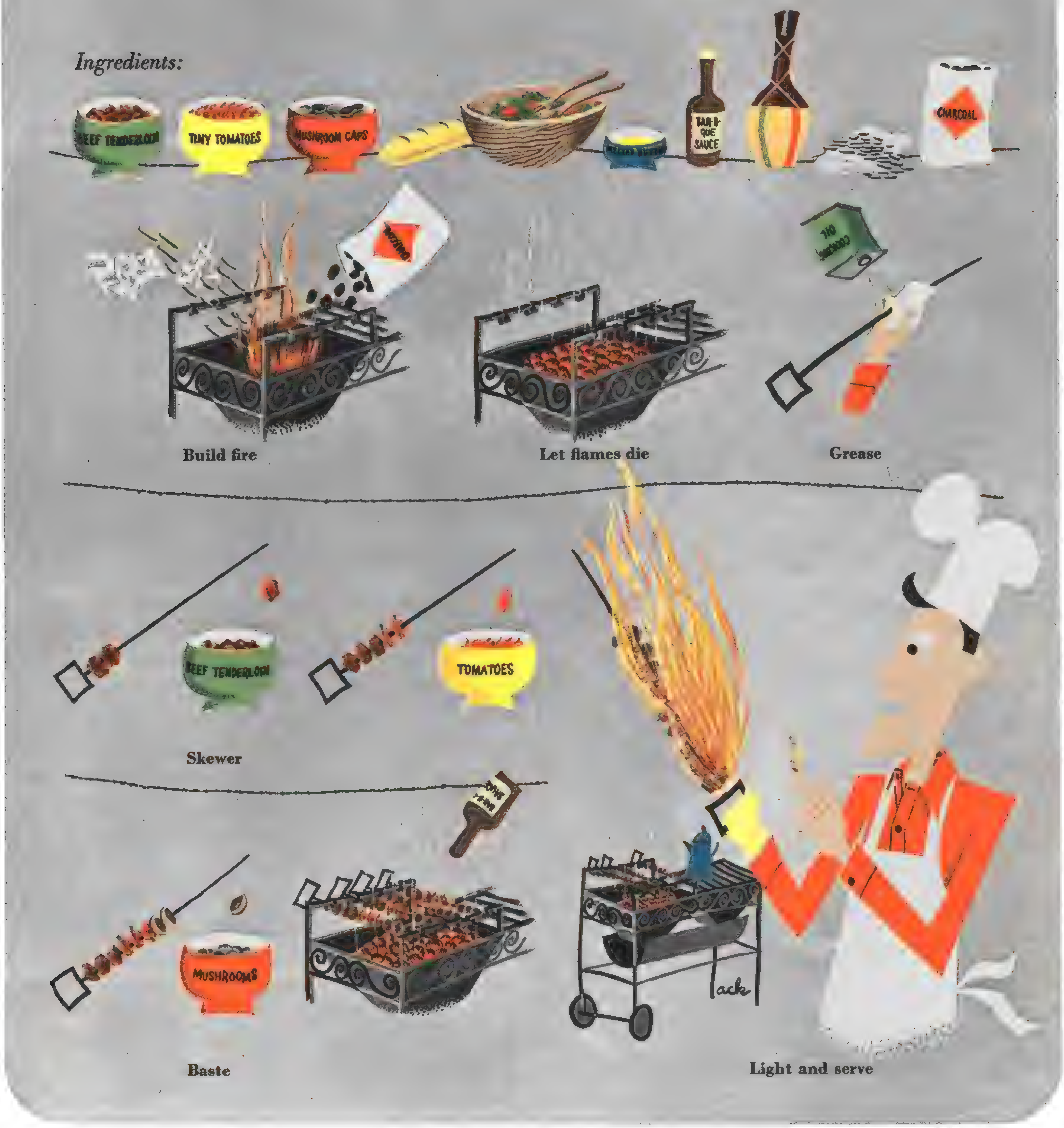
People who know Paris agree that the most nostalgic scene in the movie, The Arch of Triumph, *is laid at Fouquet's—the famed sidewalk café which greets all Gauls at Champs Élysées and Avenue George V. It only goes to show what a reasonable facsimile Enterprise can construct—by tearing off the top of the petty-cash box, and $85,000. Here it was that Ravic, the surgeon, drank Calvados while he stalked his Gestapo prey. Here his estranged sweetheart explained with the feminine fiction that surpasses truth: "Everyone comes to Fouquet's every day." In the above photograph of the apparently time-mellowed bar are Albert Godderis and Florence Clayton, brilliantly at home abroad. Miss Clayton is a veteran actress; Godderis, a protégé of Escoffier, who served three ruling monarchs in his day.*

Answers

1. a
2. c
3. c
4. d
5. a
6. b
7. b
8. d
9. a
10. b
11. a
12. b
13. b
14. d
15. c

Grilling en Brochette

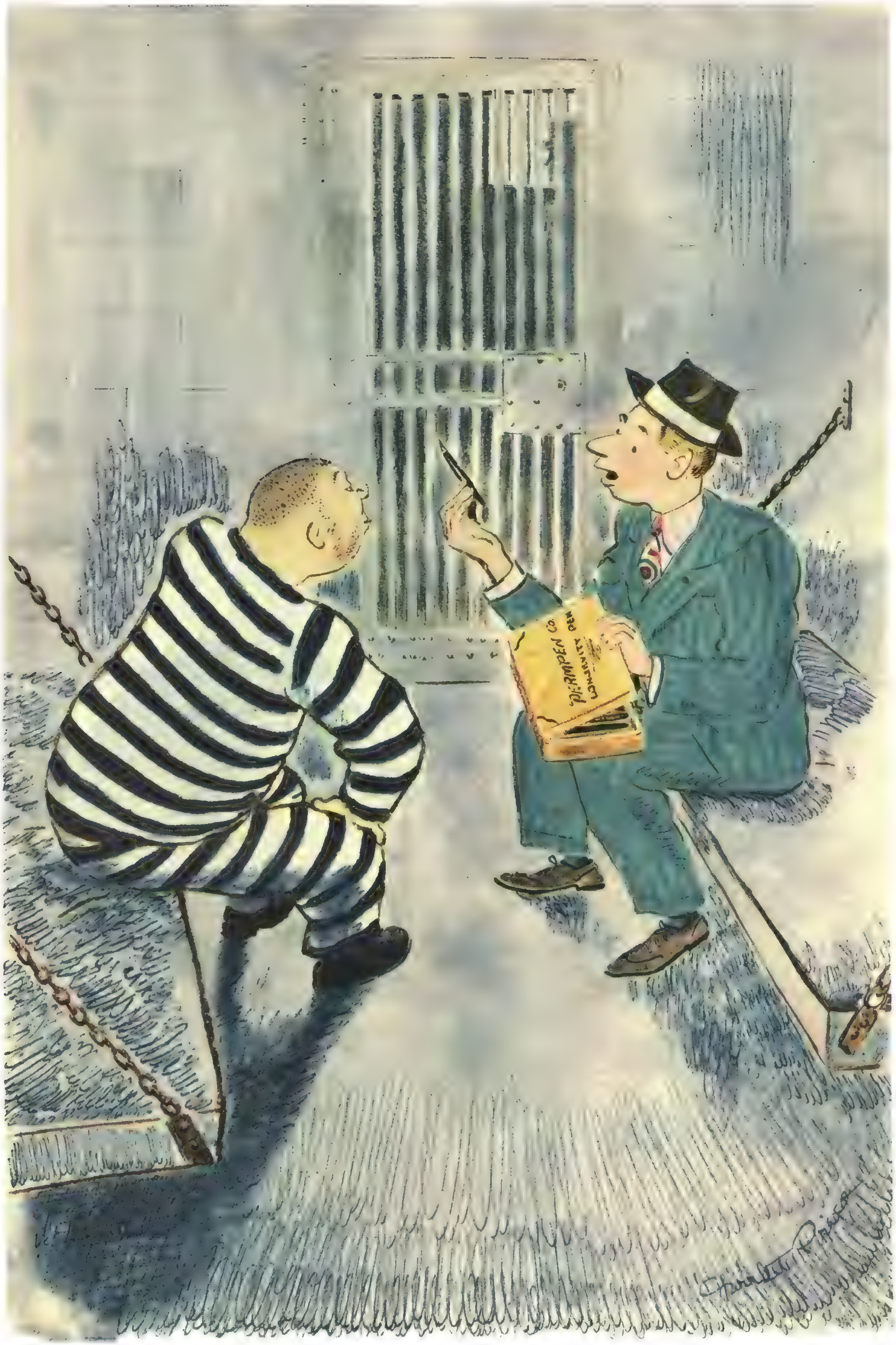
(Skewer Method)


Ingredients:
BEEF TENDERLOIN
TINY TOMATOES
MUSHROOM CAPS
BAR-B-QUE SAUCE
CHARCOAL
COOKING OIL
Build fire
Let flames die
Grease
BEEF TENDERLOIN
TOMATOES
Skewer
MUSHROOMS
Baste
Light and serve

Esquire's
LOOK AND COOK
Recipe No. 8

Sketches by Herb Ackerman

Stand back, folks, and give the performer room to work. If you please, Professor. Professor means you. You're on with the most sensational feat ever performed in a back yard. It is known as Grilling en Brochette, using the Skewer Method. Of course, Cossacks used to do it with their swords, but if you don't have your sword handy a skewer is impressive enough, and a spectacular means of getting chow to the dinner table. So, if you would like to amaze and dazzle your friends, bend an ear: First build a fire as indicated and let it burn down to glowing coals. Put your ingredients on the skewer and broil, basting with barbecue sauce. When done, add a bit of alcohol-soaked cotton, and serve in a blaze of glory. Wine accompaniment: American Chianti.


PERMPEN CO.
LONGEVITY PEN

"And it's guaranteed for life!"

PHILIP KAPPEL

Close-up of an all-year-round resort for those in search of peace and relaxation

Bermuda—Peaceful Islands

by RICHARD JOSEPH

In the high-blown tourist world of fancy folders, inflated adjectives and frenetic chambers of commerce—where every millstream is likened to the Amazon, and "alpine" is used to describe any bump on the horizon—the average Bermudian is deemed nuts.

This is due to his quaint practice of trying to tell the truth about the tourist attractions of his islands. Not that any unique stream of honesty pumps through the veins of these descendants of pirates. It's just that the Bermudian is impelled by "enlightened self-interest."

He is horned by the dilemma of having to sell Bermuda as a vacation resort and at the same time trying to prevent tourists from lousing up his lovely landscape. He has to live with them, all year round, right there in the twenty-two square miles of his islands. His efforts to solve this basic problem have resulted in Bermuda's development as a unique type of resort, seeking and appealing to an equally singular kind of visitor.

Bermuda has, in the first place, no night life. Oh, there's dancing after dinner at some of the hotels, a few bars in Hamilton—things like that. But there's no night life of the type sought by most tourists. And no gambling and no racing—horse or dog.

Bermuda has very consciously prevented the opening of night clubs and the development of gambling simply because it wishes to avoid what it terms the "sporting" type of visitor.

What it seeks, frankly, is the tourist who will enjoy cycling, golf, tennis, swimming, sailing, fishing, riding and loafing in an atmosphere of really idyllic beauty; then be satisfied to have a drink or two after dinner, take a couple of turns around the dance floor, and hit the sack. Bermuda is, in other words, a wonderful spot for the guy who enjoys active sports, likes to soak up scenery, or needs a good rest.

What to do: If you like to cycle, you're in. Cycling is far and away the best way to see the islands and to get around in general. All over the islands you'll find cycle stores where you can hire a bike. Standard rates are fifty cents per hour, $1.50 per day, $5 per week.

Pedal around the nine parishes, all of which have a different character and landscape. You'll be able to cover all the principal islands in a few days. A favorite method of sight-seeing is to cycle to your day's destination, then put your bike on a ferry or the quaint (and we mean quaint) railroad. Or go there by boat or train, depending on their schedules, and cycle back.

Cycle out along the south shore road through Warwick and Southampton, if you've got strong legs. The road is rough, but the scenery makes it worth-while. You'll find plenty of secluded, rock-sheltered coves where there's nobody around and you can go swimming in the buff and dry out on pink and white sands.

Next best means of sight-seeing is by horse and carriage. The clop-clop of the horse's hoofs, an aural trade-mark of Bermuda, will hypnotize you into another world, and you'll really be able to absorb the landscape. The rates for carriages average about a dollar a mile.

Don't make the mistake of saying foo on sight-seeing—not in Bermuda. The things you'll see, hear and smell as you cycle or ride along the narrow, winding roads are the memories of Bermuda you'll take home with you. You'll be riding along a green-lined path which reminds you of the English countryside. You come up over the brow of a hill and suddenly you'll see and hear the pounding of the surf against the rocks—and you're in Brittany or on the coast of Maine. Down goes the road, away from the sea, and you're among the palm trees and banana plantations of Brazil. Up again you climb, and the road leads through a grove of cedars that looks just like Canada.

While you're on the road, you'll probably want to stop in at the Aquarium—a Taj Mahal of aquariums, or aquaria—if you like aquariums, or aquaria. Near by are the Angel's Grotto and the Devil's Hole (what juxtaposition!) where you can lean over, drop a line baited with bread, and have a shark or other deep-sea type leap up at your line.

Assuming you're a sucker for stalagmites and stalactites, you'll have a time at the Leamington and Crystal Caves. Us, we preferred to go to the Swizzle Inn, and swizzle. Then there's the Gibb's Hill lighthouse, on the highest point in the islands, where you can climb up and grab yourself a panorama.

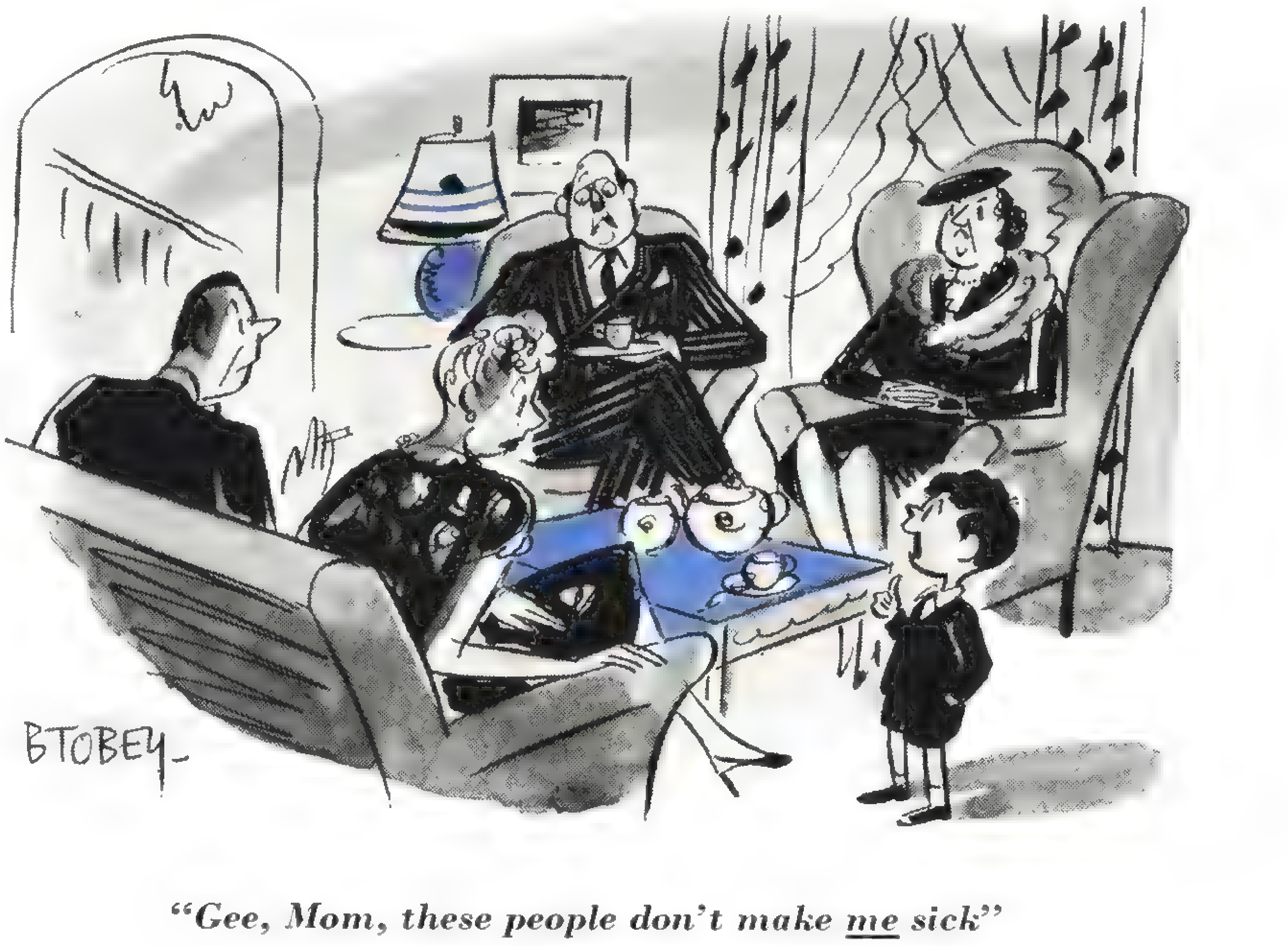
Although Bermuda's fishing facilities haven't been well developed, the fish seem to be unaware of it, so you can usually get yourself a fish, if you can find a rig. Boats hire at $40 per day for a party of four, including your amberfish, wahoo, tuna, rockfish, marlin, shark, or whatever else you can drag in.

Should you choose just to float around, and let the fish alone, you can hire a sailboat or motorboat through your hotel or guest house, or the Visitor's Service Bureau in Hamilton. Bermuda is, of course, a great yachting center.

You've got practically the entire sylvan shoreline from which to swim, or if you prefer to survey beach developments, you can go where there are women. This includes public, semiprivate and private beach clubs to be found all along the more attractive and accessible sections along the water's edge. Coral Beach is one of the finest of the private clubs. Admission to the more private places depends pretty much on introductions and where you're staying, since many hotels and guest houses can extend beach-club privileges to their guests. Which brings us to the hotel question.

Where to stay: This is rather more important in Bermuda than at other resorts, since what you do and where you do it may be determined very largely by where you're staying.

Accommodations in Bermuda may be classified roughly under three main categories: hotels, guest houses and private homes with rooms to rent. Right at the beginning, in consider- *(Continued on page 216)*



"Gee, Mom, these people don't make ***me*** *sick"*

Having looked on Hilda, Skinner's war of nerves with the Boss was a picnic compared to his inner conflict with the male animal

WM. DUBOIS

The Best of Relations

by MEL MATISON

The executive staff of the Mamouth Company in Centerville consists of Old Man Torrance, who is the factory manager, six yes men and me.

The Old Man calls a staff meeting one day and tells us he is thinking of reopening the factory cafeteria. Since it's the Old Man's idea, the staff members cheer themselves hoarse. All but me. The Old Man glares at me across the shiny mahogany conference table.

"What's the matter, Skinner?" he says, his voice as gentle as a riveting machine. "Don't you like the idea?"

I take a deep breath and say a word that is poison to him. "No."

"Why not?" he barks.

Calmly I recall to him the prewar mess we have with the cafeteria, how we have a different cook every month. The food stays punk and employees keep away like the place is quarantined. "Furthermore," I say, "we now have sixteen eating places within a block of the factory and most of the help bring sandwiches from home anyway. The cafeteria is a waste of dough, Boss."

For a minute there is dead silence. My staff brothers are pale.

"Bill," the Old Man says, and I am suspicious of his friendly use of my first name. "Remember this. The cafeteria is a morale builder. It improves relations between the company and the employees." His voice is now crescendo. "You're the efficiency man in this factory. Your job is boosting production—stick to it." He gets up from his chair. "Gentlemen, the cafeteria opens next week."

Three days later I see coming down the factory steps a girl with blonde hair which falls to her shoulders. Her face is a passport to Hollywood and she fills her dress like department-store dummies do. With her is Warren Dewey, the personnel manager. It is six months since Warren and I have exchanged a civil word.

"Hel-lo, Warren, how've you been?" I say in a burst of friendship.

Warren's thin mustache twitches. I am the last person he wants to see. But I have blocked his way at the foot of the steps. He can't climb over me. He stops. Naturally, so does the gal.

Looking at her soft blue eyes I feel exactly like I did when I made my first parachute jump in the Army—suspended in mid-air.

"I'd like you to meet Bill Skinner," Warren says reluctantly. "Bill, this is Hilda Jones, who is going to be our new cafeteria cook."

"You're just the man I want to see, Mr. Skinner," she says in a voice you can pour on griddle cakes. "I understand I must have your approval on requisitions for equipment. Would you sign some for me?"

I ignore the male animal in me and in a businesslike manner ask her what kind of equipment she wants.

She tells me the cafeteria needs atmosphere. We should throw in some window drapes, lounge chairs, billiard tables, card tables, a juke box for dancing, vases for every table and murals on the walls.

Dewey says, "Marvelous, Hilda, a wonderful idea."

I give him a dirty look. He returns it in spades since his face is perfect for expression. I turn to Miss Jones again and, with maximum self-control, I tone down my insult.

"You're job is to feed the help, not build a vacation lodge for them."

"Of course, Mr. Skinner," she says soothingly. "But just think how we can improve employee-employer relations."

"Miss Jones," I say, "the Mamouth Rubber Company is not a social agency. We manufacture galoshes here. The more galoshes we make, the more money the help get. That's the way to build better relations."

Miss Jones extends her hand to me. "It's been nice meeting you, Mr. Skinner," she says and a pigeon can't coo any softer.

I stand there watching her walk across the yard with Dewey. That part of me which has no use for a factory cafeteria is giving way to that part of me which has appreciation for lovely womanhood.

The next time I see her is Saturday night when I drop in on the Mamouth Dance at Veterans Hall. The music is going full blast. I walk around the dance floor, saying hello to about ninety people. Then Warren Dewey and Hilda Jones dance by. She wears a light-blue outfit which leaves very little room for breathing.

I give Dewey a violent tap on the back, he lets go of Hilda, and I reach for her. She fits into my arms like she is measured for them. She looks at me and I get that parachute feeling.

We find an opening and do a few fancy steps. She dances like she looks. When the number is over I take her hand and lead her out for some air. The moon looks big enough to bust, we hear the music in the distance, the May breeze is cool, but so is Hilda.

"Bill," she says, "I'd like to talk to you about the cafeteria." I am a jerk to think she had noticed my face, physique or intellect.

"Is that what you came out here to talk about?"

"Not entirely," she says, moving closer.

Right away I see I am being softened up for the kill.

"Hilda," I tell her point-blank, "the cafeteria affects me exactly like a severe case of ptomaine poisoning. Now that we understand each other, do we stay here or go back to Veterans Hall?"

By now Hilda is walking fast. "I don't know where you're going, but wherever it is, it's without me."

Monday morning I hear her voice on the factory public-address system. "Good morning, Mamouth workers. This is Hilda Jones, your cafeteria cook. Today's special is a T-bone steak, smothered in onions and mushrooms, with side dishes of French-fried potatoes, cucumbers and tomatoes. You will like the hot rolls, too, all you want with your order. And try the special dessert, strawberry shortcake. The cafeteria is yours, Mamouth workers. It's the company's way of building better relations . . ."

When the noon whistle toots I am thinking about that T-bone steak. Also, I wonder if Hilda

"It was easy, dear—all I had to do was make a fool of myself"

Jones only talks a good meal, like all our other cafeteria cooks. It takes will power for me to pass up the cafeteria and walk over to Hamburger Haven around the corner. Today more than ever the food there tastes like boiled sawdust.

When I get back to the office, Basil Slocum and Joe Higgins, my assistants, are at their desks, very depressed.

"What a madhouse," says Joe. "The way they jammed into that cafeteria you'd think they were giving away gold bricks."

"Never mind the mob scene," I say, "how was the food?"

"We don't know," says Basil. "By the time we were able to get to the counter all that was left were doughnuts and coffee."

We hear La Jones on the public-address system apologizing for not taking care of the big rush, promising that tomorrow there will be twice as much food. She says, "From the reception you gave the cafeteria today we may need more space and perhaps some other features that will make the cafeteria a happy place for you all."

Reports trickle in about the cafeteria's wonderful food and at the end of the shift I get a summons from the Old Man.

He is pacing the floor of his office, his face full of storm clouds.

"Mr. Skinner," he says in a dry voice, "do you recall saying the cafeteria was useless for building employer-employee relations?"

"That's right, Boss."

"It will interest you to know the reopening of the cafeteria was a success. The food was a sellout, and your theory about the cafeteria was wrong. But the worst of it is, Skinner, you have more than undone the good will the cafeteria has built."

STATE UNIVERSITY
REGISTRAR'S OFFICE
B TOBEY

"What courses should I take to catch a rich fellow who can give me furs and red convertibles?"

He folds his arms, Indian style. I wait.

"Today, Skinner," and he is roaring, "production took a twenty-five per cent drop. What do you say to that?"

I open my mouth but no words come out. A twenty-five per cent drop—an earthquake can't shake me any more.

"I want to know what's wrong, Skinner. I want you to get that production back where it belongs. I want the factory back on schedule."

I drag back to my office and break the news to Basil and Joe.

"There's only one thing for us to do," I tell them. "We'll go in the plant with stop watches tomorrow and time the key jobs."

In the morning I am in the last-stripping room at the toot of the eight-o'clock whistle. Last-stripping has nothing to do with Gypsy Rose Lee. It's a job of pulling the galosh off the aluminum last.

I begin timing Rudy Marder at the first table. He snaps a last out of the heater car, positions it on the table, gets a good grip on the top of the galosh, yanks it off and in one motion flips it into the truck on the other side of the table and tosses the last onto the truck next to it. At the pace he is going, Rudy is running about fifteen per cent ahead of schedule, and I can find nothing wrong with that.

Not only that, but he could do even better if it weren't for the interruptions on the public-address system by the Jones woman. Her speeches on the day's specials send Rudy into a trance.

I am by no means unaffected myself.

Next I time Duke Ward and it's the same story. Duke is right up there with Rudy, suffering lapses only when Hilda speaks.

The other four men are also running ahead of schedule. Just before lunch I have ten pages of figures and can't understand what goes wrong with yesterday's production.

The lunch whistle blows and I head for the cafeteria. There is a terrific contest at the food counters but I manage to come up with a plate of Balkan goulash. Before I swallow the first bite I know I am launched on a new adventure. In twenty-eight years of baby, junior and adult food eating in the United States, France, Germany and way stations, I have never tasted anything like it. What Balkan goulash is I don't know but I find a few familiar items: prunes, carrots, tomatoes, potatoes and veal, or maybe it's filet mignon. I have to admit Hilda cooks like she looks.

Normally I am not a second-helping man, but this isn't a normal situation. When I clean up the Balkan goulash I go up to the counter for a duplicate order and while there I notice a dessert called fruit potpourri, a bowl of apple slivers, hunks of pineapple, chunks of watermelon, squashed cherries and a whipped cream surface that sinks to the bottom and joins up with a wine sauce. I put away the second helping of the goulash and find the fruit potpourri a perfect chaser. As I am wondering what to eat next, the whistle blows.

Getting up from the table is a tough job. I am logy, drowsy and at peace, the same feeling I get from a Thanksgiving dinner. It takes all my energy to get back to the last-stripping room. It also takes very little imagination to know what will happen next.

The six last-strippers straggle in. They, too, are suffering from food fatigue, a new occupational disease. Rudy slowly bends over to the heater car, reaches for a last and gradually puts it on the table. His spirit may be willing, but you don't strip lasts with spirit. He yawns, burps and turns to Duke at the next table.

"What a meal," Rudy says. "That baked ham was perfect. I had three helpings. That Jones gal sure can cook."

Duke is half asleep on his last. He pats his stomach. "You said it, Rudy. I had two orders of roast beef and three hunks of pie. Working on this job sure gives a guy an appetite."

The four other last-strippers are also drugged with food. What one man turns out before lunch the six of them won't produce all afternoon. I keep the stop watch going—I want the figures.

I realize Hilda is on the spot. Her cooking is to blame and I will have to be the informer. Hilda will get the first installment on the billiard tables she wants—an 8-ball to hide behind.

After I go back to the office, Basil and Joe come in looking like two pictures of Columbus sighting land. Joe grabs my hand and almost shakes it off. Basil slaps my back until it aches.

"We've got it," Joe says. "Before lunch they're right on the button or better. Then they eat so much they go back to work in a fog."

"Our schedules don't allow for that kind of eating," Basil says. "How did you make out, Bill?"

We compare notes, I make a few passes with a slide rule and begin typing a report. I think guys in my field should be fumigated.

I have three pages typed when the Old Man comes in.

"Well, what's the story?" he asks. "Production was worse today."

I hand him the three typed pages. His eyes bulge at the first page. He starts pacing the floor when he reads the second page and as he finishes the third page he is practically running.

"That's ridiculous," he says, "blaming the loss of production on overeating."

He waits for me to sound off, and Basil and Joe look at me, their eyes pleading for me to sail into him. I'm their boss, I'm the spokesman. But I don't speak.

"Well," says the Old Man, "are you going to defend your report?"

I look past him and out the window, toward the cafeteria.

"I don't like this, Skinner," he says. "You're holding something back. You two, Higgins and Slocum, are you sure you didn't get together on this deal and figure it out in advance?"

Having been spoken to, the boys are free to answer. Which they do, plenty. By the time they get through spouting comparative figures, backed up by an analysis of their motion studies, the Old Man is scratching his head and mumbling, "Hmmm." His face, never a beacon of beauty, now has more wrinkles than an unironed shirt.

"Well, Bill," he says in the gentlest voice I ever hear out of him, "that does it. That's the last straw. The cafeteria is a jinx. First I have lousy cooks and that's no good. Now I get a good cook and it's worse." He runs his hand through his hair. "We'll close the cafeteria."

My heart takes a quick trip to my shoes and I pop forward in my swivel chair. "No, Boss—you can't do that."

Having me disagree with him brings back a little of the Old Man's ginger. He scowls. "What's ailing you, Skinner? I thought you were against the cafeteria. Don't you ever want to be right?"

"Look, Boss," I say, "closing up the cafe-

(*Continued on page 199*)

Take it from a hardy outdoorsman, there's nothing that will brace the nerves and stir the blood like hunting in the rain

CHURCHILL ETTINGER

The Duck and I

by BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

I do not understand all this joyous hubbub about bringing wild ducks back from near-extinction. A few years ago we had them almost licked. But now the Federal Government, Ducks Unlimited, and fanatic individuals by the thousands are spending good money to aid and abet the enemy. I cannot be convinced that these people know what is good for America.

In my opinion, the wild duck has caused greater suffering among mankind than Torquemada, and today constitutes a menace more serious than Bilbo, Rankin and Gerald K. Smith, each with two heads and four mouths. Let me show you why . . .

Hear that hideous ringing? That, bud, is just the start—an alarm clock, bonging away at one a. m. Of course, you just crawled in an hour ago, since you didn't finish getting your gear together until midnight. But come now, bounce out of bed. Slap your feet on that ice-cold floor. Slip into that nice itchy woolen underwear.

Eyes open? Okay, down that stiff shot of straight rye. Now, now, don't balk. Every duck hunter must whip down a slug the minute he gets up, smack his lips, and say, "Ah—wonderful!"

Of course, you don't feel hungry. Your stomach is in terrible shape. But you must pack away a stack of undercooked wheat cakes, a half-dozen eggs, and eight coffees—then beat your chest and grin. After all, the duck hunter is the rugged outdoor type.

Now then, as an aid to your indigestion, just stroll over to the window and have a look outside. See the lovely drizzle going on out there, the kind that freezes to trees, boots, boats, and gunstocks?

"What a beautiful morning," your partner beams. You beam, too: "If it just doesn't clear up!—This is terrific!" See? You can match his act any day.

You pull on a pair of stiff, cold boots that leak some and are still wet from yesterday's marsh scouting.

You gather your gear, back the car out. Heaving and grunting, the two of you struggle to get that featherweight duck boat atop the car. Yeah, *featherweight.* Eight men could handle it with ease. And—ah! That delightful trickle of ice water down your neck! *Soooo* refreshing.

Now then, you're practically ready for the fifty-mile drive to that good spot nobody else knows about. All you have to do is put guns and decoys in the car. Well, of course there are a few minor items—the charcoal stove for the bottom of the boat, the bag of charcoal, a half case of shells apiece, water jugs, lunch, the roll-up marsh-grass blind which fits around the boat. And wait, have you checked to see that your license, duck stamp, duck call, camera, jackknife, matches, cigarettes, pint of rye, aspirin tablets, sunglasses (just in case), extra dry socks, duck strap, boot patches and flashlight are all in their proper places?

What's that? You're soaked already? Oh, come now, you're hardly even damp—so far. Keep your mind on how much the little woman is going to love those cute mud tracks around the kitchen, where you've been traipsing in and out. And the slamming doors and dropped equipment.

Tough so far? My friend, you may as well face it. This getting ready is but the prelude to horror. Not a shot has been fired, and you're tired, sick in the stomach, wet, ugly, disgusted. You'd better make like happy, though, if it kills you. Remember, you're a REAL outdoorsman—a duck hunter!

Jump in the car, now, and let's be off. Look at the freezing rain beating against the windshield. Here! Don't turn that heater on! You want to go soft? Listen to the mud splattering under the fenders. Not enjoying the ride? Relax, man! You'll soon be there. It's irritating, of course, to be inside a car with weather like this going on outside, but you'll soon be out in it. Settle down!

Your partner is chuckling. "I'm thinking about Joe," he says. "Joe NEVER does any good, poor guy, but every year he goes right back to that little pothole within a half mile of town—just because he got his limit there, ten years ago."

You remind him that neither of you has done any good to speak of at any of the wonderful secret spots you've picked out, either—except once, *fifteen* years ago. "Maybe this year," you suggest, "we should have gone with Joe, like he wanted."

Your partner scoffs. "This time we've REALLY got a setup. Thousands of ducks. And all to ourselves. The twenty-five bucks I gave the farmer clinched THAT deal."

At last you are groping your way out into the dark waters of the marsh. Rain is driving down in buckets. That's nothing. You've fallen flat in the mud six times, getting the boat into the water, gone over your boots twice. Too bad the car is stuck. Maybe a wrecker can get it out later, if it doesn't get stuck, too.

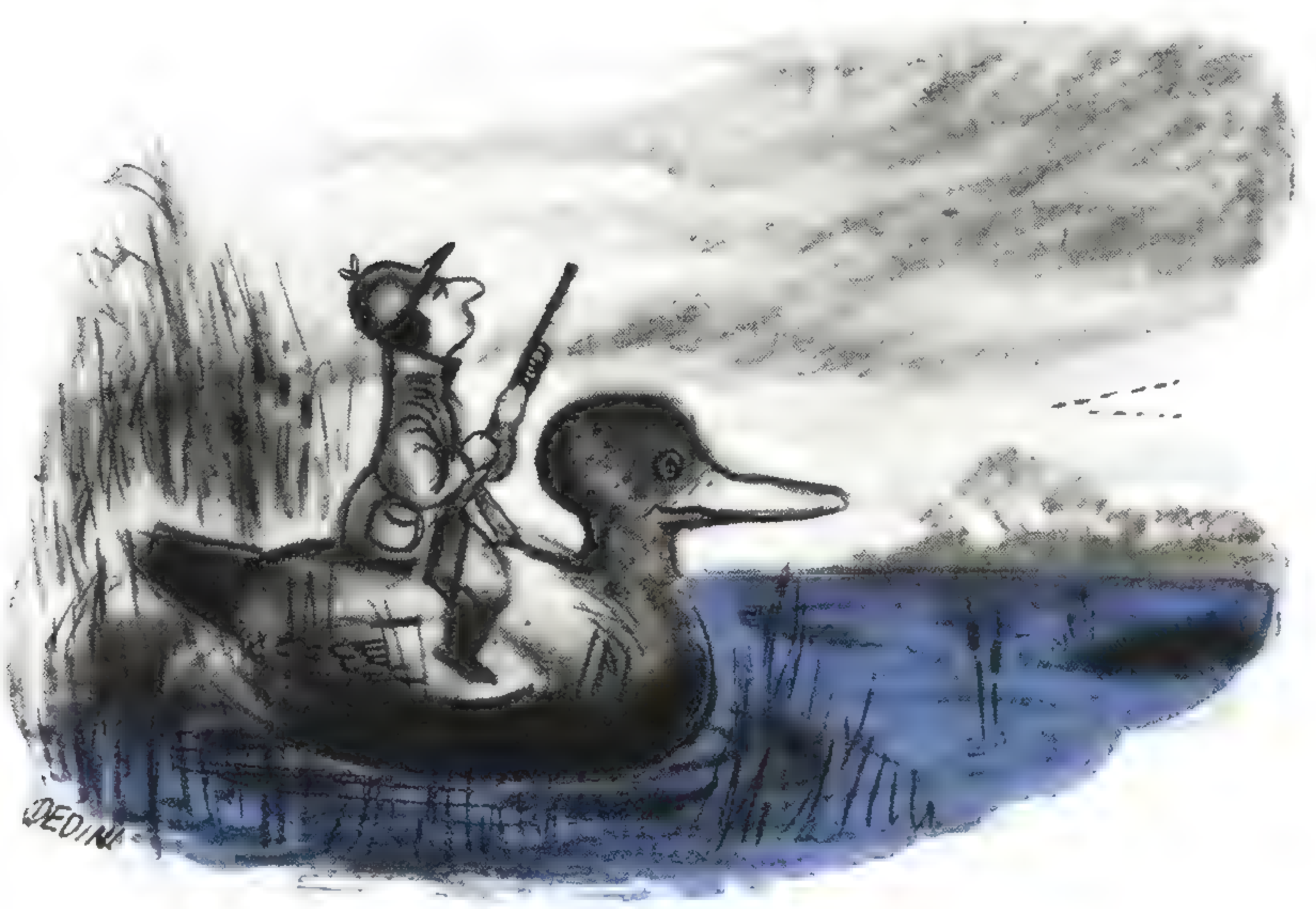
The tarpaulin you've spread over your gear leaks, of course. The charcoal stove is submerged. The charcoal is soaked. Lunch is disintegrating. Shell boxes are falling apart. You better start bailing, bud, but quick!

In the darkness, you lose an oar. Here! Put down that flashlight! Wanna scare the ducks?

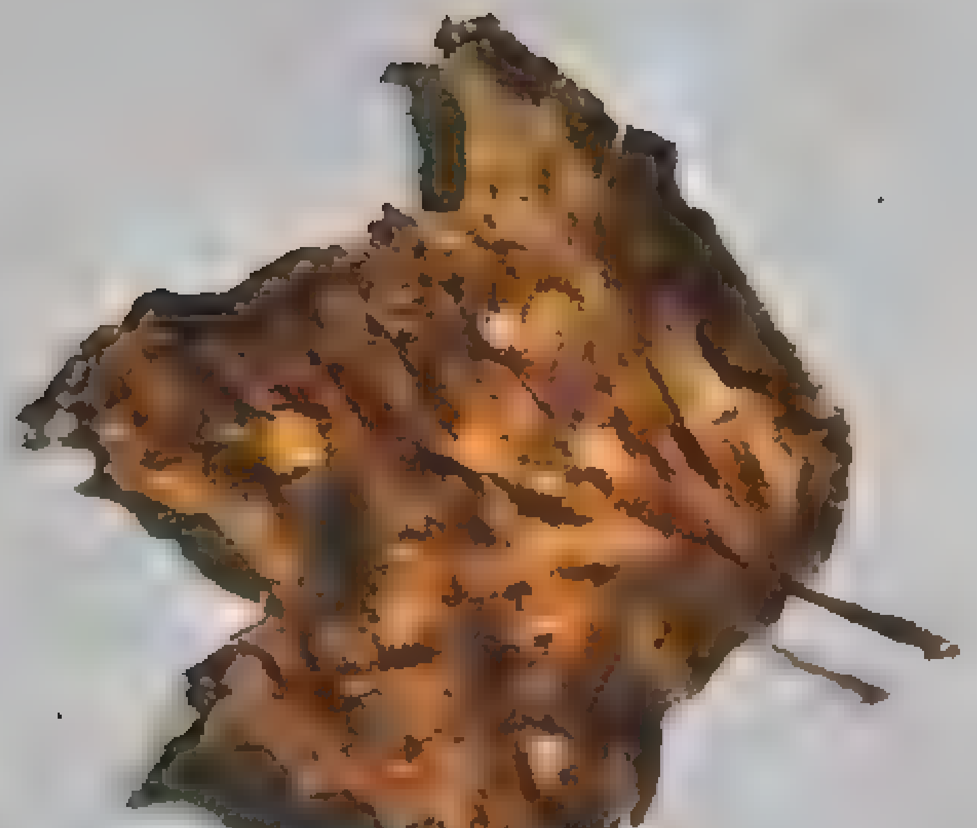
Oar retrieved at last, you fumble away at setting out the fifty-odd decoys. Their anchor strings tangle. The boat keeps drifting. Oars catch the decoys, bowl them over. Don't bother to curse. Save your breath to blow upon your frozen hands.

"Psst," your partner hisses, looking at the luminous dial of his watch. "Only three more minutes till shooting time."

Oh joy of joys! Only three more minutes of this sodden freezing and drowning, then you can begin blasting holes in the sky. Of course you won't be able to SEE anything this early, but you can shoot at sounds and shadows. All duck hunters do, you know. The stiff gale begins to clear the sky. Holding your gun at ready, so that water trickles down inside your sleeve, you wait, (*Continued on page 190*)



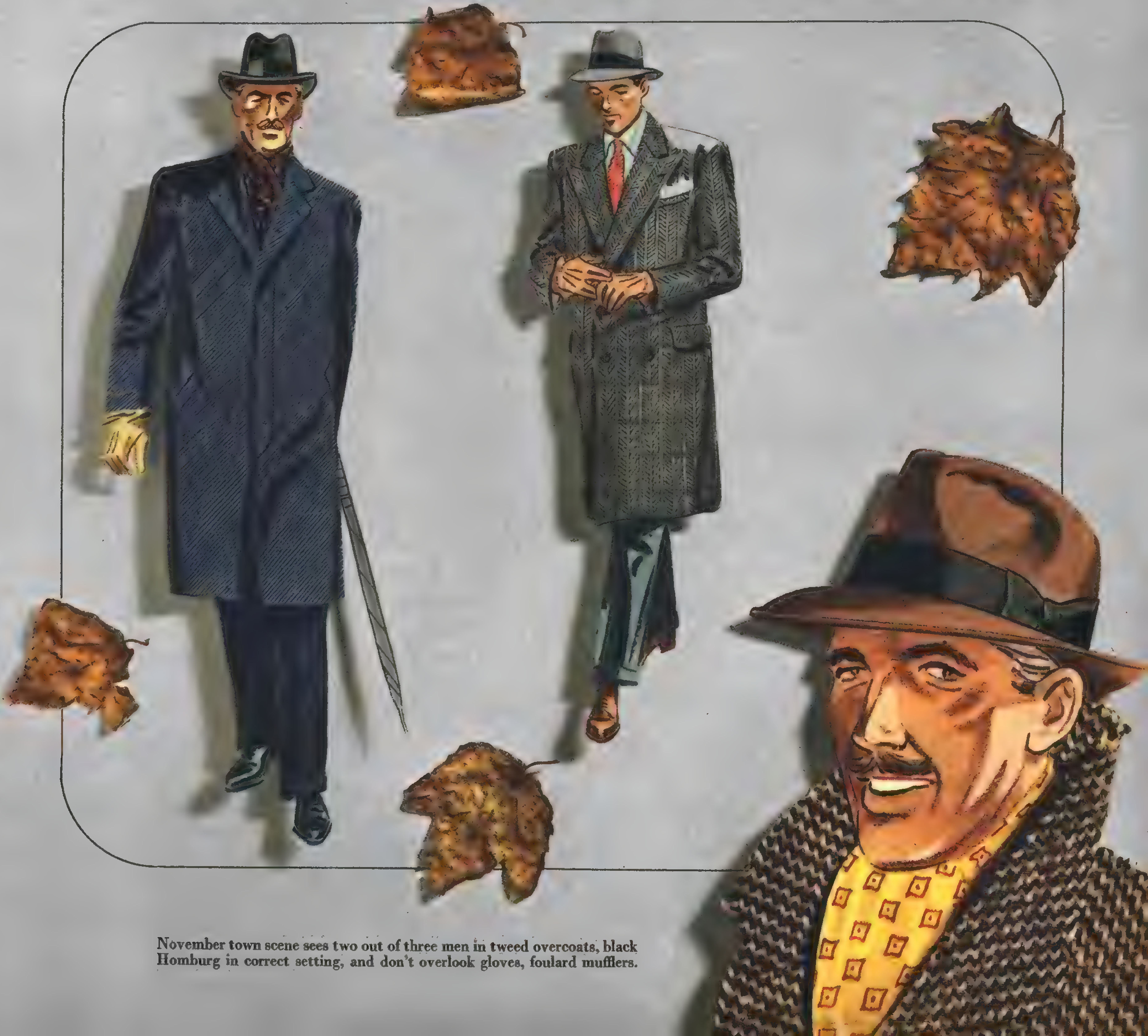
Thirty days for assorted doings, and Esquire advances a number of wardrobe ideas that'll do you in good style whether you're duck shooting on a frosty morning or attending a London première



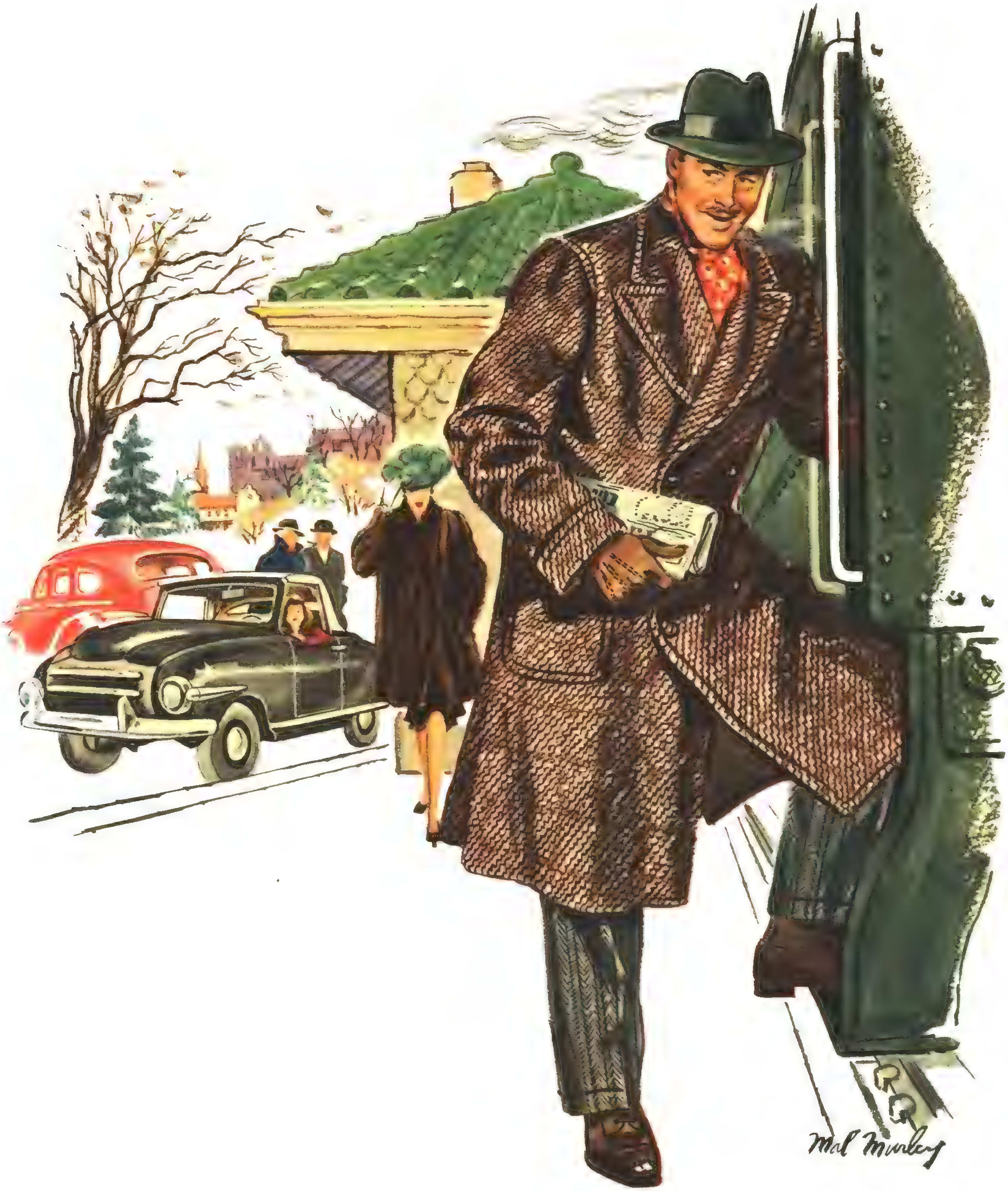
November Sets a Fashionable Pace

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

Ordinarily a month with two turkey-devouring days would give any man cause to celebrate. November, though, goes one better with a choice of nippy week ends in the country, stadia replete with football fans on Saturday afternoons, lengthening evenings in town, and, for the get-away-from-it-alls, there's darned good shooting to be had either upland or along the marshy stretches. Because each activity requires a wardrobe complete unto itself, Esquire has made it easy to choose proper ensembles for whatever diversion may catch your fancy. Should you feel a new addition to your business suits in the offing, then Haze Blue is offered for approval. If you've a hankering for a feather in your hat or a crack at a marauding mammal, then the sketches by Peters-Reiser and Al Pimsler will be more than merely interesting. And should you, by good fortune, find yourself in London of an evening, with theatre tickets to boot, Leslie Saalburg's presentation of the British viewpoint will give you some packing hints. So instead of accepting November as a prelude to long winter months, hearten to the thought that here's a month full of color, contrast, and plenty of new-clothes occasions, too. ⧺



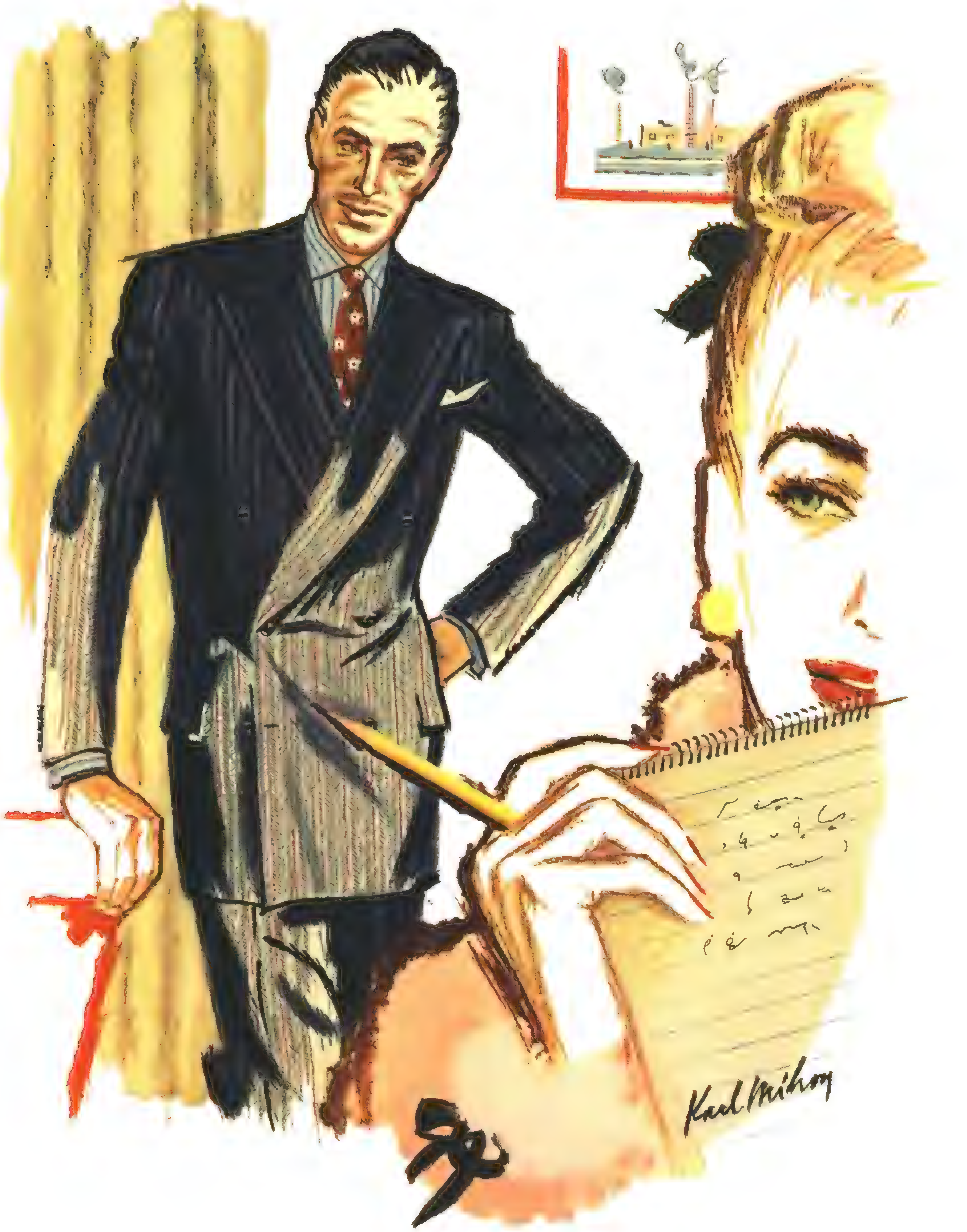
November town scene sees two out of three men in tweed overcoats, black Homburg in correct setting, and don't overlook gloves, foulard mufflers.



COATING THE COMMUTER

Drawing by Mal Murley

There's tweed in every man's life and perhaps more so when faced with a peripatetic day. Home-to-train-to-office and then over again in reverse means hard wear for any outer garment, and this three-button, double-breasted coat is built for that kind of thing: broad lapels, patch pockets, and with an overplaid that creates a zigzag diagonal effect of the brown-and-cream-shade threads. The rust overplaid itself contrasts pleasantly with the background. Hand-stitched pigskin gloves are a primary need for most types of overcoating and the choice of foulard muffler depends on the basic coat color. Here, red and yellow figures fit well. He's eying his new car, and wondering how a mite like that can ride so smoothly. Science, it's wonderful.



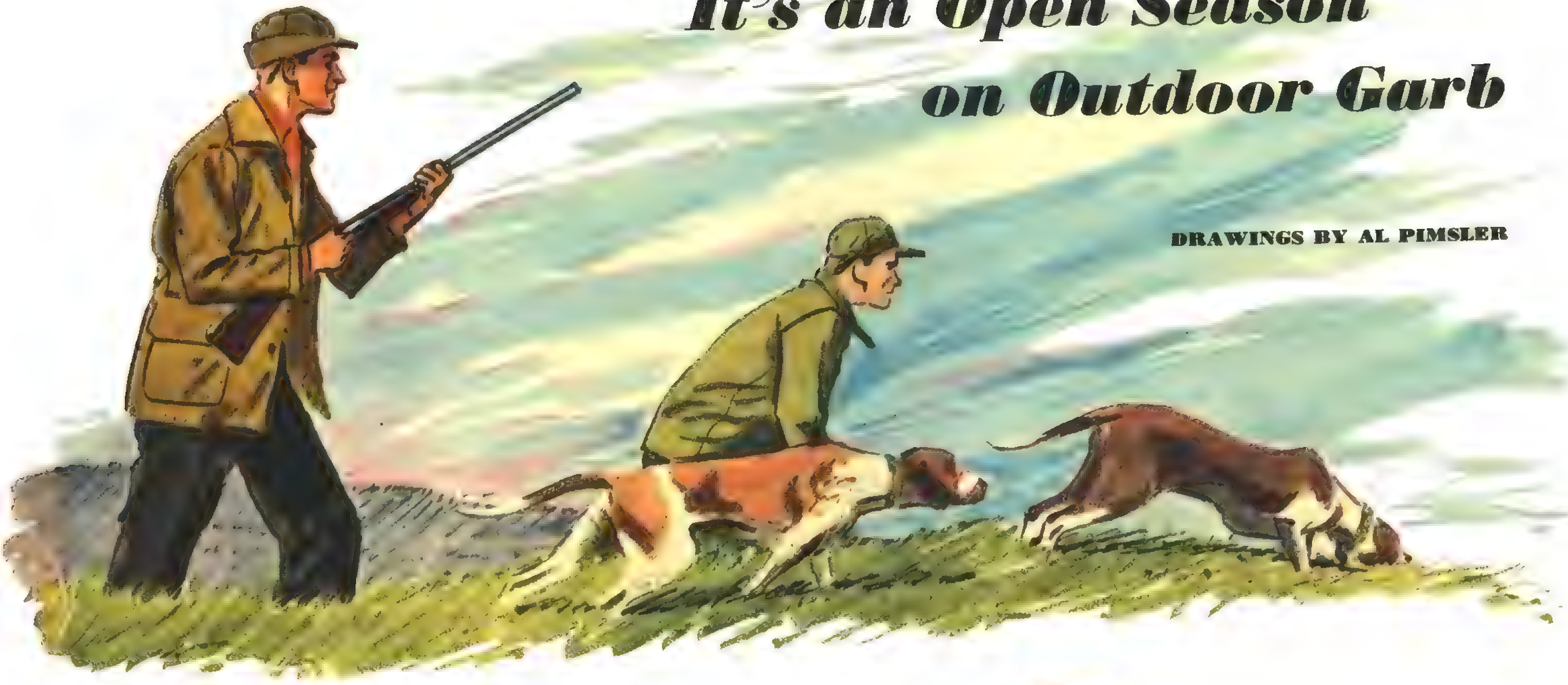
TYPING THE TYCOON

Drawing by Karl Milroy

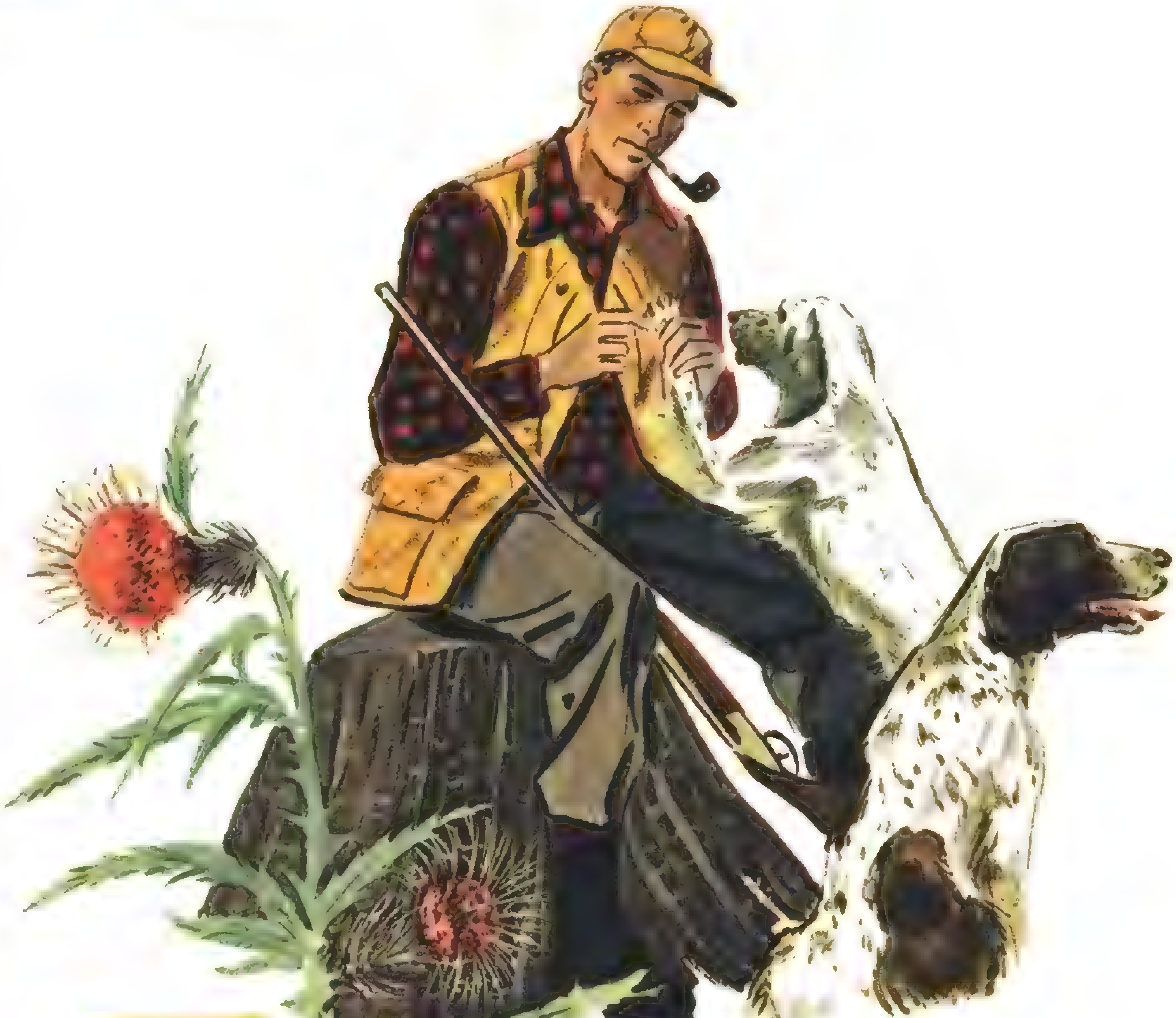
You can hardly blame a girl for trying, but with big business on his mind during daytime hours she's not getting a tumble. Obviously he gives thought to matters other than those that concern management, for his choice of Haze Blue as a color for business wear wasn't a haphazard conclusion. Be a good tip to follow this chap's grooming ideas, for Haze Blue will compliment most men. The worsted fabric of this double-breasted suit is marked by red and lighter blue stripes and shapes up neatly in three-button style. Lapel rolls have gone back to the first button, as you see, giving a more formal fit. Don't know what her notes say, but if there's a steno in the house, it ought to be easy. Odds are it's more like a diary than a dividend report.

It's an Open Season on Outdoor Garb

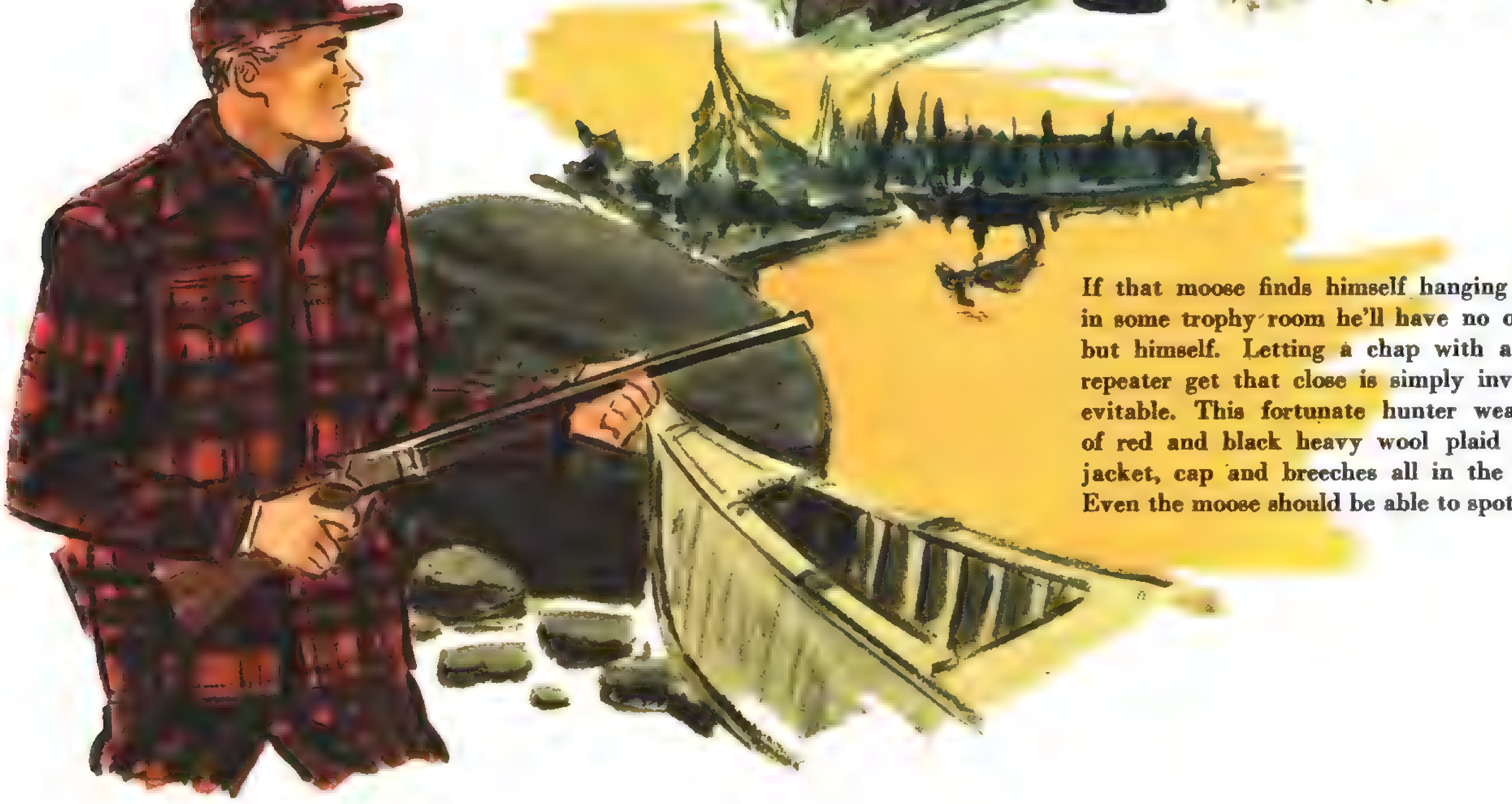
DRAWINGS BY AL PIMSLER



Along with a double-barreled twelve-gauge gun and dogs that know the meaning of pointing, you'll need practical garments for upland bird shooting. The fellow on the left wears brown heavy wool flannel trousers, bright red heavy flannel shirt and a tan processed-cotton jacket with plenty of pocket space. His partner is also in processed cotton, but there's no telling what the dogs have found.

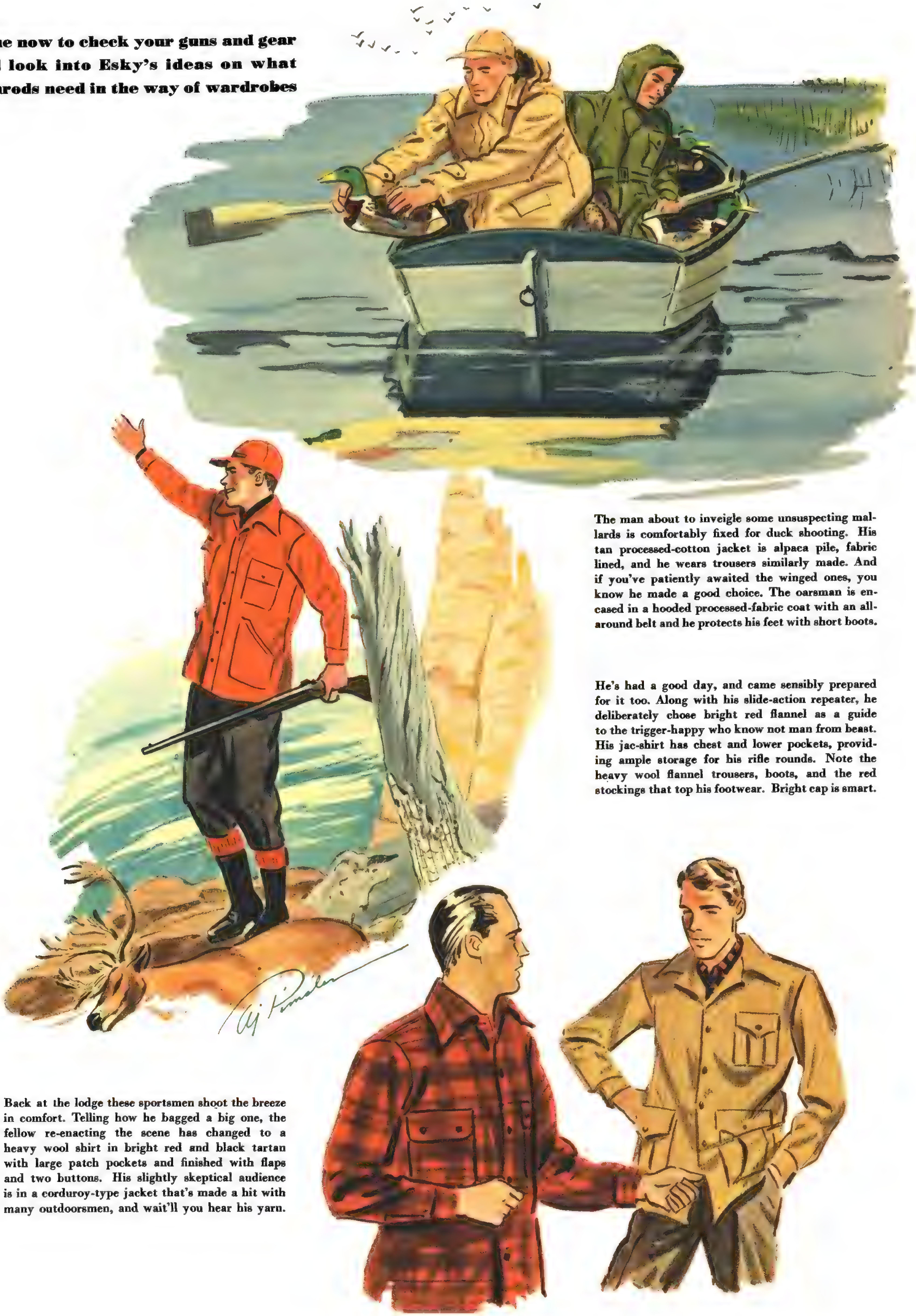


When you take a breather, take some time to examine your four-legged friends. This setter, for instance, wandered among some thistle and needs looking after. His master knows a thing or two about what to wear, for he selected a sleeveless jacket in tan processed-cotton, well pocketed and with a game pocket across the back. His hunting boots are 12″ high and that cap matches the jacket.



If that moose finds himself hanging on the wall in some trophy room he'll have no one to blame but himself. Letting a chap with a lever-action repeater get that close is simply inviting the inevitable. This fortunate hunter wears an outfit of red and black heavy wool plaid consisting of jacket, cap and breeches all in the same fabric. Even the moose should be able to spot those colors.

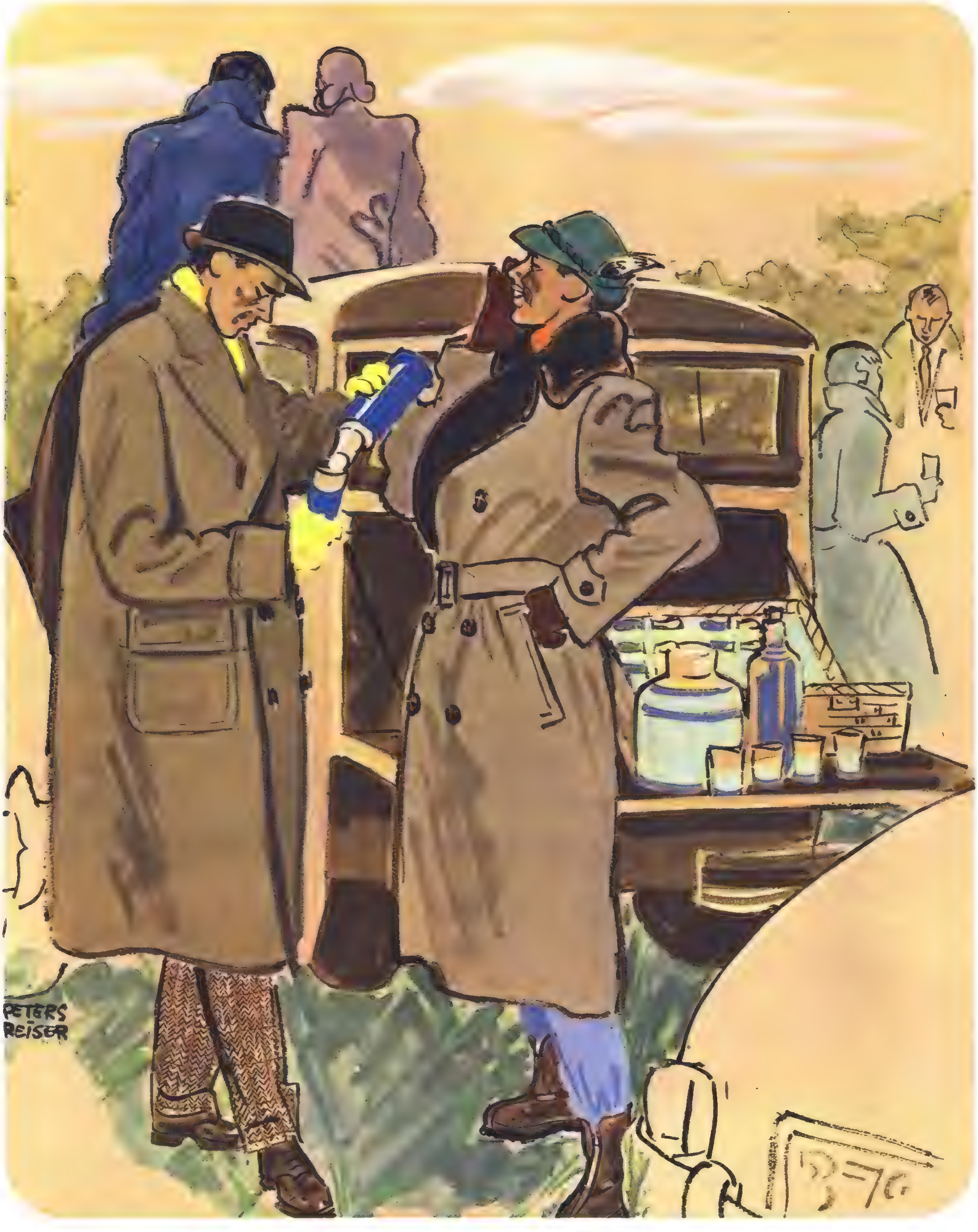
Time now to check your guns and gear and look into Esky's ideas on what nimrods need in the way of wardrobes



The man about to inveigle some unsuspecting mallards is comfortably fixed for duck shooting. His tan processed-cotton jacket is alpaca pile, fabric lined, and he wears trousers similarly made. And if you've patiently awaited the winged ones, you know he made a good choice. The oarsman is encased in a hooded processed-fabric coat with an all-around belt and he protects his feet with short boots.

He's had a good day, and came sensibly prepared for it too. Along with his slide-action repeater, he deliberately chose bright red flannel as a guide to the trigger-happy who know not man from beast. His jac-shirt has chest and lower pockets, providing ample storage for his rifle rounds. Note the heavy wool flannel trousers, boots, and the red stockings that top his footwear. Bright cap is smart.

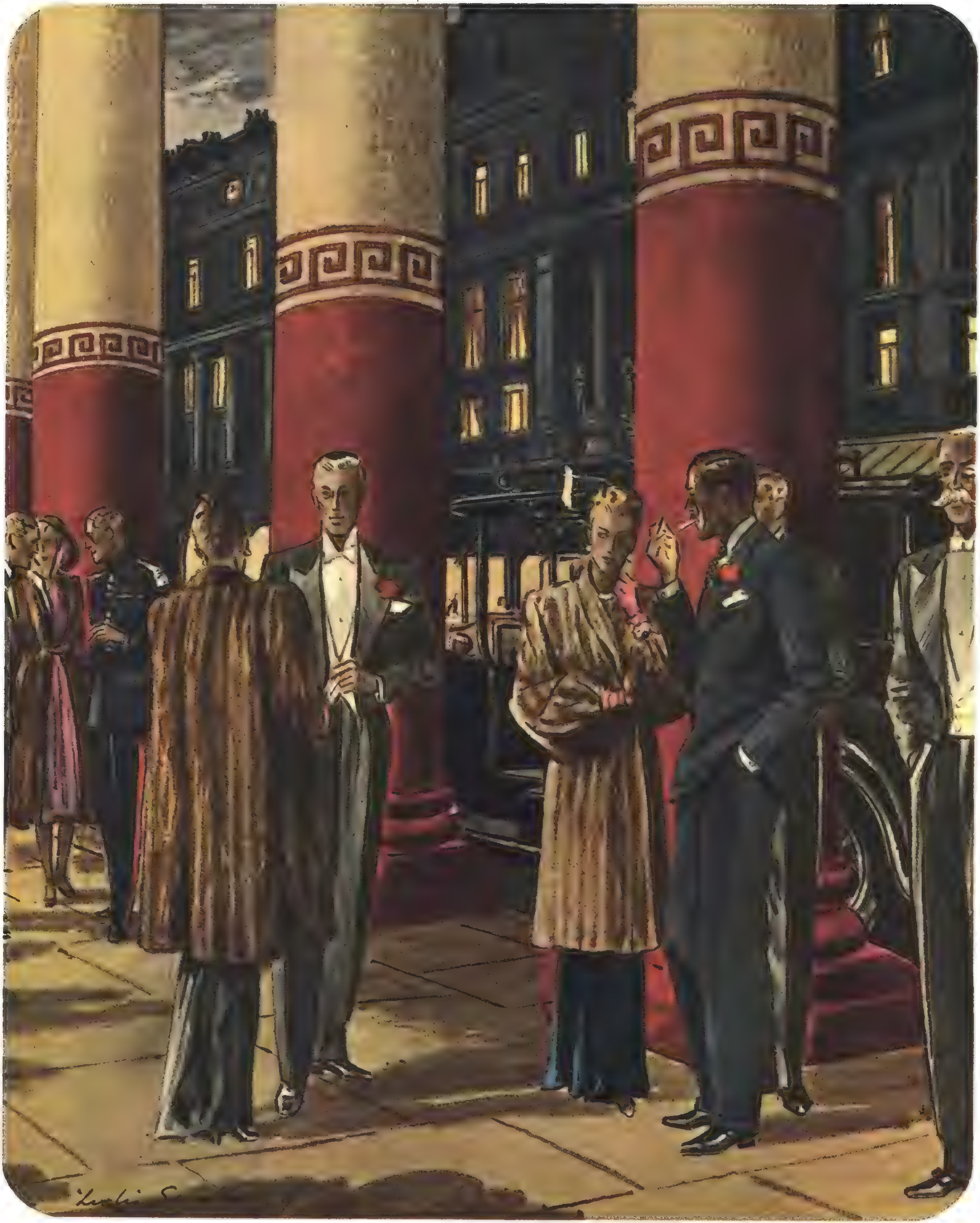
Back at the lodge these sportsmen shoot the breeze in comfort. Telling how he bagged a big one, the fellow re-enacting the scene has changed to a heavy wool shirt in bright red and black tartan with large patch pockets and finished with flaps and two buttons. His slightly skeptical audience is in a corduroy-type jacket that's made a hit with many outdoorsmen, and wait'll you hear his yarn.



GRANDSTAND QUARTERBACKS

Drawing by Peters-Reiser

While the team is getting its pregame exhortations, these alumni are refreshing their spirits for the next sixty minutes of play. You can judge by their portable commissariat and their clothing that they came well prepared for keeping the inner and outer men comfortable. Class of '33 on the left doing the honors is wearing a tan camel's hair polo coat that's equally popular with the current undergraduate classes. Note his matching muffler and knitted gloves. Chap on the right likes to stay on the warm-as-toast side because he bundled into a pile fabric-lined coat of processed-cotton shell with slanting pockets and dark brown collar. Tyrolean hat and flannel slacks encased inside stadium boots complete a wholly sensible way of keeping warm.

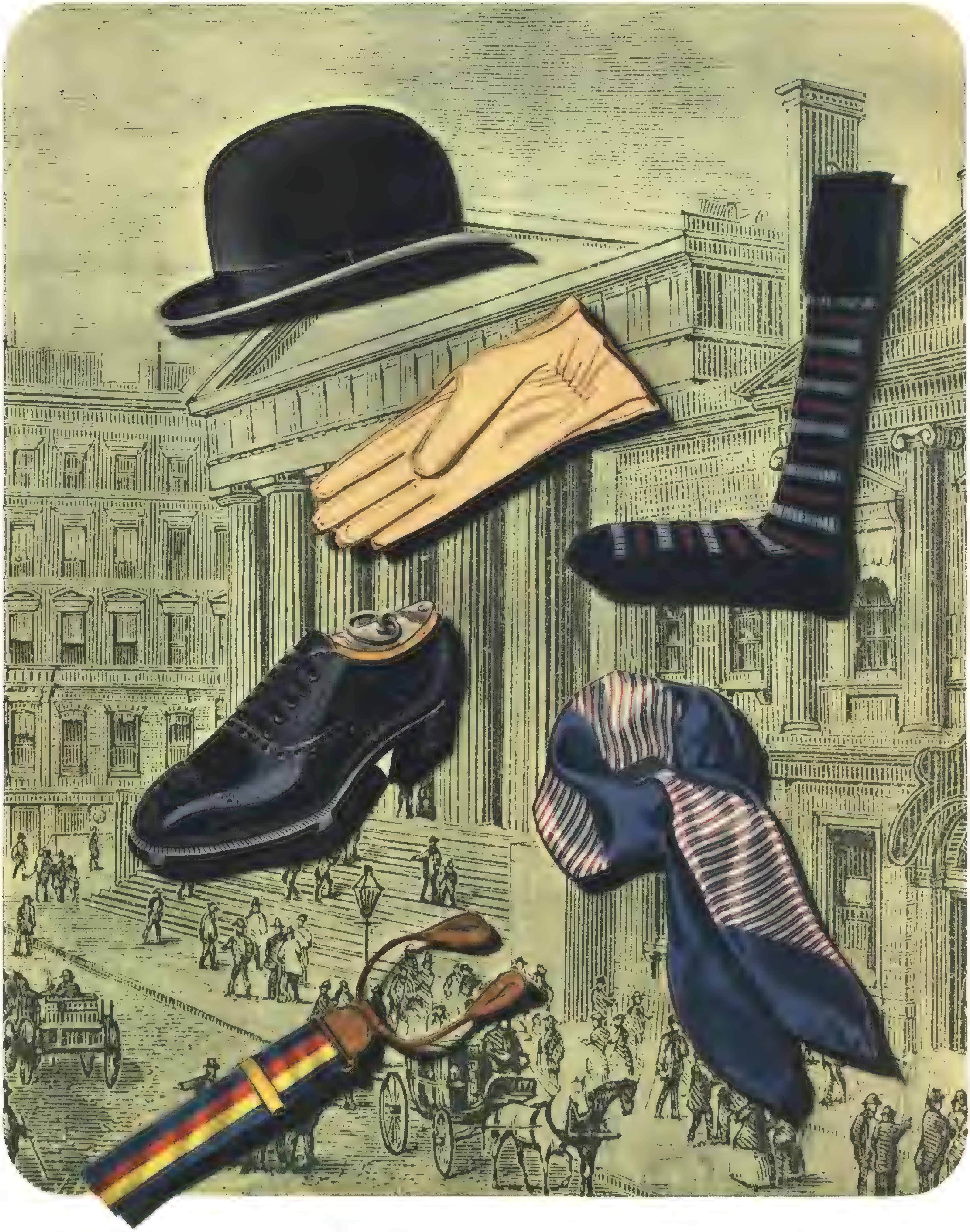


PAINTED IN LONDON, ENGLAND, ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

ACTING IN GOOD STYLE

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Histrionically, many good things are being produced over on the other side, and among them is a good show of men's evening wear. Seen between the acts at one of the more popular theatricals was a sprinkling of business suits, and a blue-on-blue striped worsted caught the eye. Worn with a starched-collared white shirt, black shoes and black and white checked tie, it fitted the mink-mixed scene well. Naturally, formal wear was present and the center figure in a midnight-blue tailcoat with grosgrain faced lapels, white starched piqué shirt, piqué butterfly tie and single-breasted waistcoat cut a handsome figure. Competing for first honors is the chap in black tie on the extreme left, in a double-breasted dinner jacket with long roll lapels.



CITY SIGHTS

Drawing by Al Pimsler

There's a simple severity to town wear that readily distinguishes the accompanying accessories from those for away-from-the-city wardrobes. The derby, or bowler, for instance, is as part of the town scene as the traffic cop's whistle and the taxi's honk. Back again in ever-increasing numbers, the postwar-model bowler is known by its narrower, flat set brim and is giving the black or dark colored Homburg a close run for the money. Chamois slip-on gloves with elastic inset for close wrist fit and black shoes, medallion perforated on toe caps, are also prerequisites for well-stocked city wardrobes. Look into those blazer-striped 6 x 3 ribbed lisle hose because they're quite new, and make sure you ascot a printed square foulard around your neckline.

Because you can't do anything about the weather but talk about it, Esky suggests as the next best thing that you do something constructive about your rainwear

How's Your Shower Insurance?

By and large the most neglected portion of most men's wardrobes is the rainy-weather category. Fair weather usually presents no clothing problem, but when the barometer skids downward and skies threaten, innumerable men say to themselves, "Should have gotten a new raincoat last time it rained," and then go through the process of getting drenched once again.

So, seeing that you'll be buying a new wet-weather coat sooner or later, now's as good a time as any to point out differences to look for in raincoats. There have been many innovations in this clothing classification, particularly since rainwear has swung from a wholly utilitarian garment and taken on a fashionable viewpoint.

Unless you're headed for the open sea in a dory (and there are wet-weather coats purely for that purpose, too), your needs will probably be well served with one of the many variations now around made of cotton. Cotton is liberally used in poplin and in the twill known as gabardine. Poplin weaves are mainly present in lighter-weight fabrics, especially for spring and warmer-weather wear, and gabardine, being a bit heavier, is better suited for the chillier days. There are also blends of rayon and cotton that have been made into good-looking raincoats, with the poplin weave on one side of the fabric and a slick twill weave on the reverse, or inside. All-worsted gabardine raincoats have made many rainy-day friends and, in a number of cases do double duty as a rain-resisting garment and as a fair-weather topcoat. The presence of wool in these coats adds to their resilience and shape-retaining qualities.

Incidentally, all these fabrics used for raincoats have been chemically processed in some way, and the fabric fibres are impregnated with special compounds to make the garment water repellent.

While on fabrics, it would be wise not to overlook the oiled-fabric group. The ability to withstand the heaviest rains and meet the needs of the most difficult weather conditions gives these waterproof fabrics many specialized uses. As for the rubberized fabrics used widely in England, and in this country too, they're invariably made of cotton with coats of rubber.

The newest comers in the rainwear-fabrics field are those new materials born in test tubes that we know generically as plastics. Most are translucent, have good waterproof qualities, and make up into practical, sensible, protective coats.

Fashion enters the raincoat field via colors and construction, and so we'll look in on both.

The predominant color among the cotton poplins, the cotton gabardines, rayon blends and worsted gabardines is the light tan shade known as natural. Individual preferences have been responsible for the introduction of soft greyish greens, brown, greyish blue, and dark blue.

Oiled-cotton fabrics are to be had in tan, sea green, dark blue and black, and these colors are a good identification tag for this group, as distinguished from the one above. Rubberized coats, depending largely on whether the rubber is on the inside or outside, appear usually in tan, grey, dark green and black. As for the plastic varieties, their colors run mostly along soft greenish lines and colorless versions.

Coat construction is a primary consideration in raincoat choice, and here's how most of the current models shape up. Many of the poplin coats are made of double thickness, giving a maximum of water repellency with a minimum of weight. Coats having a single thickness of material usually are made with the inside yoke across the shoulders of the same processed fabric. Good protection, that.

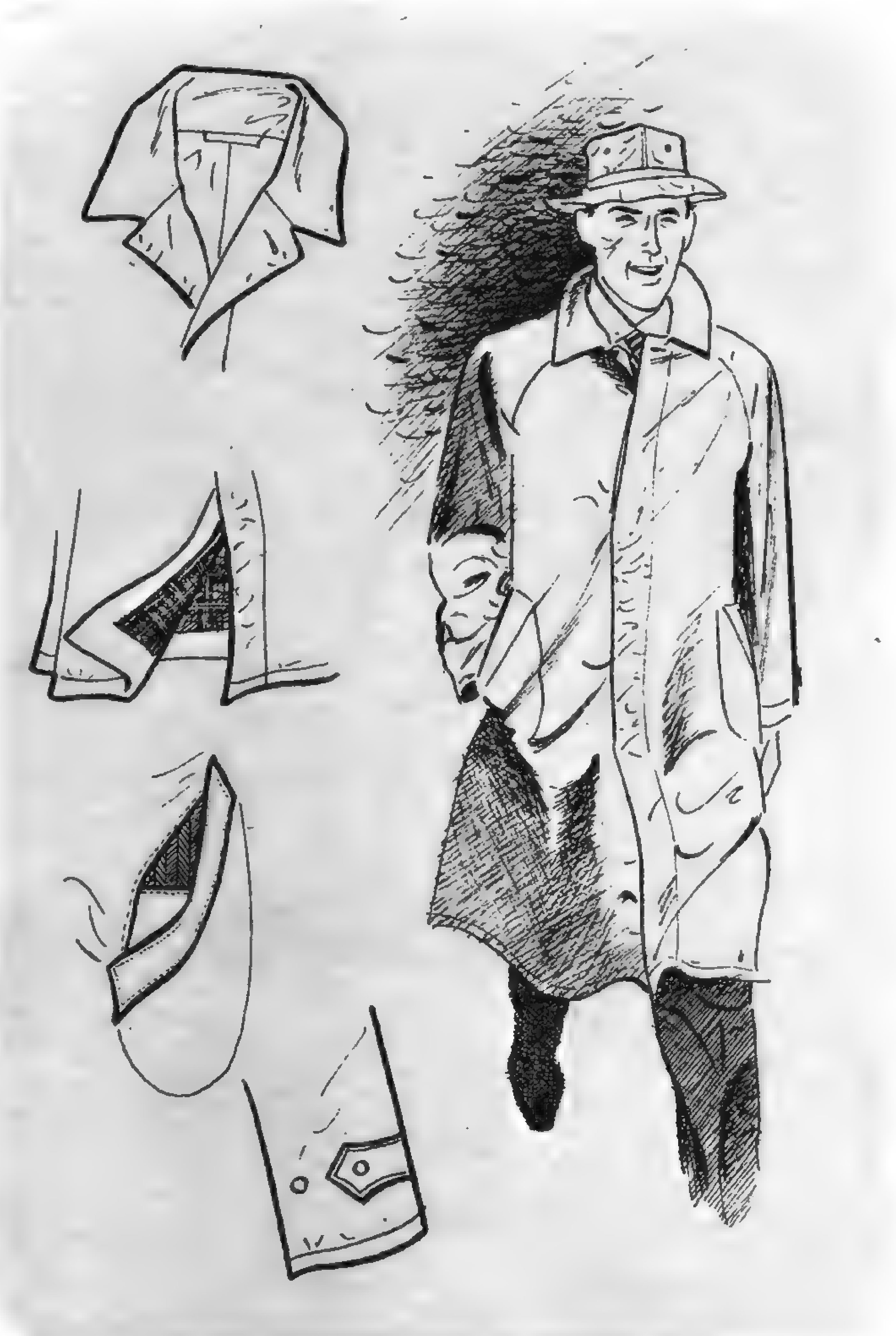
Then there are models with the convertible military collar. These can be securely fastened at the neck by a button and, if left unfastened, form lapels with the lower opening. As for slash pockets, we're for them because you can reach right into your trouser or suit pockets without opening the rain-sloshed coat.

As far as we can gauge, coats with raglan shoulders are currently in greater demand than other types. One accountable reason may be the fullness to a raglan raincoat, giving greater circulation of air beneath this model. The air, of course, keeps condensation down to a minimum and adds greatly to your comfort on muggy days. Raincoats with set-in sleeves (known as the box model) have a considerable following with men who like the squared-shoulder effect on their outer coats as well as on their jackets.

Raincoats for autumn and winter wear generally are lined with plaid cotton or plaid wool. Removable linings make it possible to convert the coat for moderate- or very-cold-weather wear. These are usually attached to the coat with a slide fastener.

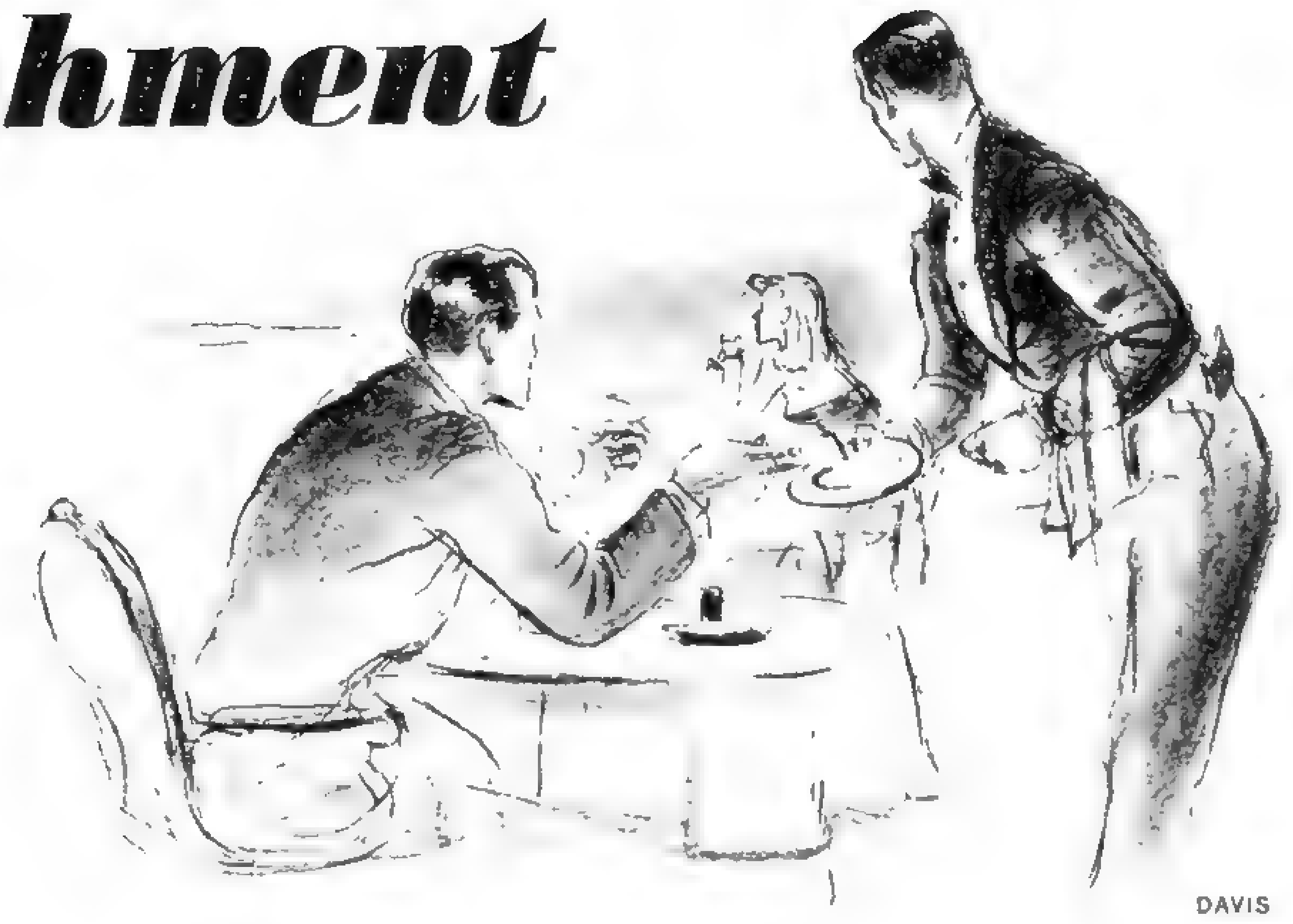
A category all its own is rainwear for golf or general outdoor uses. These types include various jackets and are available in the same general fabrics as their big brother, the raincoat. One important point to remember is the fullness necessary across the chest and shoulders that permit free movement of the arms and body.

Then there are the accoutrements to the well-balanced rainwear wardrobes, and these include those light-tone processed-fabric rain hats. Favorite way of wearing them is in the pinch-crown semiporkpie shape. And for men who are out of doors for great lengths on wet days, a pair of rubbers for over-the-shoe wear are sensible indeed. Last, but not least, for final insurance against the pouring skies, there's our old friend the umbrella. ⌗



(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Crime Without Punishment



Circumstantial evidence suggested blonde Mrs. Rivers was on the bend, but who wanted to see her wearing iron bracelets

by WILLIAM FRANCIS

SHE had hair the color of straw under a hot sun. She wore it shoulder length and it was of so fine a texture that the slight breeze of a passing waiter lifted little wisps across her face. She was bored and trying to hide it behind an artificial smile at the waiter. Her eyes gave her away. They should have sparkled with their blueness to belong to the smile, but they were expressionless. There was a tawny, sleek look about her.

"What do you know about her?" I asked.

The big man opposite me frowned slightly and studied the end of his cigar.

"Divorcée," he said, "about thirty and no visible means of support. She's from the Coast, been here two months. Mrs. Gail Rivers is the name she uses and we can't find out who introduced her around."

"How about the Coast office?"

"They can't find a damn thing on her; no Mr. Rivers, no record, no nothing. Frankly, Duke, we're stuck."

"You must have a reason to suspect her," I insisted.

"Simply because there's no one else to suspect; every job was an inside deal, the jewels were lifted during a party or a dance or some kind of a get-together. The thing started about the time she arrived here and she's been at every one of the parties where they had robberies. So have a lot of other people, but you can't suspect the Logans or the Tillisons or the Carters or the Collinses, and that's what it adds up to. Respectable, well-to-do society people who're easy to check on, or this woman. Take your choice."

"Servants?" I asked.

"I'm going to send you a full report on what we've done," he told me. "If we've overlooked a bet you'll find it. I don't think we ought to be seen together. Your value is partly that you're a stranger here and no one knows of your connection with the office. I don't know how you're going to meet people, but it's your business; the old man must have had confidence in you. If you want to get in touch with me use the phone number I gave you, it's unlisted and doesn't go through the office switchboard."

I watched his broad back as he made his way to the door. I waited for five minutes, then moved from the back booth to a table in plain sight of the blonde woman. I sat watching her while I tried to figure out an approach. I'd about made up my mind when I saw her give the brush to a tall, dark wolf. I couldn't hear what was said, but the look she gave him would have melted a cactus and he went away with the tips of his ears very red. So I tore a blank page from my memo book and wrote:

Strawhair—
If you'll lend me ten dollars I'll be able to leave this bar without washing glasses for the drinks I've had. *—Duke Wallace*

When the waiter came by I had him deliver the folded note. She read it, questioned the waiter and he nodded toward me. She gave me a long cool stare, fished a bill from her bag and handed it to the waiter. He brought it to me; it was a ten and I paid my check with it, tipped the messenger and left without looking at her again.

At my hotel the report from the office was waiting for me. It didn't tell me much about Gail Rivers, but it gave me a detailed account of the work the office had done on the case.

For the past two months there had been a series of jewel thefts, all during parties, six altogether. The method was simple; sometime during the evening the hostess' room would be rifled and all loose jewelry appropriated. The loss, usually, wasn't discovered until the guests had left. The police were very discreet and kept it very quiet. But the insurance companies had called in the Agency and our office had gone to work, with little success. They had tried to have a man planted at one social function, but the hostess had objected. They'd investigated the servants involved and none could be linked with any two of the crimes. Guest lists had been carefully checked and there were only eight people, besides the blonde, who'd attended all six affairs.

And the eight people were above suspicion. It left the blonde.

She'd arrived on the train from the Coast and had established herself in an expensive apartment. She said she was a divorcee, she had a checking account at the bank. She deposited $400 at the start and added three more deposits of $400, $500, and $550, all in cash.

The Coast office of the agency had found no trace of a Mrs. Gail Rivers. Her fingerprints, obtained from a glass at a bar, were not on record. Her correspondence consisted of bills from local stores, and because of the delicate position of things the office had been unable to question anyone directly about her.

The Agency had been called in after the fourth robbery and by the time they'd settled their suspicions on Gail Rivers the fifth crime had been done. Since then a constant watch had been kept on her. The sixth robbery had happened a week before my arrival and there'd been nothing suspicious about Gail's actions.

The six thefts had involved about $85,000 worth of jewelry and they were rather haphazard, as the criminal depended on what was left lying around and hadn't forced any safes. The Agency hadn't been able to find any contact between Gail Rivers and a fence. Her escorts to the parties were all certified.

When I finished reading the report I called the local Agency manager, James Healy, the man who'd been in the bar with me, and asked him for a check of the other people in Gail's apartment house.

"We checked them, Duke," he said, "and it's the same story again—all untouchables."

"Then put a tap on Gail's phone," I said, "and let me have a daily report."

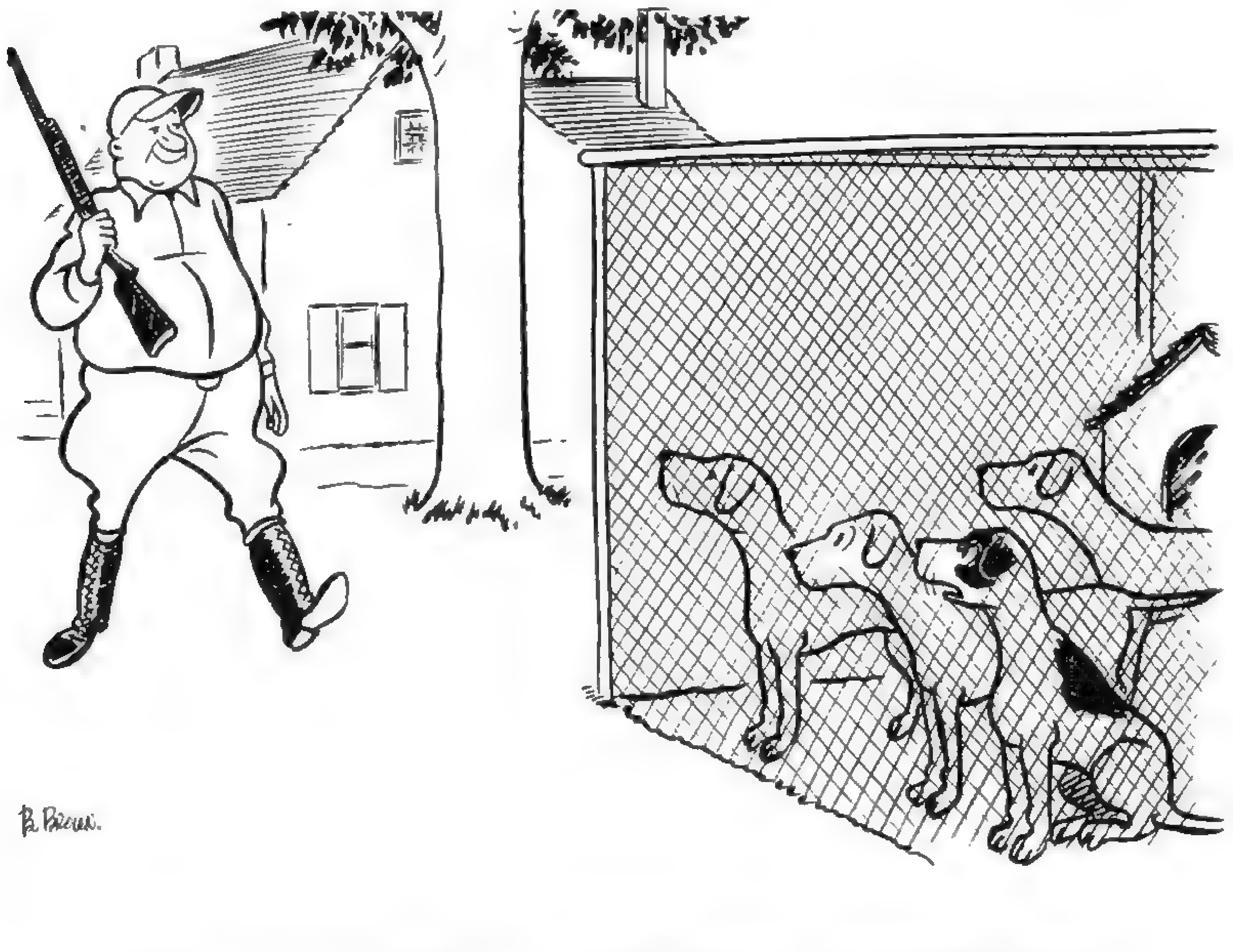
"Okay. Anything else?"

"Does she have a car?" I asked.

"No, she uses taxis."

"Arrange with the cab company to use one of our men as a driver whenever she phones. How are the police on this deal?"

"They won't do anything without the commis-



"Here comes old 'you-point-'em-out—I'll-miss-'em!'"

sioner's approval and he's afraid to spit unless the smart set says he can."

"How often does she go to that bar?"

"Quite a bit, usually about five, and usually with someone."

I hung up then and called the old man at the main office. I gave him a description of the blonde.

"We've got this," he said.

"If the Coast has it," I told him, "they ought to pick up her trail. She'd be noticeable. And she's been around. She hasn't been spending time hidden in a convent."

"I've wired Los Angeles and . . ."

"Wire San Francisco," I said. "I think she's a San Francisco type. Have them send whatever they get to you. I'll phone you tomorrow again."

I hung up and went out to eat. I had dinner at the hotel dining room and then went down to the Lido Club. The Agency report had mentioned Monk Lewis, the office's contact with the underworld. He hung out at the club. The Lido was a bar and grill in the crummier section of town, a dimly lit hole-in-the-wall. The bartender pointed Monk out to me. He was at a table alone and I went over.

"Monk Lewis?" I asked.

"Yeah."

I sat down and pushed a card at him. It read "Duke Wallace," and "Insurance Association" under the name. "We're looking for a deal," I said.

He gave me a blank look. "What's the gimmick?"

"A lot of ice has been lifted around here," I said.

"Wrong pitch, Peeper," he told me. "Every private eye in town is talking deals. We ain't got nothing to deal with; straight."

"Chiseler?" I asked.

"Could be. I hear about this, but there ain't anything in it at this end."

"Could the stuff be dumped without you knowing?" I asked.

"Not here," he told me.

I thanked him and went back to the hotel and went to bed. So far I'd accomplished nothing. The ringing of the phone woke me the next morning. It was James Healy, the local-office manager.

"Another one, last night," he said. "A dinner at Lawrence Collins' and a diamond watch was lifted, valued about $3500. Mrs. Rivers was there."

"Who took her?"

"Bradley Thomas, local blueblood, widower. He takes her most places and when he doesn't, James Tillison, bachelor son of *the* Tillisons escorts her."

"Okay. What's the story?"

"Same old thing. Mrs. Collins was going to wear the watch but decided on something else instead and left it on her dressing table. This morning she couldn't find it."

"Send a report to the old man," I said. "I'll get in touch with you later." I got up and left the hotel because I knew when the old man got the word he'd be burning up the wires bawling me out and I didn't want to talk to him. I spent most of the day loafing around the slum section of town, but I didn't get any information about the jewel thefts.

At five in the afternoon I went to the bar where I'd first seen Gail Rivers. She was there alone, at the same table. I went over. She looked up with a look meant to fast-freeze and then recognized me. The look didn't change much. I sat down beside her.

"Hello, Strawhair."

"My name is Mrs. Rivers," she said. Her voice was as cold as the look.

"Mine's Duke."

"Yes, I know. You signed the note."

"I hoped you'd remember," I said. "Here's your money." I handed her a ten.

"It was a gag, wasn't it?" she asked. I nodded. "Very clever, Duke," she said.

"I was going to use the old haven't-we-met routine, but I saw you cold-shoulder a guy and I didn't think it would work."

"What do you think you've gained?" she asked, not thawing a bit.

"I don't know yet. Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

Her blue eyes studied me calmly and a faint smile danced across her lips. "I'm not the coy type, Duke. I would have to break a date. What time?"

"Eight?"

"All right. Westbridge, Apartment 6A." I motioned to the waiter and when he came over ordered Martinis for us.

"Are you a stranger in town, Duke?" she asked.

"My first visit, Mrs. Rivers."

"Gail," she told me.

"I've just arrived from San Francisco," I said. Maybe it was imagination, but I thought her eyes reflected an instant's fear.

"Business?"

"In a way. It's very dull. I'd rather talk about you."

"How nice." Our drinks arrived and Gail spoke to the waiter. "Will you bring me a pack of cigarettes, please?"

He said, "Certainly." I glanced at him as he turned away. He was tall, with dark slick hair and deep brown eyes and there was a scar, crescent shaped, on his chin. He was the same waiter who'd delivered the note to Gail for me the day before; maybe that's why he looked familiar. I tried to remember whether I'd ever seen him before and keep up a conversation with Gail and then he was back with a pack of Camels for her, opened and a few of them sticking out easy to get hold of. She fished a dollar bill out of her purse and he made change for her out of his pocket and she dumped it into her bag without looking for a change purse. I lit the cigarette she held up to her mouth.

She didn't offer me anything. She talked, but it was about people in town and parties and she didn't mention the jewel robberies; neither did I. At six she left. I sat at the table for a few minutes after she'd gone and talked myself out of another drink. As I started to get up my hand touched something on the seat beside me and when I looked down I recognized it as her purse. It was brown leather, about half again as big as an ordinary tobacco pouch, with a zipper top and a little loop of leather.

I picked it up and laid it on the table in front of me, wondering. It had been wedged into a break in the cushions where two came together and I was wondering what to do with it. The waiter came over with my check and noticed the bag.

"Mrs. Rivers left her bag again?" he asked.

"I think it's hers," I said. "I just found it on the seat."

"She's very forgetful about it," he said. "Shall I have it sent over to her?"

"I'm going to see her later," I told him, "but maybe she'll need it before then. I think you'd better send it over if you can do it fairly soon." I put money on the check and he picked it and the bag up.

"I'll take care of it," he said. "She can't seem to remember her purse." He smiled at me.

I went up to my room and called the old man.

"What have you accomplished?" he asked.

"A little," I said. "I couldn't do anything about the deal last night."

"It makes us look like a bunch of children. Are you getting anyplace at all?"

"Yes," I said and I hoped he'd believed it. "Whoever they are they've had experience, the thing is too smooth."

"We've searched the files, Duke. If there was another setup like this we weren't called in on it."

"What do you hear from San Francisco?" I asked.

"Nothing yet."

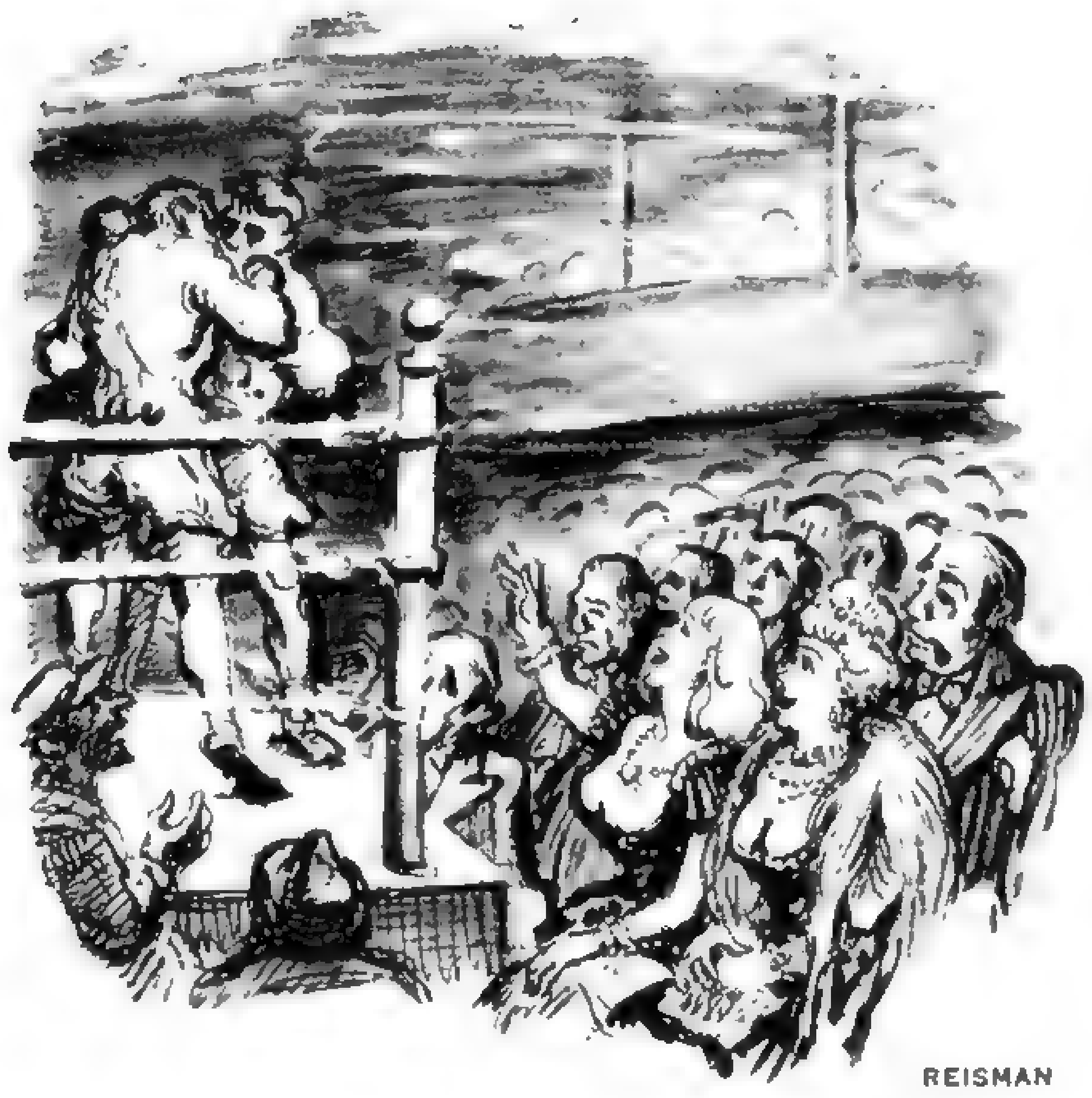
"Look through the files anyway," I said. "Get me the dope on any inside jewelry deals we've had within the past two years or so. I'll call you tomorrow."

I hung up and called James Healy.

"What about the phone tap?" I asked.

"It's on and here's the report." He read (*Continued on page 223*)

Death wins in the ring eleven times oftener than it does on the football field, but all the authorities say is: "He can't hurt us"


REISMAN

Boxing Is Bossed by Bums

by HERB GRAFFIS

Veteran Chicago police made the significant observation that the Graziano-Zale fight drew the most numerous assembly of notorious public enemies to which that city ever had been host, even surpassing the unsavory aggregation attracted during the Capone reign by the Tunney-Dempsey fight. In brazen exhibitionism sat the hoodlums, their consorts and camp followers of dubious distinction, arrogantly making plain again that the so-called manly art of self-defense is under the dictatorship of gorillas.

Allotments of choice tickets to the managers of the contestants meant that seats in the ringside areas would be available to the bosses of boxing. The chumps who have persistently supported dull contests, left to Chicago and elsewhere after Mike Jacobs' New York monopoly made its cards, were allowed later choice at the box office. There was one amusing exception to this apportionment of preferred space. The Illinois Athletic Commission took over ringside space customarily assigned to the working press and by distributing tickets to its intimates was able to get a slight box-office decision over the gorillas who actually boss boxing.

This minor triumph didn't offset the victory scored by the real bosses of boxing when they secured the Illinois Commission's approval of the eligibility of Graziano, who had been ruled out in New York for association with fight fixers. That rematch, fought under miserable conditions, illustrated the contrast between boxing and other sports in which high principles have been strictly maintained by one eminent, honorable and beloved Illinois commissioner.

Unfortunately, exceedingly few major victories over boxing's mobster masters can be scored by the amateurish commissions in any state. The commissions are not the rulers of boxing, regardless of what they may say or think or how the laws read. The mob, in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, nullify the commissions, play one commission against another, and have so offset the commissions as a political device for sanitizing boxing that most commissions now are a transparent front of respectability for the dirtiest of all sports.

Commission regulation obviously has taken the count. But what would you expect with the competition being between politically favored enthusiasts handling commission jobs as a side line and boxing's disreputables who are full-time specialists in criminal enterprises of which boxing is merely a showcase item? The inevitable result had to be "no contest."

The foulness of professional boxing is rapidly polluting its amateur phase, although there remain a few instances in which the sport continues to be conducted on an honest, wise, amateur basis.

Boxing could be cleaned up quickly by informed, vigorous action. But by clever coneroo the bums who control the game deceive and divert commissioners who must have had an inkling that they are being made unwitting accomplices of the lowest lot of characters in sport.

Horse racing has shown how easily the crooks can be run out of a sport for keeps. Reputable and knowing parties in horse racing engaged canny, cold-eyed young Spencer Drayton away from the FBI. Drayton's task was to police racing. He promptly eliminated from track operations considerable scum which transferred its knavery to boxing.

The forced migration from racing to boxing has had the obvious result of overpopulating, with a base order of animal life, a sport that long has harbored a much higher percentage of low specimens than any other sport in the world.

Nothing at all is thought of a manager of a champion having to retire to serve time when the law catches up with him. Championship contenders with odorous records of larceny, pandering, burglary, assault and battery are hailed as colorful parties in pugilism.

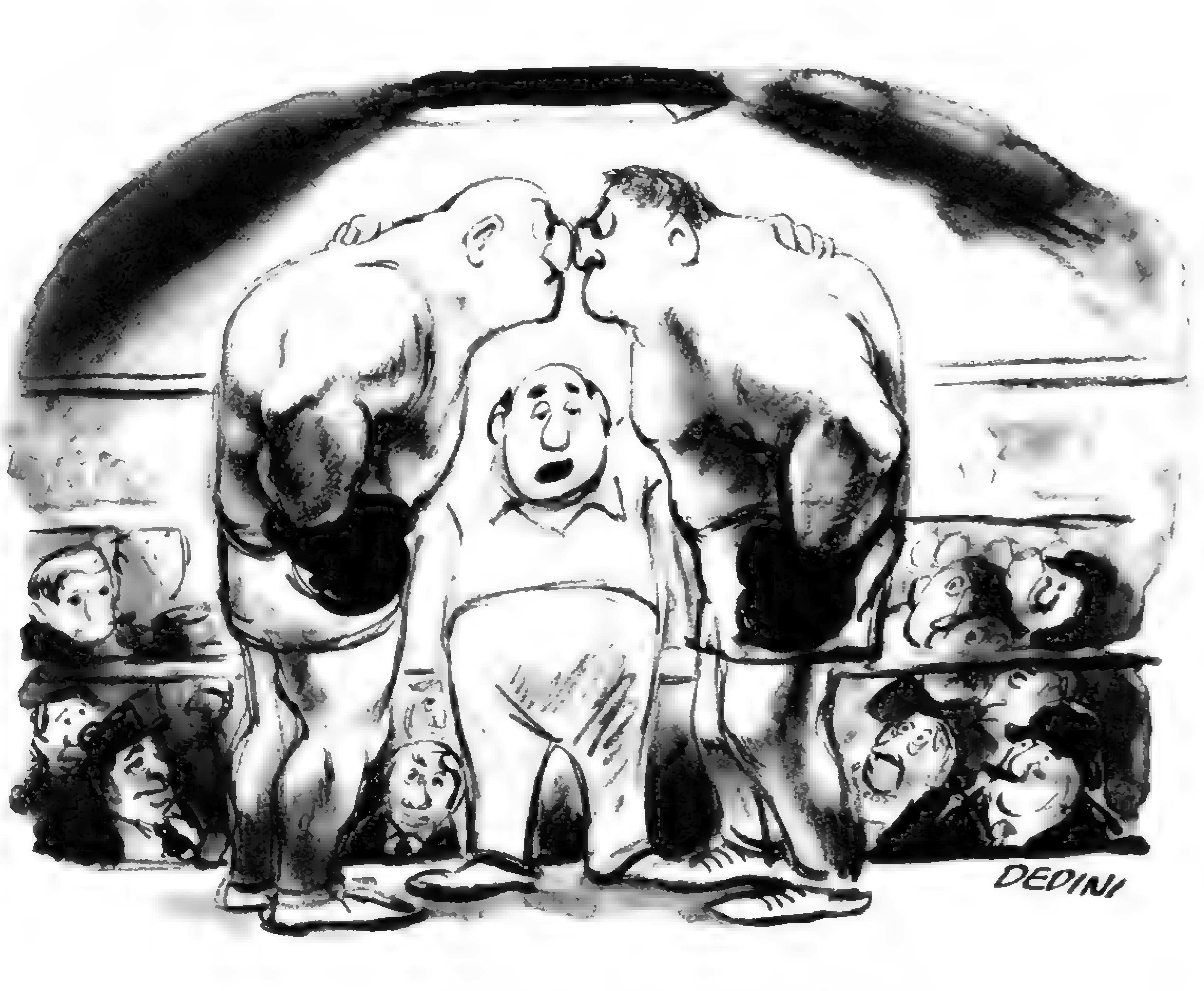
In horse racing the idea is to make the punishment of those engaged in nefarious enterprises apply at tracks the country over. A jockey ruled off the turf for life for complicity in a fix at Arlington Park finds the decision of the Illinois Racing Board applies throughout the nation. A boxer ruled out for due cause by one state boxing commission is shunted to another state by his managers where he receives the welcome and blessing of another commission. Thus do boxing commissions tacitly endorse the crookedness of the business.

A view that is charitable to the point of gullibility is taken by most commissions in viewing boxers' chummy relations with underworld characters. Pardon is granted for this questionable conduct of boxers on the grounds that boxers are not supposed to be very bright and should not be censured for intimate association with persons of evil repute, inasmuch as such parties constitute a large part of professional boxing's personnel.

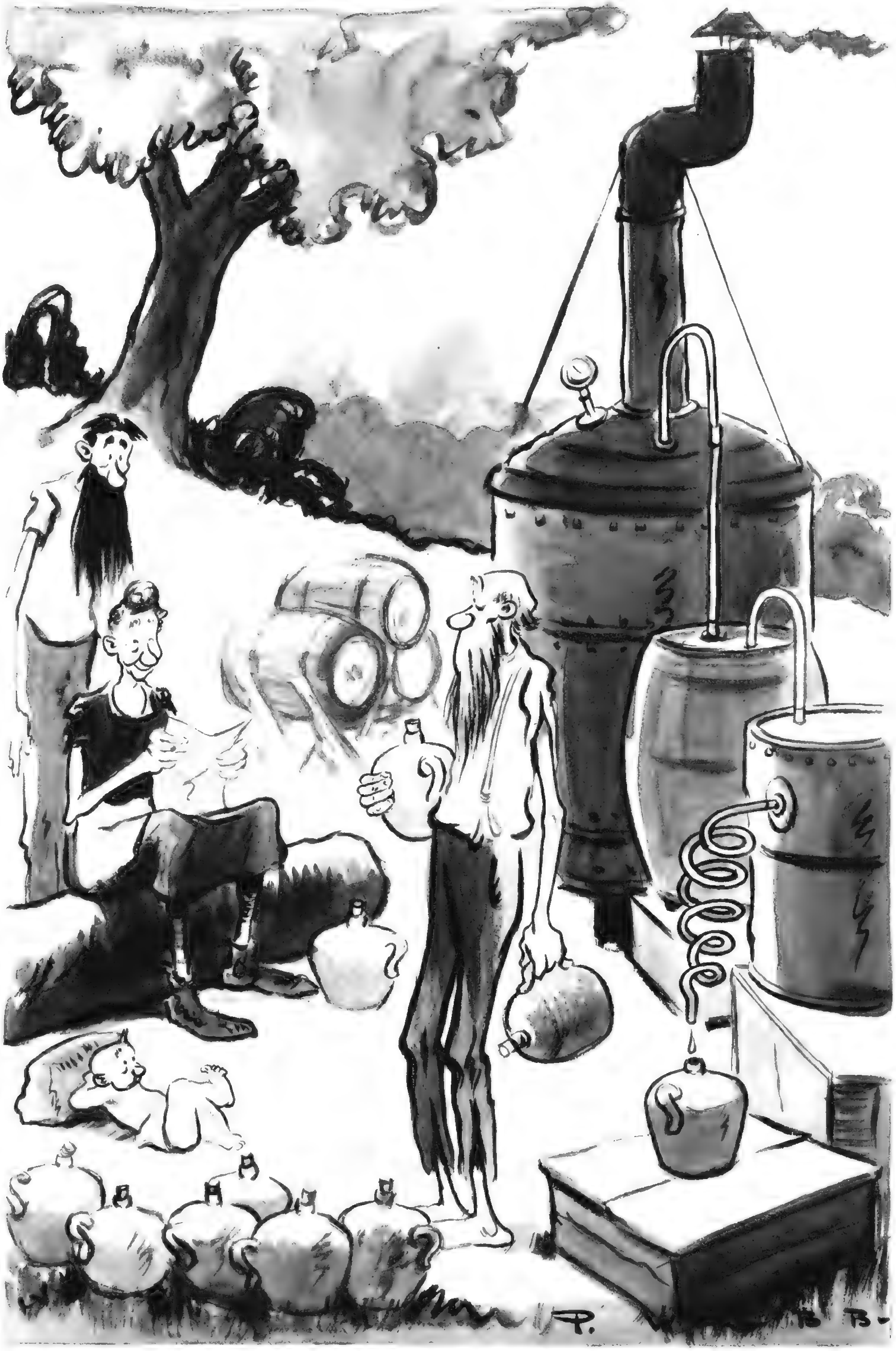
The wily underworld creatures who dominate boxing found the commissioners who handle their job as a plaything easy to outwit after having won so many decisions over newspaper sports departments. Venal writers were handled with generous understanding, unwary ones in numerous cases were compromised, and some smart stalwarts who wouldn't connive were framed.

Mention boxing as a character builder to the informed sports writer who isn't handicapped by policy commitments and he'll laugh at you. Boxing has ruined more young men than it ever aided. And due to commission ineptitude the business is becoming more of a destroyer of youth than ever. The late war provided proof that as a genuine fighting class soda jerks, garage mechanics or ordinary high-school kids outranked prize exhibits of the ring for character and courage.

One of the headliners of the ring today, a character who is one of boxing's killers, was internationally notorious for his allergy to engaging in armed combat. When this champion pugilist feared that he was to be shipped with a combat outfit instead of to boxing exhibitions for the entertainment of his warring superiors, he took a side step. Other scared lads who likewise deserted have been serving sentences in military prisons. But the curiously powerful influence of box- (Continued on page 206)



". . . and come out fighting, boys"



"Young Hezzy writes he's gittin' an 'A' in chemistry, Paw"

WHAT IN THE WORLD: *Confidentially Yours*

SIDNEY SKOLSKY, Hollywood's smallest (five foot two), best-loved (in fifteen years never a malicious word) columnist. Forty-two years old, Manhattan born. Moved from night school to publicity, thence to columning, at present for N. Y. *Post.* One wife: Estelle (nickname Peanuts), two daughters. Seldom sleeps more than 5 hours, rises 8 a.m.; almost alone among big-time columnists has no staff, no office, does own legwork. His mail comes to Schwab's drugstore. Always records interviewee's sleeping apparel, takes copious notes which he never uses, claims he coined word "Oscar," writes column at last possible moment. Pals: Walter Winchell, Lolly Parsons, whose arm he once bit. Hypochondriac, won't eat vegetables, shave himself or drive a car. Only exercise: walking. Only serious reading: pyschoanalysis. Recently turned producer, surprised skeptics with *The Jolson Story.* Trade-mark tag-line: "But don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood." Actually does.

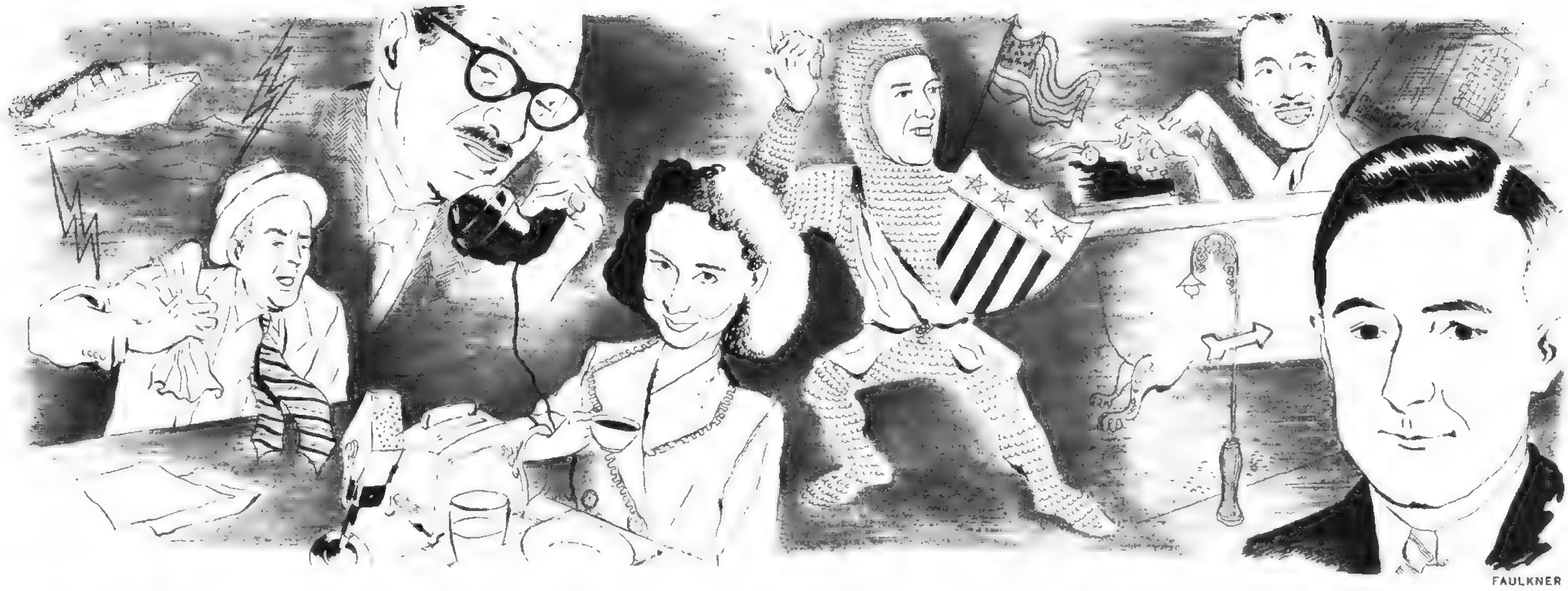
ERSKINE JOHNSON: at thirty-seven Hollywood's least publicized (he writes for the lady from Dubuque), most widely syndicated (600 papers) columnist. For NEA's weeklies and dailies in Canada and the U. S., he is folksy, rarely critical, writes more features than gossip. Exception: his remarks about Sinatra, who threatened to "belt him in the mouth." A 200-pounder, he offered to fight The Voice in American Legion Stadium. Married to high-school classmate, 2 children. Up at 8:30 a.m., never eats breakfast, spends day at studios, evening at night clubs, prefers Scotch. Writes 4800 words a week, gets 2000 fan letters, is a movie fan. Typical column: open-mouthed, wide-eyed. Milwaukee born, came to L. A. age 4, will not move to Hollywood, 10 miles away. Copy boy on L. A. *Daily News*, editor church paper, briefly on the city side, has been columning for 10 years. Once worked as press agent. Like many a columnist, his favorite claim is: I'm a newspaperman at heart.

LEE MORTIMER: New York *Mirror's* entertainment handyman, covers Hollywood and Broadway, remains unsyndicated and unloved. The latter does not include three former wives, nor the Oriental ladies he takes on his rounds. Born South Side, Chicago; became Heywood Broun's office boy, a Hearst reporter, eventually promoted to the *Mirror*. A Signal Corps officer in War II, he made movies on Long Island. Rises 4 p.m., writes column, covers beat till 5 a.m. His Hq: a table near door at El Morocco. He and Sherman Billingsley quarreled, he swore never to enter Stork Club again, now goes only occasionally. Dances only rumbas, only with Chinese girls, owns a piece of a Chinese night spot. Only reading: detective stories. Taste: subdued suits, loud ties. Likes almost all movies and plays, including those other critics pan. Friends: Chic Farmer, Eddie Rickenbacker, a Warner's song plugger. His enemies: veritably legion. Most famous: Frank Sinatra.

HEDDA HOPPER: among 400 Hollywood columnists, Queen Bee. Thirty years ago went West to make a movie, stayed to play bits in 300. Finished and broke in thirties she wrote a play (panned), ran for city council (lost), sold real estate (moderately well), began to write a column. At first used friendly items, flopped, told what she knew about her friends, upped income to six figures. Works from 9 a.m. till midnight, by phone (5 in her house, 400 calls a day), by interview (50 a day). Born near Altoona, 1890, to Quaker family which disapproved theatre. Ran off to N. Y., at numerologist's suggestion changed name from Elda to Hedda. Her eccentricity: hats (wears them in her house, once wore two at once). Nonpals: Lolly Parsons, Hollywood *Reporter's* Edith Gwynn, Chaplin. Her staff: five. Her copy: mushy. Her accuracy: seldom (said Judy Garland, then unmarried, was about to have a baby). Syndicate: Chicago *Tribune*-N.Y. *Daily News.* Her readers: 23 million.

LOUELLA PARSONS: Once virtual dictator of cinema high life, now its fading *grande dame.* Came to California to die in 1925, at her height syndicated in 400 papers. Up at 9, works with 3 secretaries, 2 assistants, 3 phones and an announced 312 friends. Her monthly Bell bill: $200. Contrary to rumor does not start day with tumbler of whiskey. Her predictions: 80% right. She never forgets those who don't tell Lolly first (Pet target: Ginger Rogers). Great friends: Marion Davies (Marion never looked lovelier) and Marion's friend, W. R. Hearst; a half-dozen has-beens she supports. Husband: Dr. Harry Martin (Docky Wocky). Incurable malapropist, (she once referred to Mary Pickford's book as Why Try God?). Formerly supplied Hollywood talent free to radio shows, paid off talent in publicity and canned soup, until Screen Actors' Guild balked. Her look: blank bewilderment. Her age: admits to 50. Her phone: Crestview 1-4222. Latest target of her wrath: L. Turner.

JIMMY FIDLER: Hollywood's self-appointed conscience, keeper of cinema morals, writer of open letters. Once slugged by ungrateful, irate Errol Flynn. Admits he's right fifty per cent of time. Onetime contest winner, extra, bit player, press agent, at forty-seven still favors his profile, now syndicated in 147 papers, heard over 189 radio stations. His audience: well into eight figures. His income: well into six figures. Steppingstone to success: job with uncle, a L.A. drama critic. Regards himself as movie's most respected and feared columnist. His enemies say he is vengeful and petty. Hates night clubs, doesn't smoke, likes to be thought of as outdoor man. His greatest fear: poverty. Enemies: Flynn, Constance Bennett, Walter Wanger and others. His friend: Joan Crawford. One reason: she gave him exclusive story on two of her divorces. Recently held contest to discover most popular living person. Among his listeners Crosby outran Eisenhower.



Reversing the English on the smart boys and girls who have commercialized on what used to be called back-fence gossip

WALTER WINCHELL: Variously yclept "Broadway's Greatest Scribe," "Little Boy Peep," "The Bard of Broadway." Prefers the latter. Left school in sixth grade, did vaudeville. Invented the Broadway column as known today for the old N. Y. *Graphic.* Shifted to Hearst in 1929. Offices: table near door at the Stork, a chauffeur-operated black Cadillac. Girl Friday: Rose Bigman. Greatest beats: Hauptmann's arrest (news held 24 hours at FBI request), Lepke surrender, Cermak assassin interview. Claims high accuracy. Now fifty, lean-ish, fox-faced, constant nervous gesturer, writes southpaw. Few close friends, none close enough to keep an item unprinted if he thinks it's good. Erstwhile pal: Owney Madden (who took heat off when Vince Coll's killer thought Winchell knew too much). Fanatical as regards his own privacy. His New York address (Central Park West) a deep dark secret. Of son Walter (at birth) he wrote: "Tastes like honey—smells like gardenias."

LOUIS SOBOL: homespun chronicler of Broadway for folks down on the farm. Has sold ties, ads, paper cups, cigars; been sports writer, ghost (for Peaches Browning, Queen Marie), drama critic (for the old *Graphic*), playwright (his play ran two weeks): now syndicated in 50 papers in INS. Makes night-club rounds 3 times a week, begins at 21, ends at Stork Club, gets material by listening to people talk, takes down names, writes column between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. Height: 5′ 4″. Weight: 129 lbs. Hair: receding. Expression: owl-like. Best-liked Broadway columnist. Friends: Toots Shor, Morris Ernst, Walter Winchell. Nonfriends: Tommy Manville who once sued him for $5,000,000; Ed Sullivan who ordered him to leave town, Leonard Lyons. At 51, seldom drinks, never smokes. Lives in Greenwich Village, takes a trip to California once a year. Married to Al Jolson's cousin. One daughter, one grandson. Discoveries: Martha Raye, Betty Hutton, Ella Logan, Dotty Lamour.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN: journalism's campfire girl. Still blushes at profanity, feuds with no one. Withal, an artful craps and poker player. Left college for New York *Journal* (her father is a newspaperman). Had by-line two weeks later with tear jerker about a hospitalized kid. Became Broadway's 1st daily woman columnist in '38. Serves up usual Broadway-Hollywood chit-chat, writes at home in a.m., contacts via phone and wires. Limited night-clubbing, drinks champagne cocktails or orange juice, doesn't smoke. Quits at 2 a.m. rises at 7:30 for Breakfast With Dorothy and Dick stint with husband Dick Kollmar, radio actor and sometime producer. They met after she raved his debut in *Knickerbocker Holiday.* Slim, raven haired, 34. Has a Hopper-esque addiction for fancy hats. Features 17 new evening gowns a season; goes to church every Sunday. Has two children, a 16-room Park Avenue apartment, an aversion for cooking and a yen to sing contralto.

ED SULLIVAN: Broadway's Yankee Doodle Dandy, a true-blue nephew of Uncle Sam and recent recipient of good friend Jimmy Fidler's Americanism award. Tireless stager of benefits, frustrated vaudevillian who occasionally finds his way back to Loew's State, godfather of Harvest Moon balls, Broadway columnist for *Daily News.* Vague about where the material for his column comes from, Walter Winchell's guesses made them bitter enemies. Brawny 200-pounder who takes pride in his Irish temper, he once almost slugged pint-sized Louis Sobol. Born 1901, 12-letterman in high school, still proud of it. Family wanted him to become priest, became sports writer. In 1931 succeeded Sobol on the *Graphic* (city room sobriquet: Porno-*Graphic*). Joined *Daily News* in 1936. Typical column: inside items (his accuracy level is low); praise of mothers (he's for them); no praise for juvenile delinquency, corruption, Walter Winchell (he's against them); orchestra openings.

DANTON WALKER: (real name: Dan. Dress: decidedly dapper), purveyor of not-so-inside dope to some 5,000,000 readers. Great pride: accuracy of predictions (random samples: Willkie to succeed Will Hays as movie czar, Farley to return to cabinet). Chief source: press agents. Forty-eight, Georgia born. By turns telegraph clerk, deck hand, bit player, secretary to Alexander Woollcott, to *New Yorker* editor Harold Ross, foreign-language publicist for GOP (he speaks 4 languages, but one pamphlet read: To hell with Hoover!). Came to *Daily News* in 1933 as assistant financial editor, covered opera in 1935, wrote first Broadway column in 1937. Lives in 4-room apartment, wakes at 9, collects material till 2, writes column by 5 p.m. Then to bed, up at 9 p.m. for rounds. His beat: Broadway. Grist for his mill: Broadway, Washington, the World. His fetish: soap (believed after the war the government would hold back soap to lower Americans to foreign dirt level).

LEONARD LYONS: hardest worker, most avid collector of celebrities. His column: 20 to 30 anecdotes mentioning 20 to 30 celebrities. Renowned as misser of anecdotes' points (George Kaufman: He's missing so many points OPA is after him). Starts at 4 p.m., quits 4 a.m., goes home to write column. His rounds: Sardi's, Lindy's, Shor's, Barberry Room, Stork, El Morocco. Said of him his relatives are only noncelebrities he knows. Claimed four pen pals at Yalta Conference. Nonpal: Bennett Cerf (the quarrel: who stole whose jokes). Once a lawyer, became columnist when now-wife Sylvia told him he wrote such newsy letters. Began with *Jewish Daily Forward*, contributed to established columnists (No. 1: Mark Hellinger), opened the Lyons Den in N. Y. *Post*, 1934. Now syndicated in 102 papers. Ardent homebody, he lets nothing prevent Saturday p.m. walk in park with his 3 sons. Famous for unlikely introductions (Noel Coward, meet Tony Galento).

A rash impulse made the two men, armed with fish knives and a bolo, turn their small skiff into the dark marine cave

GORDON GRANT

The Sea Monster

by JACK TOOKER

Slim Jensen and I were cruising off the west coast of Old Mexico in a thirty-eight-foot boat, the *Anna May*, when a storm blew up and forced us to take shelter behind Guadalupe Island, the shores of which were bald, rocky cliffs, honeycombed with caves and caverns, some inaccessible except at low tide.

We ran out our little skiff while the sun still was high and, armed with large fish knives and a bolo, set out to explore the caves. We landed at a point where ruined rock houses had furnished shelter for seal hunters a century before. The sea made weird noises as the swells came in, forcing water through crevices in the rocks.

Before anchoring we decided to look over one of the largest caves, and began pulling ourselves along by projecting rock until we were inside the cavern mouth. A strong odor of rotting seaweed and decaying fish rose chokingly in our nostrils. After switching on our seven-cell light, we were able to see something of the great domelike ceiling. Beyond, the cavern sloped up as well as back in the form of great, rocky steps, which were alive with creeping crabs.

Guiding the skiff as far inside as we could and still using the flashlight, we discovered thousands of bats clinging to the rocky ceiling, head down. The light disturbed them and they began flying about, squealing and screeching. They kept us so interested it was a miracle we did not stumble on something worse than we did.

I saw it first, something huge and shadowy in the deep, clear pool on the shallows of which the skiff was resting.

"What's that?" I asked, focusing the light on the dark mass.

As I spoke, the object moved sidewise slowly through the water. Slim turned to look and, as we watched, the monster came up again near the portside of the skiff at the bow. I turned the flashlight on it, and this time the eyes shone back like fire opals.

"Looks like the head of an octopus," Slim said.

Inspired by a rash desire to find out just what it was, I jabbed the creature with an oar. The arms unfolded like magic. One whipped over the bow of the skiff, and had we not been on rock bottom in shallow water, we would have been dragged under then and there. As it was, the bow struck rock with considerable force.

I snatched up the bolo and severed the huge tentacle arm as it came over the railing for a firmer grip. But the force exerted on the boat had caused us to drift out into deeper water, and when a second pull was exerted by the monster, we went down enough to ship water.

Slim pulled on the oars with all his strength, but that octopus evidently was anchored to the bottom, for we did not move an inch. The boat lurched and quivered while Slim leaped overside with the towrope and ran for shore to moor us. His feet had barely hit bottom when his body jerked erect as if he had contacted a live wire. I saw his face turn pale as death. He seized the railing of the skiff with his right hand and, though his eyes were almost popping from their sockets with fright, not a sound escaped his lips.

I realized that the octopus had Slim in its grip. Desperately, I lashed at the only tentacle I could see, the one that encircled the skiff. Now I saw two tentacles writhing about with their turtlelike energy and threw them overboard, surprised to find them soft as velvet to the touch.

Still speechless, Slim held on to the skiff. I tried to see the situation overside, but the water had gone cloudy. Another cupped arm shot up out of the water and wrapped around Slim at the shoulder, beginning to pull him down.

It was too close work for the bolo. I grabbed my big fish knife and handed it to Slim. At that instant, the head of the monster came into view, and simultaneously Slim drove the knife to the hilt right between the creature's eyes.

Great quantities of brownish fluid instantly came from the octopus' mouth. It released its grip and sank. Slim wallowed ashore, and I followed, pulling the skiff after me.

Blood was flowing from Slim where the suction cups had been imbedded. Together, we bathed the wounds in salt water. The bleeding ceased, but each wound was soon badly swollen.

Slim was shaking from head to foot but he insisted he was all right. "Let's go ahead and explore this place," he said. "It'll help me get back my nerve."

We began to climb the rock-shelf stairs. The farther back we went, the poorer the light became, and soon we had to use the flashlights. Bats were flying about overhead; crabs shuffled away with their awkward sidling motion.

Approaching the top shelf, I said, "I'll bet no man ever explored this place before." The words had no sooner left my lips than Slim's flashlight held on a skeleton, grinning down at us. It was full of crabs. They peered at us from the eye sockets, from the mouth and ribs.

"That poor devil explored this place, but never lived to tell it," Slim said.

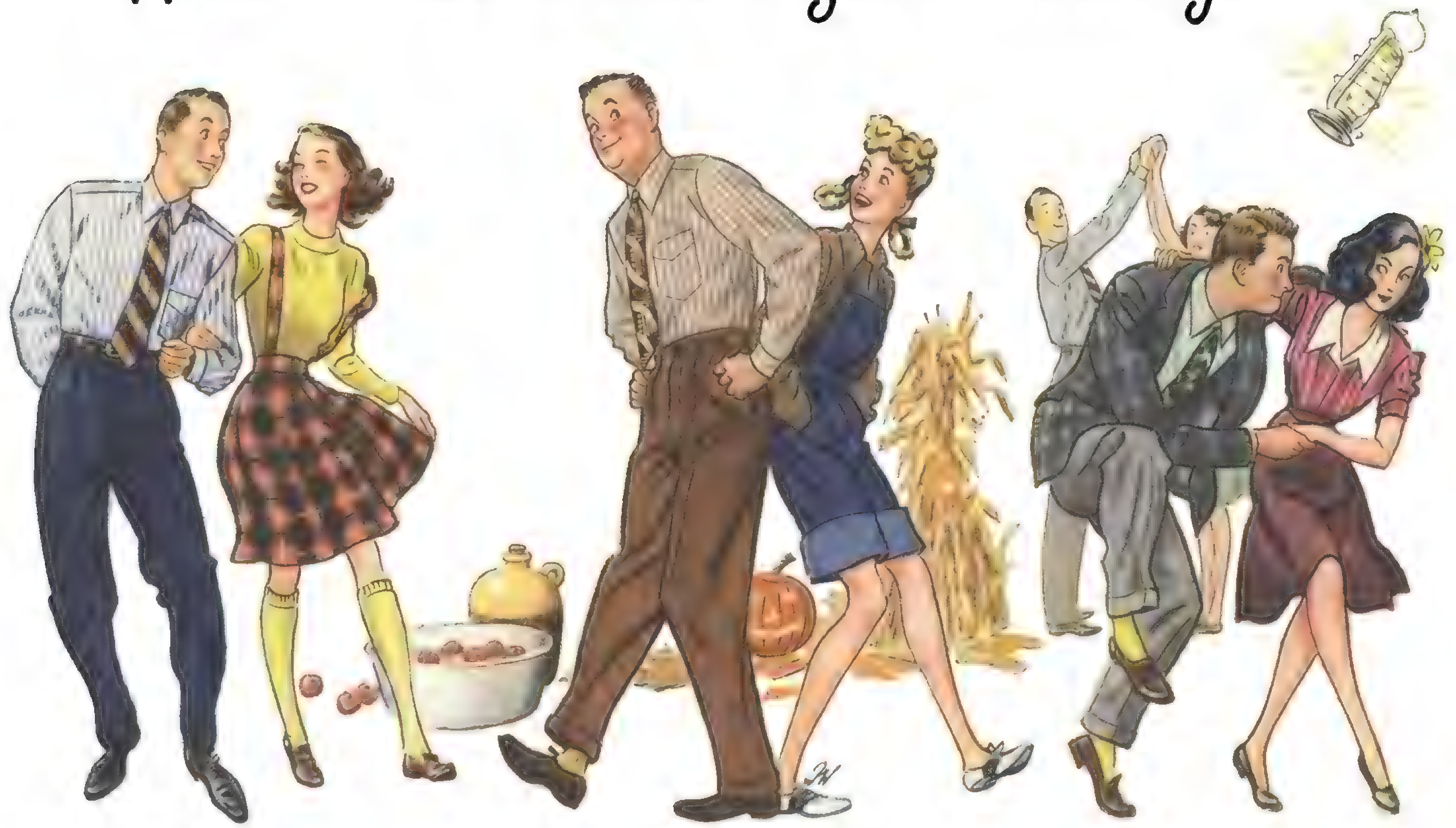
We had just turned to go when something went wrong with Slim. His legs buckled under him. The octopus poison was taking effect.

In the end I half carried, half dragged him to the boat, got him overside and shoved off. Holding to the rocks, I waited tensely for the water to recede enough for the skiff to pass.

The precise moment came. We were in total darkness an instant, then the opening appeared and we pulled for it with might and main. We had to duck to clear the top of the arch. Then the bow was out and we could see daylight. A few more frantic haulings and we were safe.

Completely exhausted, we reached our big boat. After a good night's rest, Slim's legs were as good as ever, and we decided that he had merely undergone some of the paralyzing process that precedes the dragging under of the octopus' prey, the same process that may have proved too much for the man who left his skeleton on the top rock shelf of the monster's lair. ###

How to cut a fine figure when you...



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Wear Arrow "Harvest Tones," city feller! Most attractively styled stripes *any* dance floor has seen in ages!

Background colors: soft blue, grey, tan, green. The combination is *new, neat.*

BIG "PLUS": Every "Harvest Tones" shirt has the one-and-only Arrow Collar, "Mitoga" body-line design, and the Sanforized label. (Fabric shrinkage held to 1%.) $3.25.

"Dosey do!"

Wear your pick of the "Harvest Tones" ties designed *especially* for these shirts. In handsome stripes and unusual patterns. $1.50.

SUGGESTION: with your BLUE suit wear the grey or blue ensemble of shirt-tie-handkerchief. With your BROWN, the tan *or* green groups. With your GREY, the blue, grey, *or* green combinations. (Hope you have all three suits, so you can look *three times* as handsome!) $1.50.

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And by all means tuck this fine-quality, woven cotton "Harvest Tones" handkerchief in your breast pocket. 65¢.

The *complete* outfit will practically assure you the title: "Best-dressed Barn (or Ballroom) Dancer."

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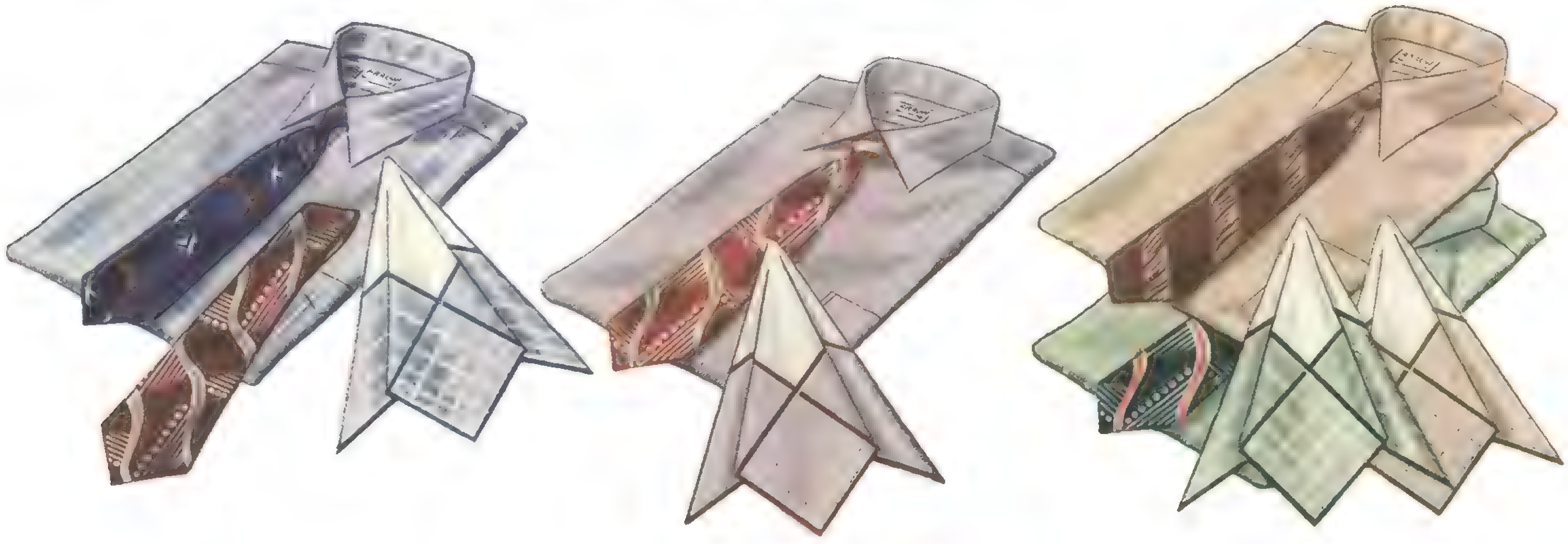

Look for the Arrow Trade-mark

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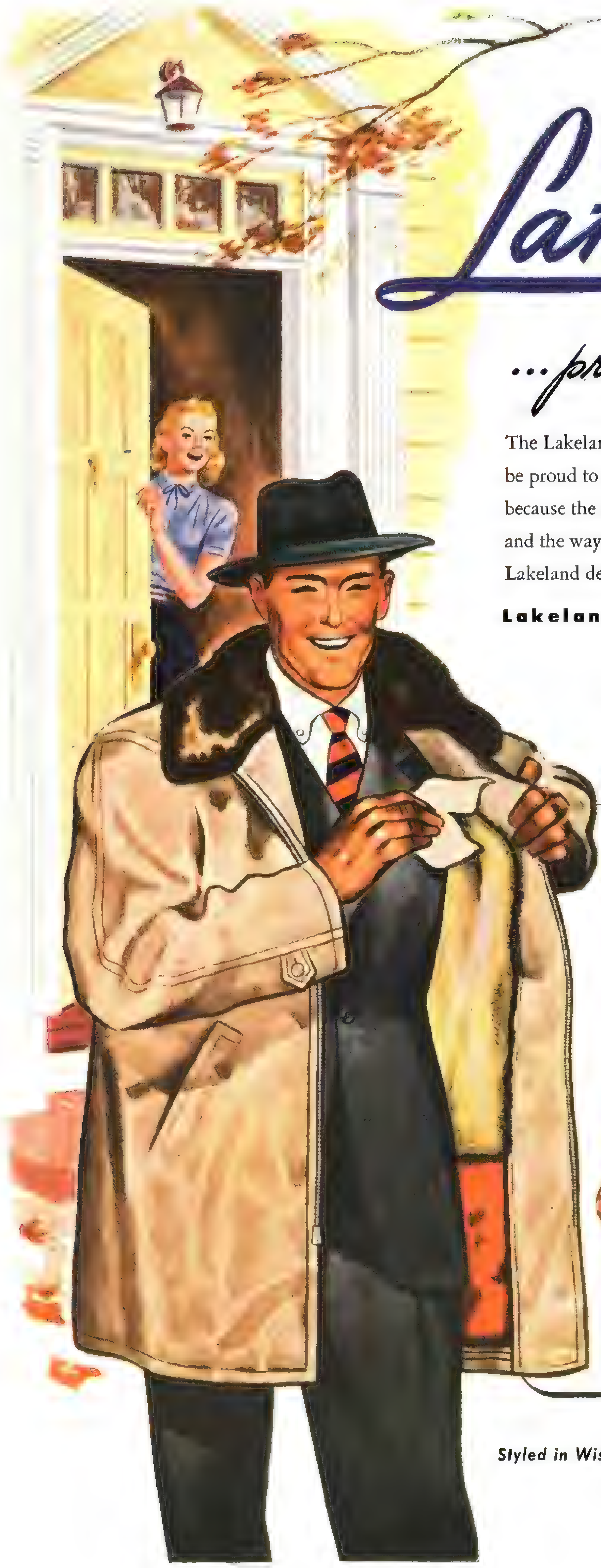

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The Lakeland label tells you this: "Here's a garment you can be proud to wear. It looks right, feels right, wears right — because the folks up in Sheboygan are particular about materials and the way they're put together." . . . See your authorized Lakeland dealer or write us for his name.

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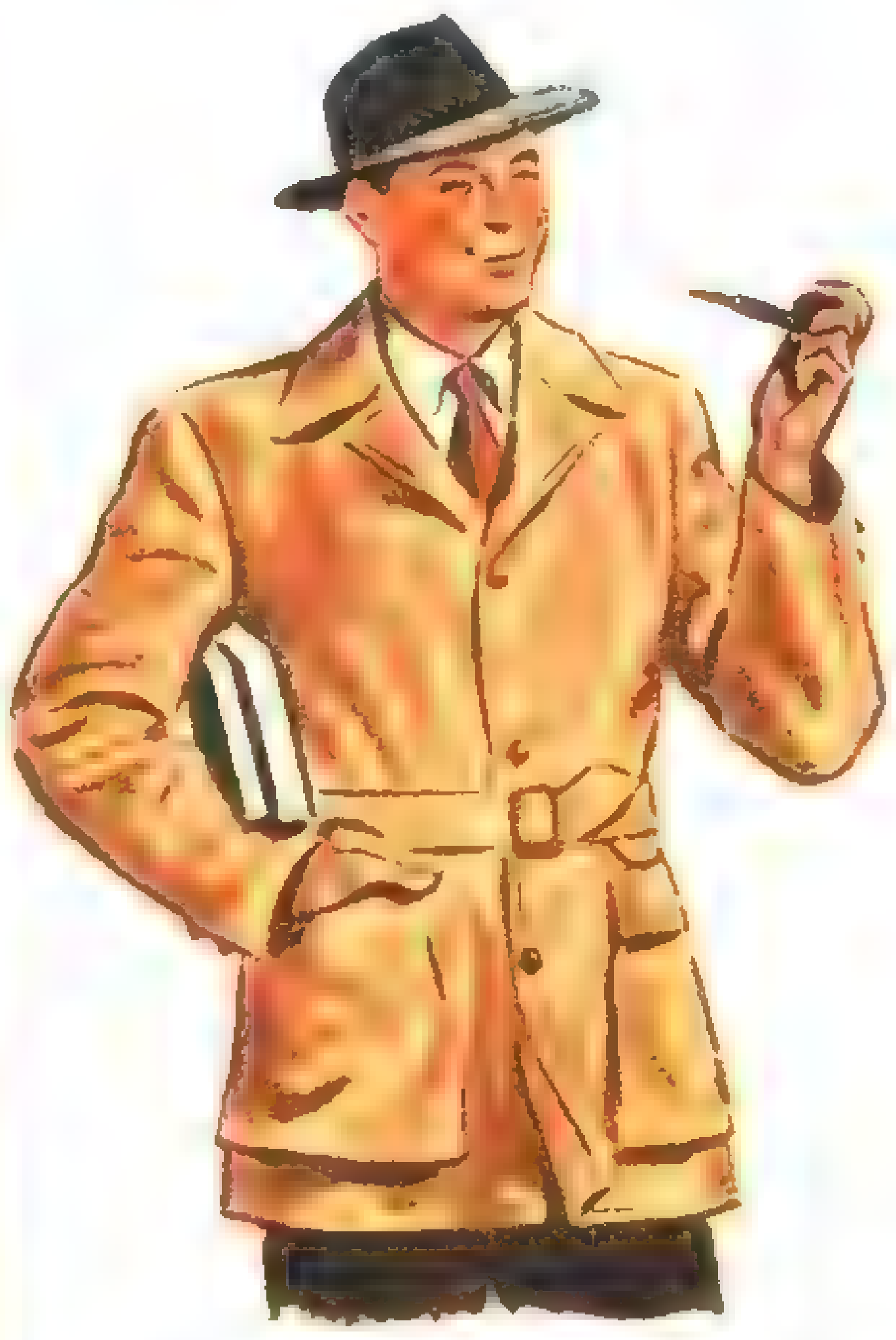
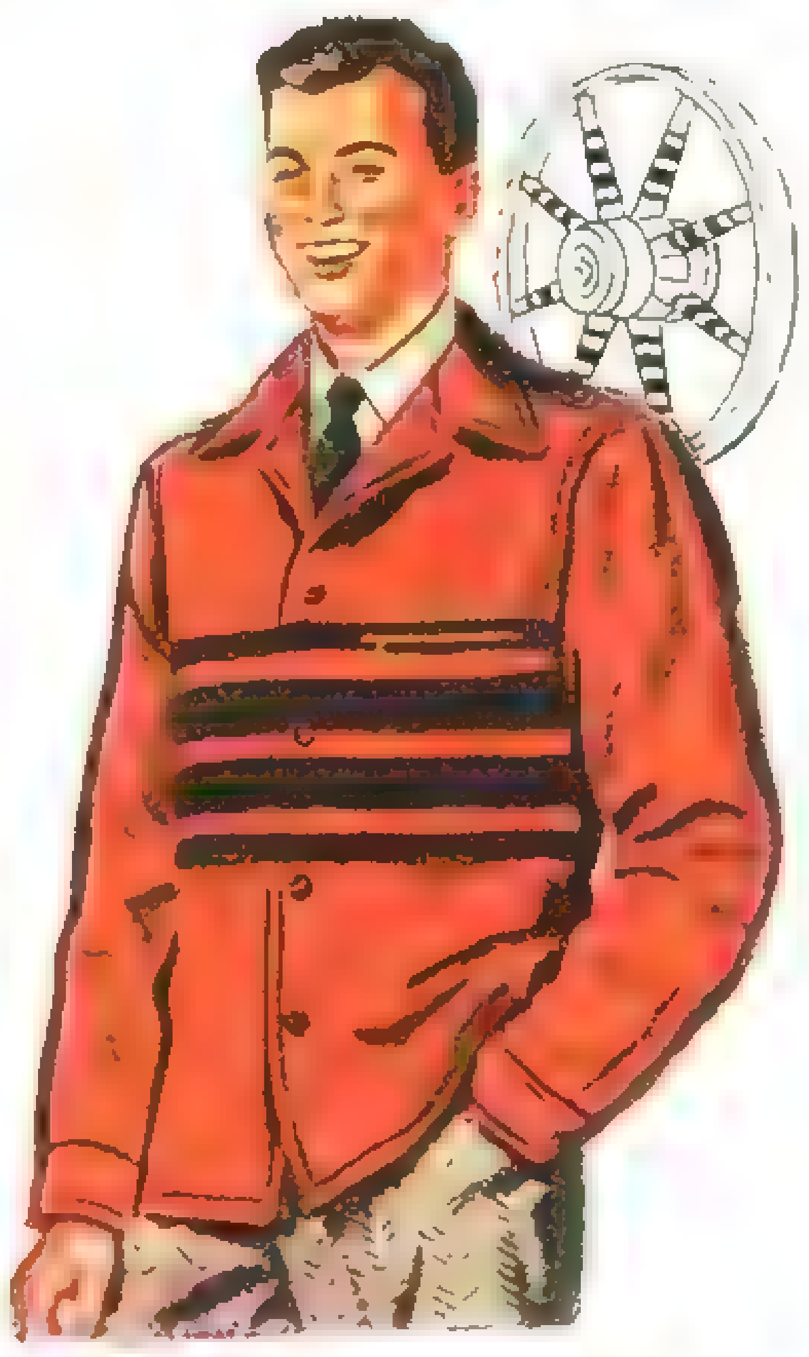
North Bay Here's what they call a *coat* in the North Country. Famous Piedmont gabardine, Cravenetted to shed rain and snow. Laskinlamb collar, sheepskin lining, red wool bottom — a world of warmth. Men's and boys' sizes.

Campus King

Corduroy is the season's big noise in fabrics. And this easy-fitting coat is genuine Hockmeyer corduroy. California Beige (shown) or Cocoa. Fireman-red wool flannel lining. Men's sizes.





Wagon Wheel Stripes

They've rolled right into the sportswear spotlight. Here they are in the popular "Jackinac." Black stripes on Scarlet, Kelly, or Gold — in water-repellent, brushed virgin wool. Men's sizes.

Styled in Wisconsin — the Nation's Playground

KNOX

"Revelation" For the first time presenting, in the revolutionary TWO-TONE EDGE, a hand-felted edge of subdued, contrasting color, that is permanently part of the soft, full-textured body of the hat itself. In nine smart color-combinations. $16.50. Knox the Hatter, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York. Now being introduced by your Knox dealer.

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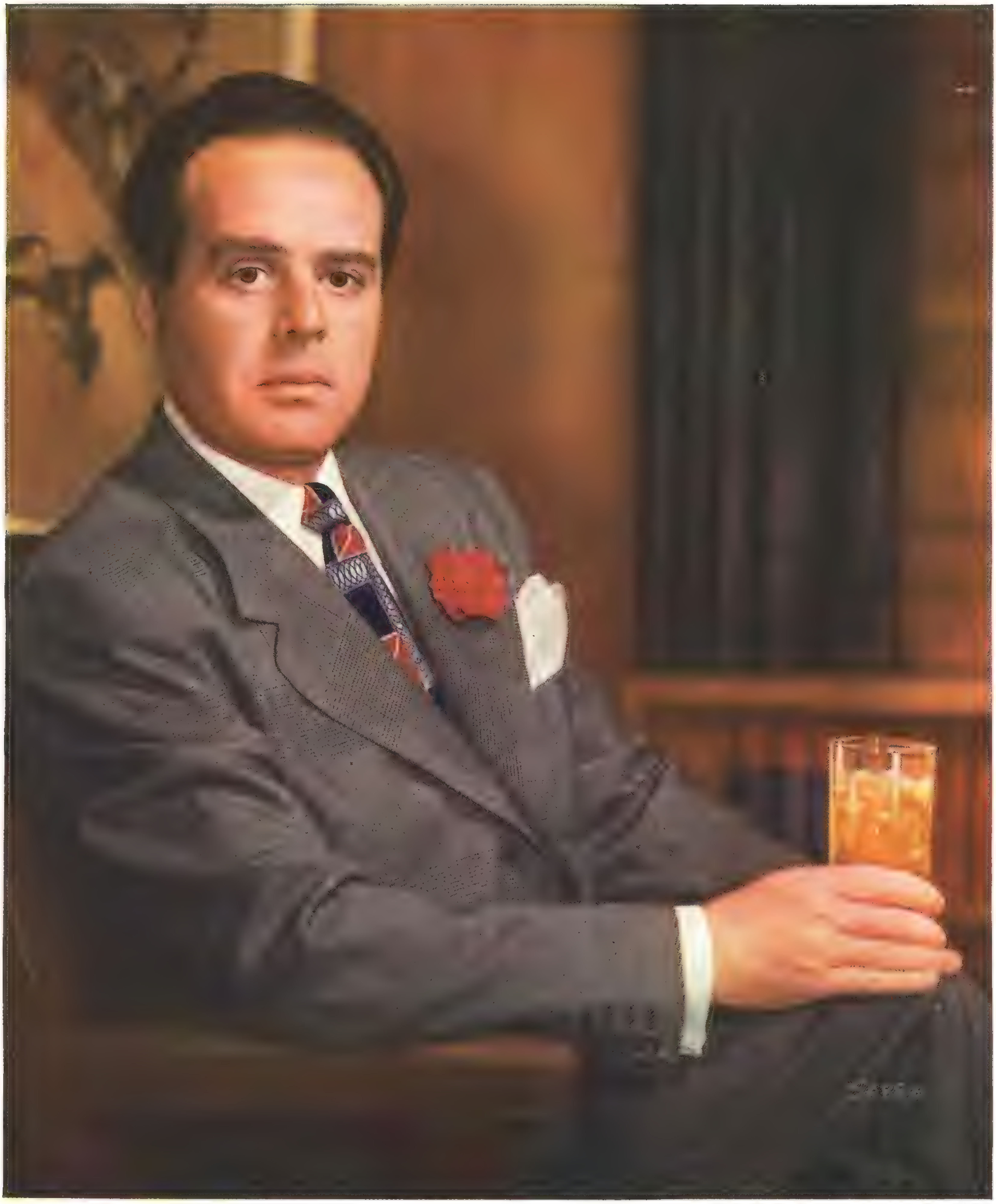
"HATS MADE SO FINE THAT ALL OTHERS MUST BE COMPARED TO THEM"
CHARLES KNOX 1838



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Lord Calvert...so *rare*, so *smooth*, so *mellow*...is a distinguished whiskey, intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. Have your next highball made with Lord Calvert and discover how light and mild... how genuinely pleasant is the taste of this distinguished whiskey. Tonight...speak the name Lord Calvert!

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

The Shoe Fits

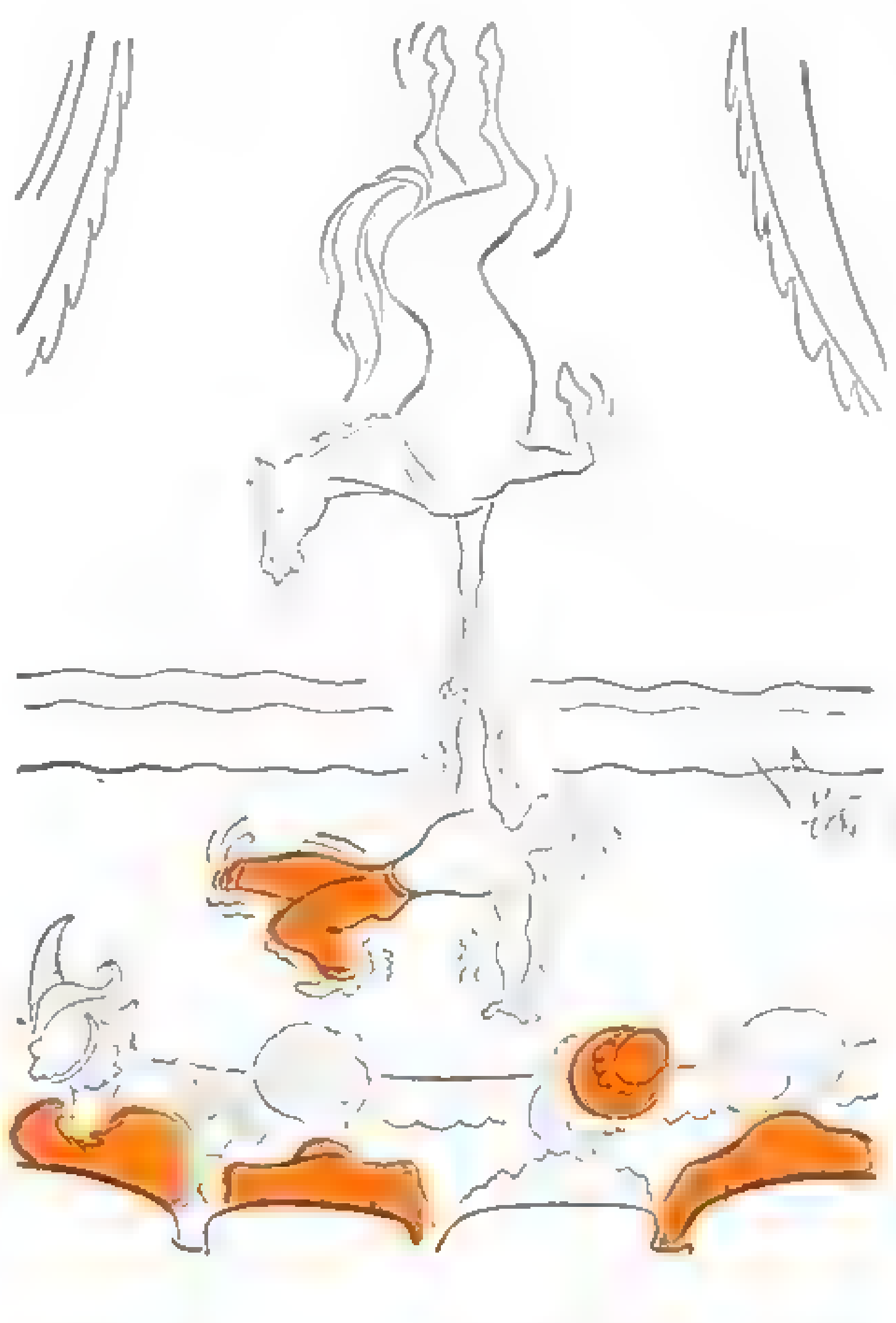
Continued from page 83

row you can do that off-the-lot research with me. Oh! I mean . . ."

She had a ranch in the valley that spread out wider than a tip at the race track. We swam in her pool and we ate on her patio, and while she was inspecting the two horses that made her place a ranch, I used her phone for completing the arrangements for the surprise party I was throwing for her at my "ranch"—a four-room bungalow at Santa Monica.

And in the cool of the California night we threw us one party: ninety people lapping over the four rooms and out into the garden; nobody truly sober, except Revere Allen, who wasn't enjoying himself. He begged off, and I let him, which left nobody exactly sober, and then, of course, somebody finally shoved somebody, and we had our little Donnybrook, and somebody fell against the radio, scratching Victor Herbert, and instead we got:

". . . Vannie Mitchell is dead . . . five steel-jacketed bullets through the head . . . in the parlor of his house . . . a set of footprints in the soft earth beside the window . . ."



"That's pretty good, but I've seen it done before with dogs!"

"The hell with him," somebody said, and lurched for the dial and brought back Victor Herbert.

The telephone was wedged beneath a fat lady who was rooted down, immovable, chirping like a lovable bullfrog. I couldn't have heard myself anyway, what with rumba out of the victrola and Victor out of the radio and strident sundry melody out of a couple of oversized fast-selling quartets. I borrowed Eve's car, and I drove along Pico until I found an open gas station and a lonesome phone booth.

I woke up Revere.

"Did you hear?" I asked him.

"*What?*"

"He got it."

"What?"

"Five in the head."

"How do you know?"

"I heard it over the radio."

"Dead?"

"What do you think you are with five in the head?"

"My God."

Pause. Sop of breath. Then: "Listen, can you come over in the morning?"

"Sure thing."

"My God." He hung up.

The party hadn't let up. It didn't let up until the sun sneaked in and the ladies began to see what they looked like. Then it broke up. It fell apart. The dead ones slept. The quick went home.

We rolled toward the sun on Wilshire and Eve said, "I'll get some sleep. You ring me at noon and we'll have ourselves our day. Thanks for the party." She braked in front of Revere Allen's in Beverly Hills. "Delivered as per request. Bye, sweetie. I'll hear from you at noontime."

He opened the door for me, in a yellow dressing job with tassels.

"My God," he said. "How do you like that business?"

"I'm going to see the cops. About what you told me. Any objection?"

"No, no, of course not." He punched out a cigarette. "One thing. Keep my name out of it, if possible."

"If it's possible, sure."

"You know how it is. Movie business."

"Sure I know how it is." I dug his check out. "Think the ink has had time to dry?"

He lifted his hand and he moved his fingers. "Put it away, Pete. A deal is a deal."

"I know what you mean. A little extra pressure so I don't forget that you don't like besplattering publicity. If possible."

"Something like that. You're a smart boy."

I folded up the check and I put it back. I used his phone for a cab. I went home and I woke up the dead ones and I sent them into the fury of the pleasant morning. I showered, shaved, snoozed, breakfasted, showered again. Olympic and Crescent was Los Angeles: I called a cab and we rode to downtown L.A.

The guy in charge was Captain Abe Stevens, lanky with a yellow open collar over his jacket. He had a drawl and freckles and an Adam's apple with more gyrations than a rum-and-punch-drunk chorus girl.

"Yeah?" he said, not encouragingly.

"About Vannie Mitchell."

"Who're you?"

"Pete Chambers."

"Whaddya do?"

"I'm a shamus. Out of New York."

"You guys stink for my money. Generally."

Small-town cops!

"Look, Captain. I think I have a little information for you. That's all. No conversation. Just information. Monologue."

"You mean you would sort of like a little newspaper space. With your name someplace in it."

"I wouldn't mind."

"You're not getting it."

Continued on page 136

PARIS
★ ★ ★ "TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS
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Pat. applied for

Look for the Oval package

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PARIS

It's as modern as tomorrow—this new oval "PARIS"* Belt Package . . . it is your guarantee that your belt is perfect when you get it.

Did you ever look at a belt taken from an ordinary oblong package? It has the "bends". Squeezed in the package, the leather fibers are stretched—often cracked and broken, in which case the belt is damaged *before* you wear it.

This can't happen to your "Paris" Belt in the new OVAL SEE-THRU package. It is completely protected and properly coiled—no strain—no squeezing—no cracking . . . your belt is as perfect as the day it left the craftsman's bench and stays that way until you wear it.

Accept no other—demand a "Paris" Belt in the new, protecting oval package. Many smart styles—popularly priced $1.50 and up.

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Gifts of Spruce ... appreciated grooming essentials with their fresh pine-laden fragrance ... are preferred by men you respect, approved by women you admire. Shave Bowl, Shave Lotion, Talc, Cologne Deodorant, Hair Dressing, Soap for Men. Smartly packaged, in sets or singly, one to three dollars.

The Shoe Fits

Continued from page 135

I sighed, blisteringly. "Vannie Mitchell owed a Detroit syndicate four million bucks which he borrowed to promote The Blue Village. He didn't pay. A welsher gets killed. Check along those lines, and thank me sometime. So long, Captain."

"Just a minute. How do you know?"

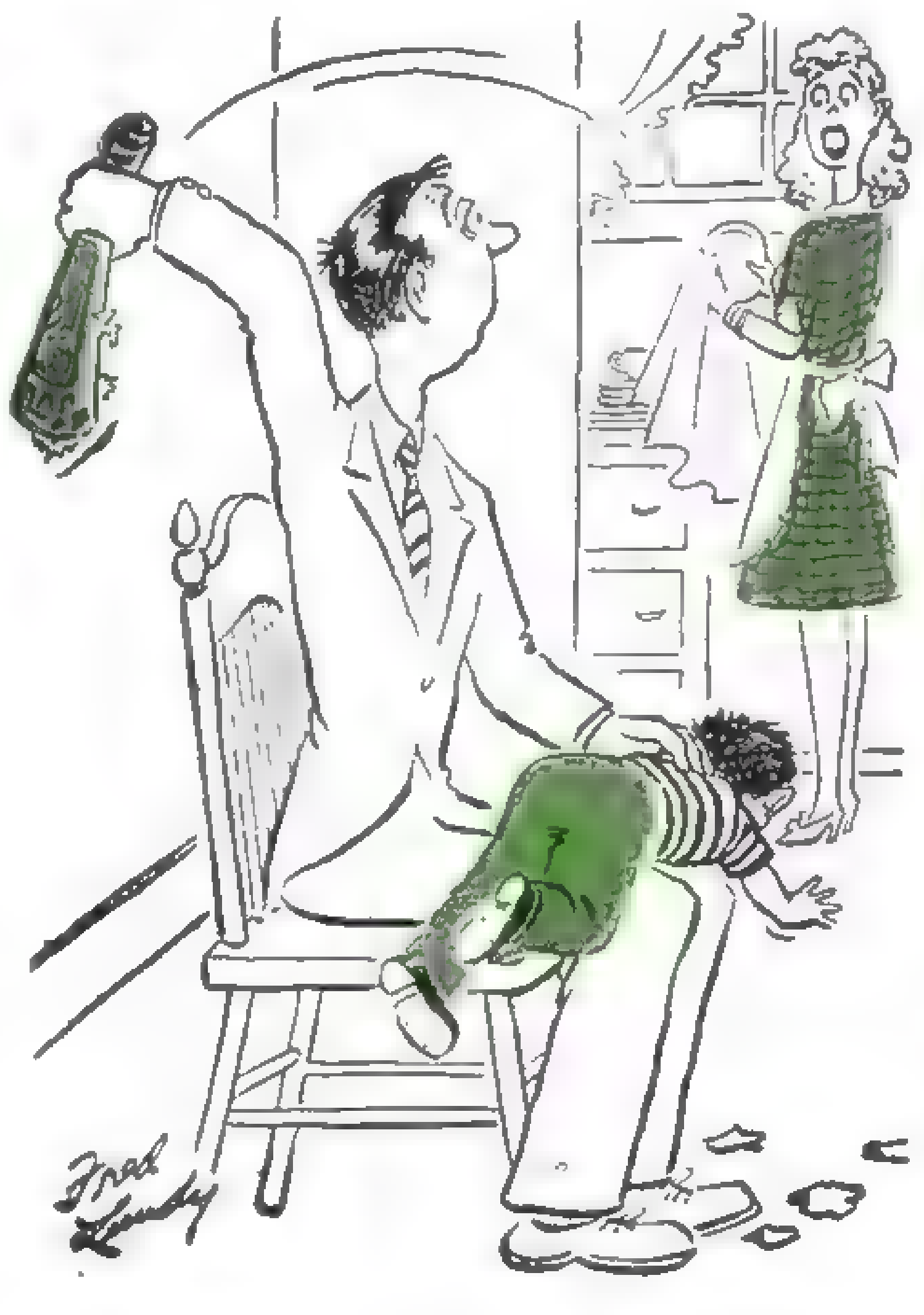
"I heard."

"Where?"

"Around."

"Good-bye, bub. What's your address?"

I gave it to him and I got out of there. Small-town cops. Somebody else had said that. Somebody else had also sighed about New York. I called Eve and I asked her to meet me at the Melody Lane on Beverly Drive at one o'clock. My agent's office was across the street from there. Everybody has an agent in Hollywood, even a technical adviser on a one-job hitch. I flagged a cab. Again.



"Oh, dear—I haven't read that magazine yet"

My agent was small and round: all glasses and no hair.

"Moe," I said. "What's Revere Allen's real name?"

"Means what?"

"Everybody uses a fancy one in this town. What's the guy's name?" I asked.

"How would I know?"

"Who handles him?"

"Al Marcelle. My brother-in-law."

"Find out for me, will you?"

"It's confidential."

"It's a special favor."

"Just a minute."

He jiggled the phone and he talked while I walked around and looked at all the pretty pictures on the walls. Then he hung up.

"Pitzel Inten."

"Pitzel Inten?"

"Pitzel Inten."

I shrugged. I said, "Thanks." I went across to the Melody and Eve Carter was a temporary antidote for hunches and suspicions and the gnawing of a name vaguely unremembered. But not for long. I had an idea. "Let's go to Pasadena, kid. You and I."

"Pete. Oh, Pete, you're wonderful." She did it in the deep voice. My scalp made with many crinkles. "Pasadena on my birthday . . . Oh, Pete."

"What . . . are you talking about?"

Stiffly she said, "What?"

"Pasadena," I said. "I only meant . . ."

"It's my home. It's where I was born."

"You too?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Pasadena. I mean . . ."

"You," she declared, "are an oaf. Oaf."

We went to Pasadena. She visited with friends and relatives while I went out to check. "Business," I told her. I verified that Pitzel Inten was born in Pasadena. I verified nothing else. He was an only child and his folks were dead and there were no kinfolk.

I divested Eve from a dear, dear aunt and we went down to the shore for dinner and a cuddle with the rolling surf of the Pacific. Then we went back to town for a swill at the Macombo, and we closed the joint. We sat on the Strip, close together on the front seat, and we looked out on the lights of L.A. spread beneath us like the winking D.T.s with a million elephants with electric eyes. Then I suddenly smote the meat of my palm against the flat of my forehead. Hard.

"Real romantic," she said.

"You," I said, "are from Pasadena."

"You," she said, "are an awful bright detective."

"Ever hear of Pitzel Inten?"

"I was brought up with him."

I snuggled closer. "Tell me, honey."

"I don't get it. But I always humor a drunk. Pitzel Inten was a good-looking kid, about fifteen years older than I, captain of the high-school football team; wilder than the devil. I don't know whatever became of him. I had promised myself a lusty affair with him when I grew up. But he didn't wait. He went away to conquer the world."

"That all?"

"Should there be more?"

"There should be."

"There isn't."

"Thanks."

"Look, friend Chambers. It's my birthday, and I hear tell that I am the dame that makes ten million American males wish to smother it when I say, 'Oh.' Did you ever hear tell?"

"I have heard tell."

"You an American male?"

"I am."

"I am going to say 'Oh.' "

She said it. I smothered it. The lights of L.A. whirled like the elephants had gone on a merry-go-round. I closed my eyes.

In the morning, bright, clean, shaved and slightly hung-over, I presented myself at Moe's. "Moe," I said, "how you fixed for strings?"

"Be comical," he said, "some-

Continued on page 138

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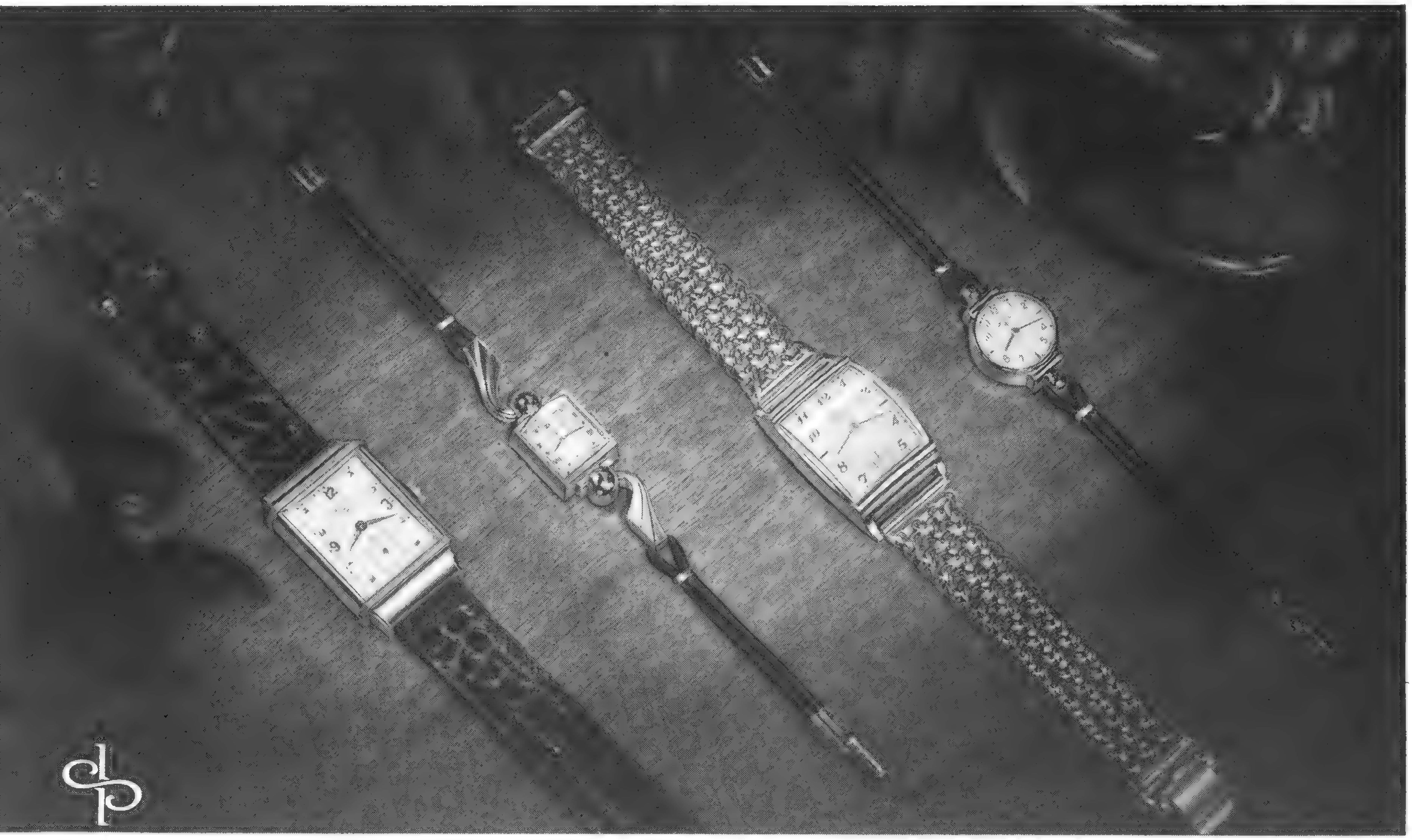

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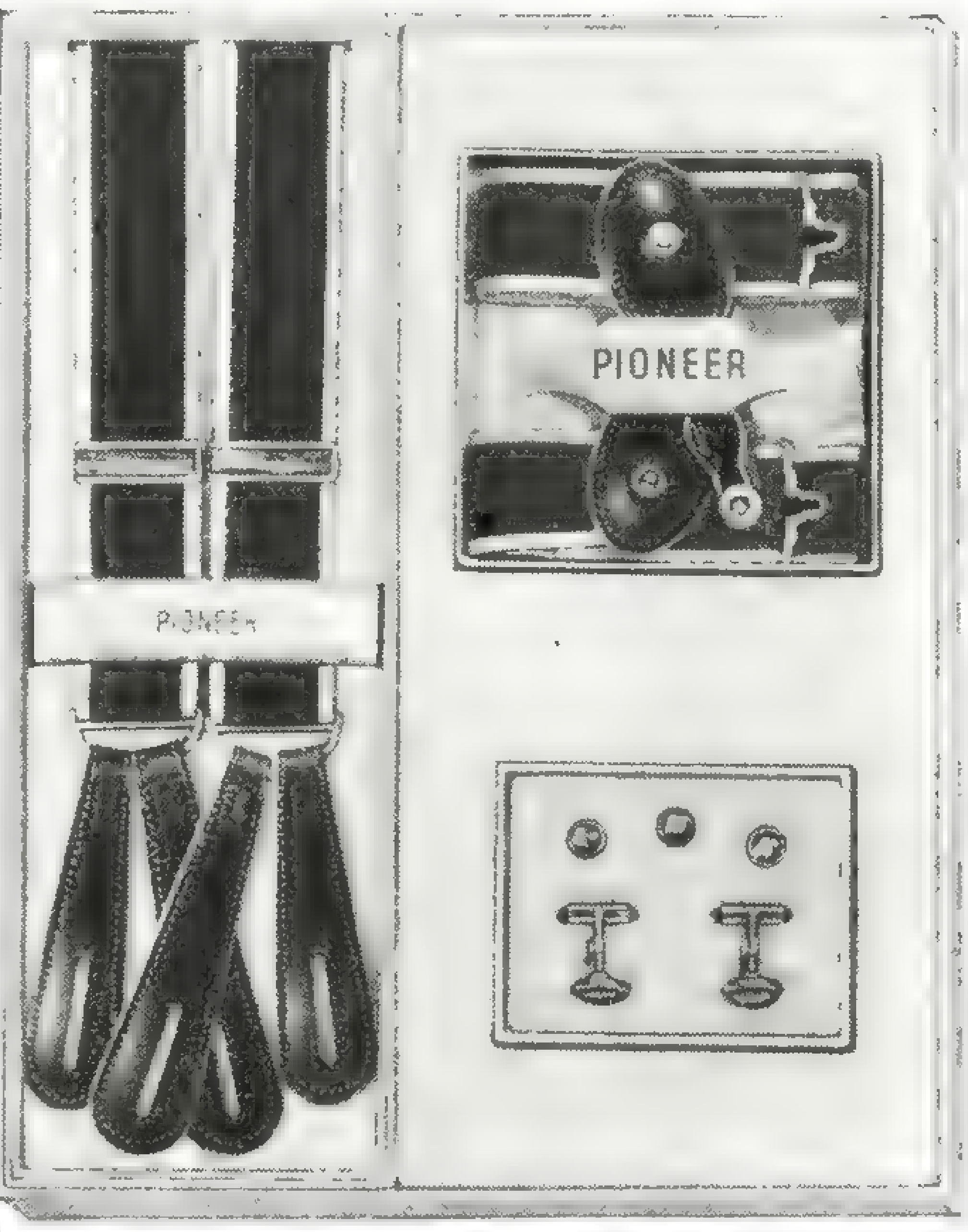

On sale at most good men's stores

PIONEER U·S·A·

The Shoe Fits

Continued from page 136

where else. I am suffering from a grandiose hang-over."

"You too? Grandiose . . . I like that."

"What's with strings?"

"You pull them. I need a flight to New York and back."

Moe had never failed me. He didn't fail me now. "I do not need strings." He pointed to a ticket envelope on the desk. "Right there is a flight to New York and back. Which I was going to cancel. I do not feel well, but grandiose. I have decided to telephone instead, and the hell with deductible expenses."

I grabbed the tickets and I said thanks and nine hours out of Inglewood a cab took me from La Guardia airport to 240 Centre Street which is Police Headquarters in New York City.

"Hi," I said to Detective-lieutenant Louis Parker.

"What's this 'Hi'? " he queried.

"I mean how are you? How's everything?"

"Fine. How's the movie star?"

"Technical adviser. Not movie star."

"What's the difference?" Parker was dark and square and squat and strong, with a cigar pointing out of his face like a mobile exclamation mark. "What they do? Get wise to you? Send you home?"

"I am here," I said with dignity, "on a case. For a fee."

I produced the check. He examined it. The cigar tilted. "Money goes to money. What do you want?"

"I'm checking on a guy."

"What guy?"

"Pitzel Inten."

"Pitzel Inten?"

"Pitzel Inten. I don't know. Every time the name gets mentioned, it comes out three times. Check some files, dear Lieutenant. It's a very big favor. Of which you owe me a few."

He laid the cigar away and he put his heels on the desk and he made a mound of his hands with his fingers touching. "I don't need no files. I remember the name distinctly. This tied in with that Vannie Mitchell killing on the Coast?"

"It could be."

"Remember Max Monocure?"

"No."

"Had his name in the papers for a spell. There was a little combine, maybe twelve years ago. Three punk kids and a dame. Max Monocure, Pitzel Inten, Vannie Mitchell. The dame's name was Peggy."

I lit up and I listened.

"I'll make it short for you. We never heard of any of them till this Monocure pulls a stickup in a night club. Solo and brazen. Only he is not lucky. The bartender recognizes him, he went to school with Maxie on the East Side. We check. Routine. We have the guy's name, and he doesn't know we have it. Max Monocure. We finally get it that Maxie is living on Riverside with Vannie, who was nothing then, and this Pitzel, and the jane. We're not sure this is our Maxie, so the cop that goes to make the pinch of this little-time punk takes the bartender with him. He shoots his way out. He killed them both."

"So now he's big time."

"Correct. But by the time we get there, full dress, the place is clean, except for our corpses. We go after that Max Monocure then, but good. When we finally catch up with him, he is dead. They found him on the railroad tracks up in the Bronx on 149th, cut to ribbons by a train, head smashed, body severed bad."

"How'd you know it was he?"

"We check, kid. We know by a $5000 rock he wears on his pinky. By identification in his clothes. By laundry marks on his underwear. You kiddin'?"

I looked for an ash tray. No ash tray. I let the cigarette smolder. "What's all this got to do with P.I.?"

"We check good. We also come up with three slugs in his heart. Somebody has first put the heat on him, then dumped him. We don't care too much. We love to have these small-timers kill themselves off. But we check again. Routine."

"Pitzel?" I ventured.

"Underground, that's the word we get on it. Seems Maxie and Pitzel quarreled over the dame. Pitzel let him have it, right there in front of this Peggy and Vannie. Then at night they took him out and dumped him. That was the word on it, you know how it gets around, but you can't prove any of that. Pitzel lammed. We had the girl in, finally, for questioning, and Vannie. Nothing. And we really didn't care too much. We had our cop-killer."

"That it?"

"That's it. With one little appendage. First year of the war we get word about a war casualty out in a hospital in Arizona; name, Pitzel Inten. Chin shot off and psychotic: gun-shy. We send a man out, for the record. He's the boy, all right, and of course he don't know nothing from nothing. Lived with Maxie and Peggy—

Continued on page 140

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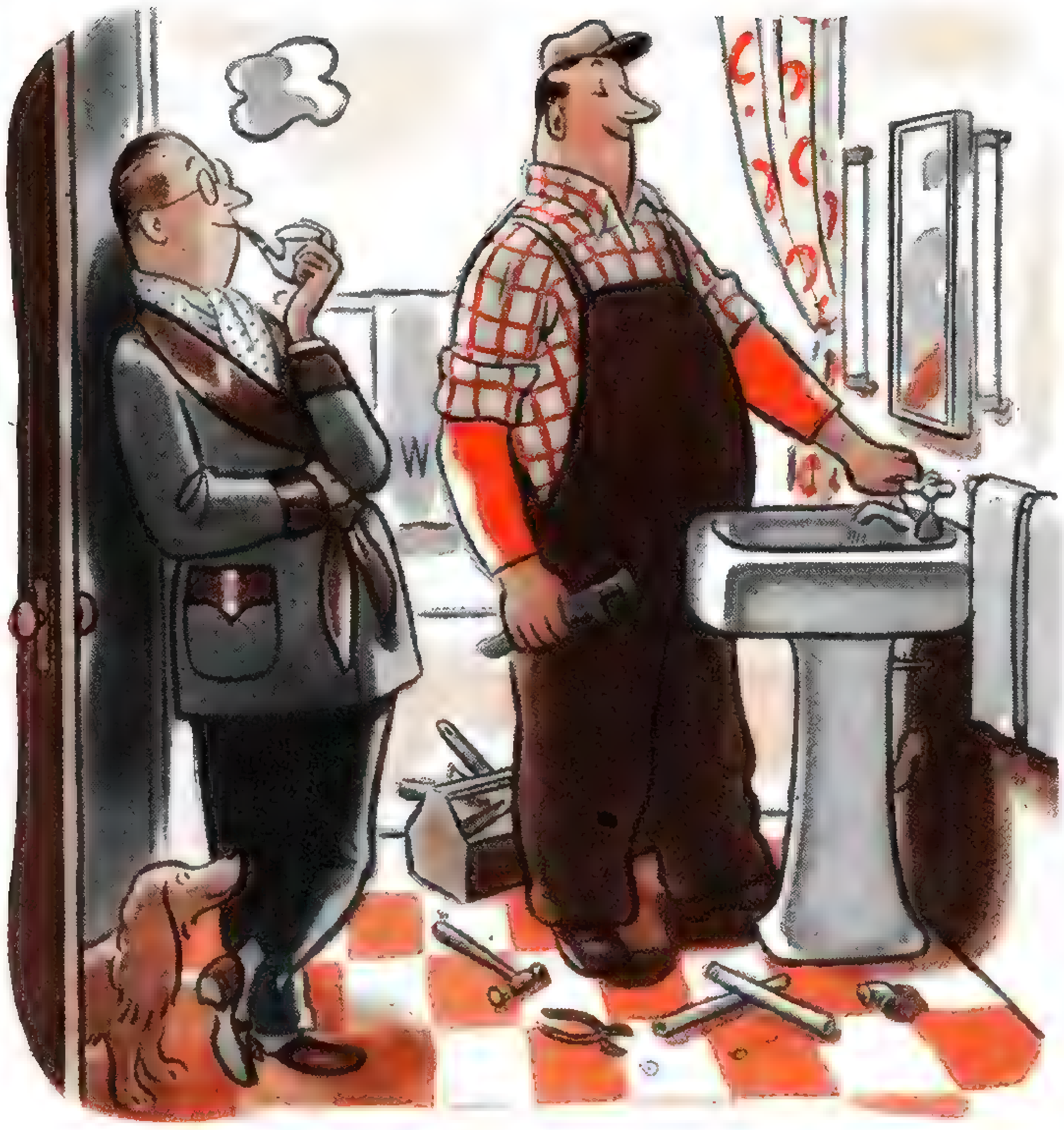

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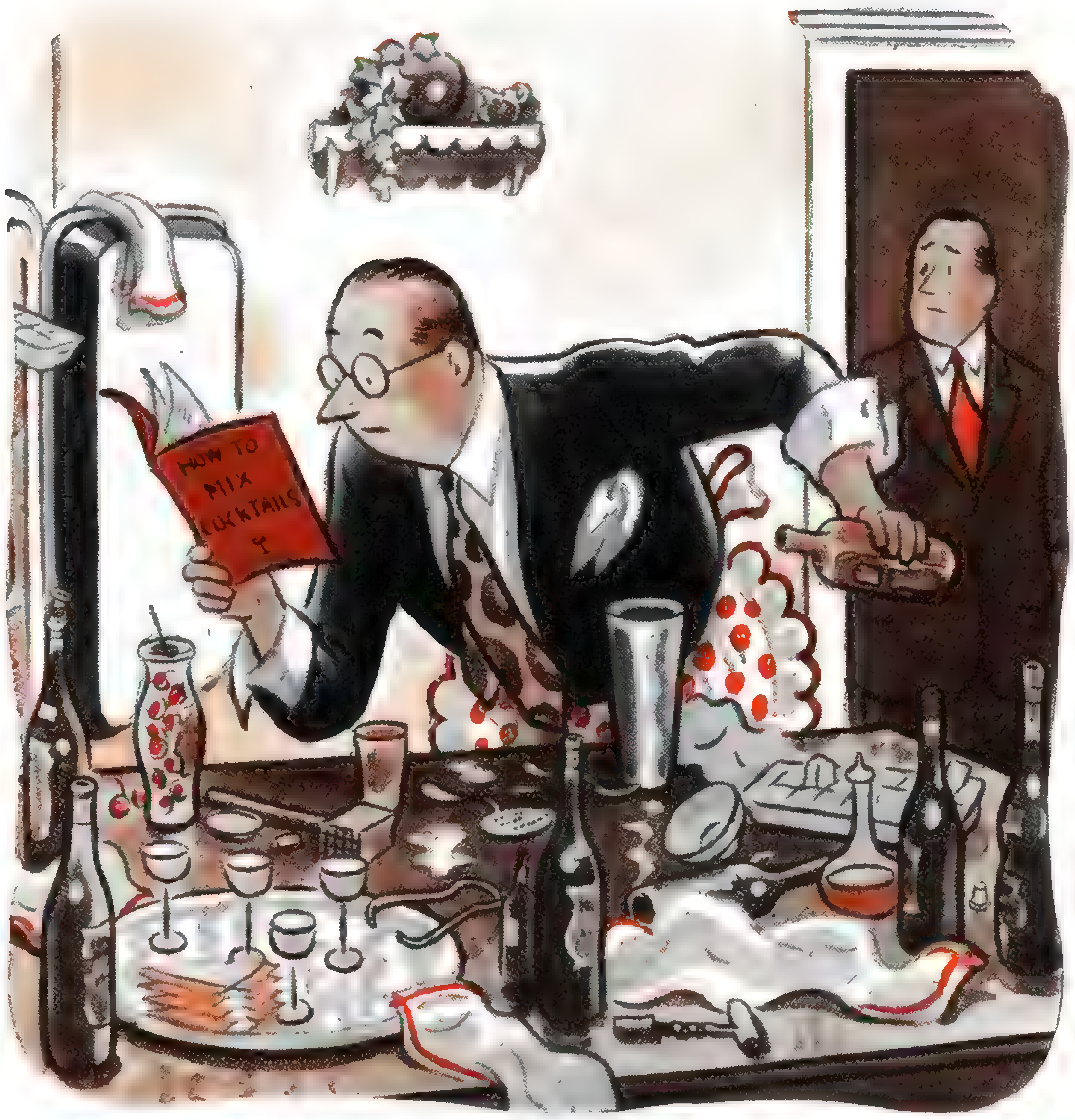

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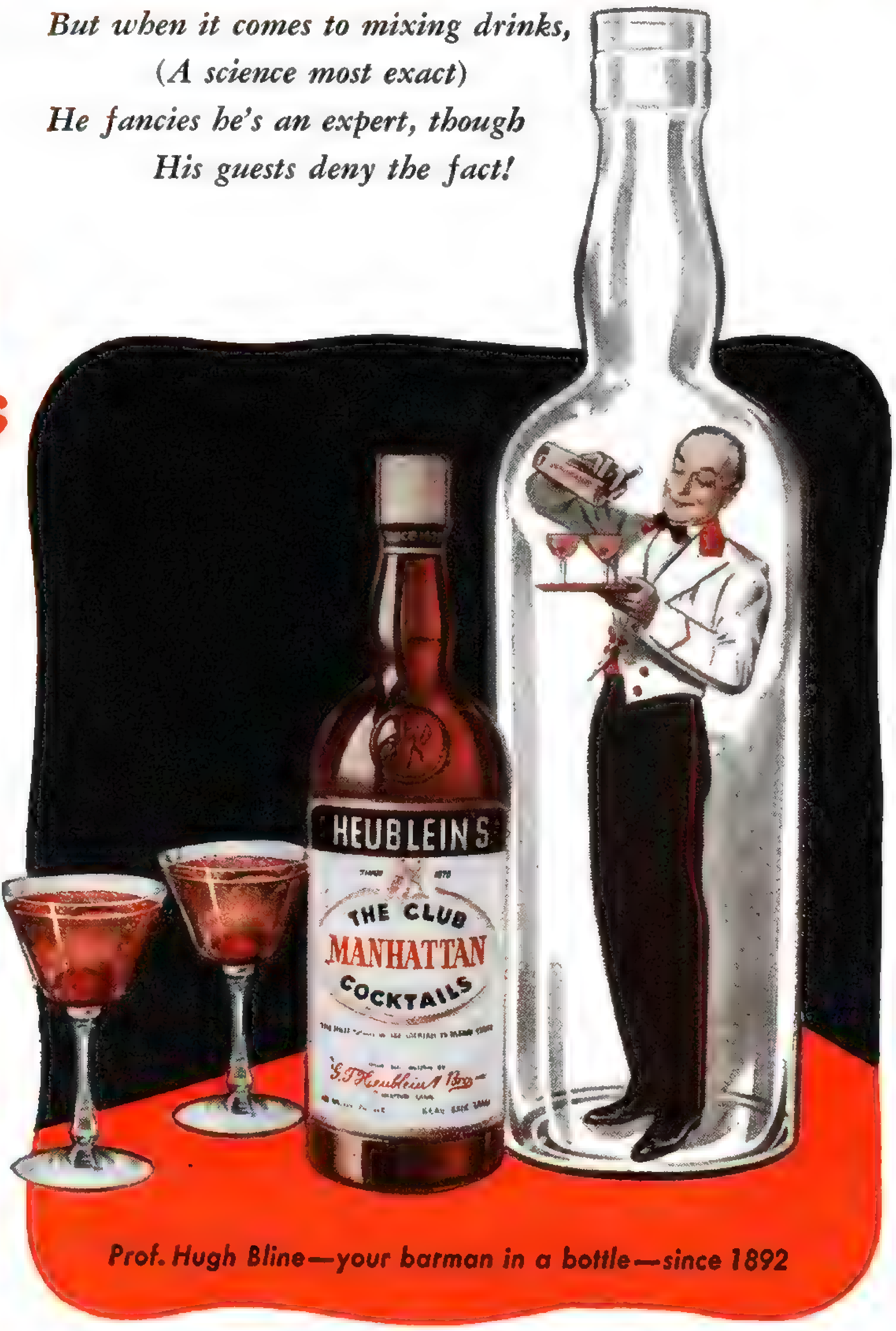

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The Shoe Fits

Continued from page 138

sure. But he moved, just knocking around. Somebody shot up Maxie and dumped him on the railroad tracks—well, what do you know? . . . We didn't have a thing on him, and he knew it. So now we had our records just complete enough to close the file, which we did. Maxie was dead, which saved us a job. Case closed, next case."

"What about the girl?" I put the cigarette under my shoe and kept it there, outscowling the lieutenant.

"Upped and married a dramatic critic on the old *Telegram*. Went West. Maybe she's a movie star too."

"*Telegram?*" I said. "That's about the time P. J. Henessey was city editor. About the time he retired and bought the saloon. Right?"

He took his feet off and brought the cigar back into his face. "About that time."

"P.J. still got the saloon?"

"Far as I know."

I got up and we shook hands. "Thanks, Lieutenant. I'll do you a turn, when I get the chance."

"What have I got to lose?"

P.J.'s, on Second Avenue and Twelfth Street, was damp and dim and musty and still; a long dark bar with the cool dank reminiscent smell of an empty beer keg.

P.J. was behind the bar, mottled-face, enormous-round inside his crisp white apron. There was one customer—erstwhile customer—with his head on his arms at the back table.

I climbed a stool and I said, "Pinch and water," and he said, "Sure thing," and he served it and I drank it and I said, "Another," and he said, "Sure thing," and then I said:

"Remember me?"

"Sure," he said in the tired and placating voice special-reserved for afternoon drunks.

"I remember you," I said.

"Sure."

I produced the buzzer and I took it away, gruff and important.

Tiredly he said, "I'm too old, sonny. I'm clean. Somebody's been giving you a wrong pitch."

"It's a thing I'm working on, Mr. Henessey. Nothing personal. We could use your help."

"Be glad to help. If I can."

"It's a long shot. We're checking on a girl called Peggy, married a guy about twelve years back. The guy was a dramatic critic or something on your paper."

He creased his eyes together. "That's a long way back."

"The guy left the paper. Went West."

"Oh! Sure. Peggy . . . sweet kid. Sure. I stood up for him. Pfanne Kleinhuegel: we called him the Dutchman, only he wasn't a Dutchman, but an American of German extraction—came from Milwaukee."

"Know the girl's last name?"

"No. Only the Dutchman wasn't the dramatic critic. He was third-string movie reviewer. Bright, and a damn good writer. Movies grabbed him for a writing job. Haven't heard from him since."

I swallowed the Pinch. "Thanks," I said.

We did a three-pointer in Inglewood at eleven at night, California time. I called Stevens from the airport.

"I want to apologize," he said.

"For what?"

"For being a gol-darned stuffy schmo. You give us a sweet steer. We developed it. It checked a hundred per cent out of Detroit. Thanks. Come around sometime."

"I'm glad," I said. "I'm delighted. I've got a little more dope for you. Can you meet me out at Revere Allen's house? Say, midnight?"

"You bet."

"Wear your shoulder strap."

I called Smallhill. "Come on out to Allen's place. I'm calling from Inglewood. I just got in from New York."

"Yes, but, look . . ."

"Pan, it's ding-dong hot. I wouldn't bother you this late if it weren't."

"All right, but . . ."

"I'll see you in about an hour."

I cabbed out to Allen's. Allen wasn't home. The man said he'd been out all day.

"I'll wait," I said.

The man made a face. I pushed through to the drawing room. Mrs. Pan Smallhill said, "Hi."

The man made another face. "I told him Mr. Allen wasn't home."

"That's all right, Richard." He went away.

She said, "Late for calling on people."

"I've got a report for him. All the way from New York. About a guy, Pitzel Inten."

She came over very close. Part of her touched me, most of her didn't. "I think you're butting in, Mr. Chambers. You ought not to butt in."

"What ought I do?"

"You ought to butt out. I think you can make money butting out. A good deal of money. Upwards in the large thousands."

"You ought to know about blackmail, Mrs. Smallhill. It's no good."

"Ethics?"

"Ethics, too. Very cockeyed. But ethics."

She patted my cheek. She moved to the door. "Be seeing you. Give my love to Revere. Tell him I waited."

I walked around, alone, in the quiet of the thickly furnished room. There were three large pictures on one wall. I moved the middle one. Revere Allen wasn't a Hollywood director for nothing. There was a handsome wall safe

Continued on page 142

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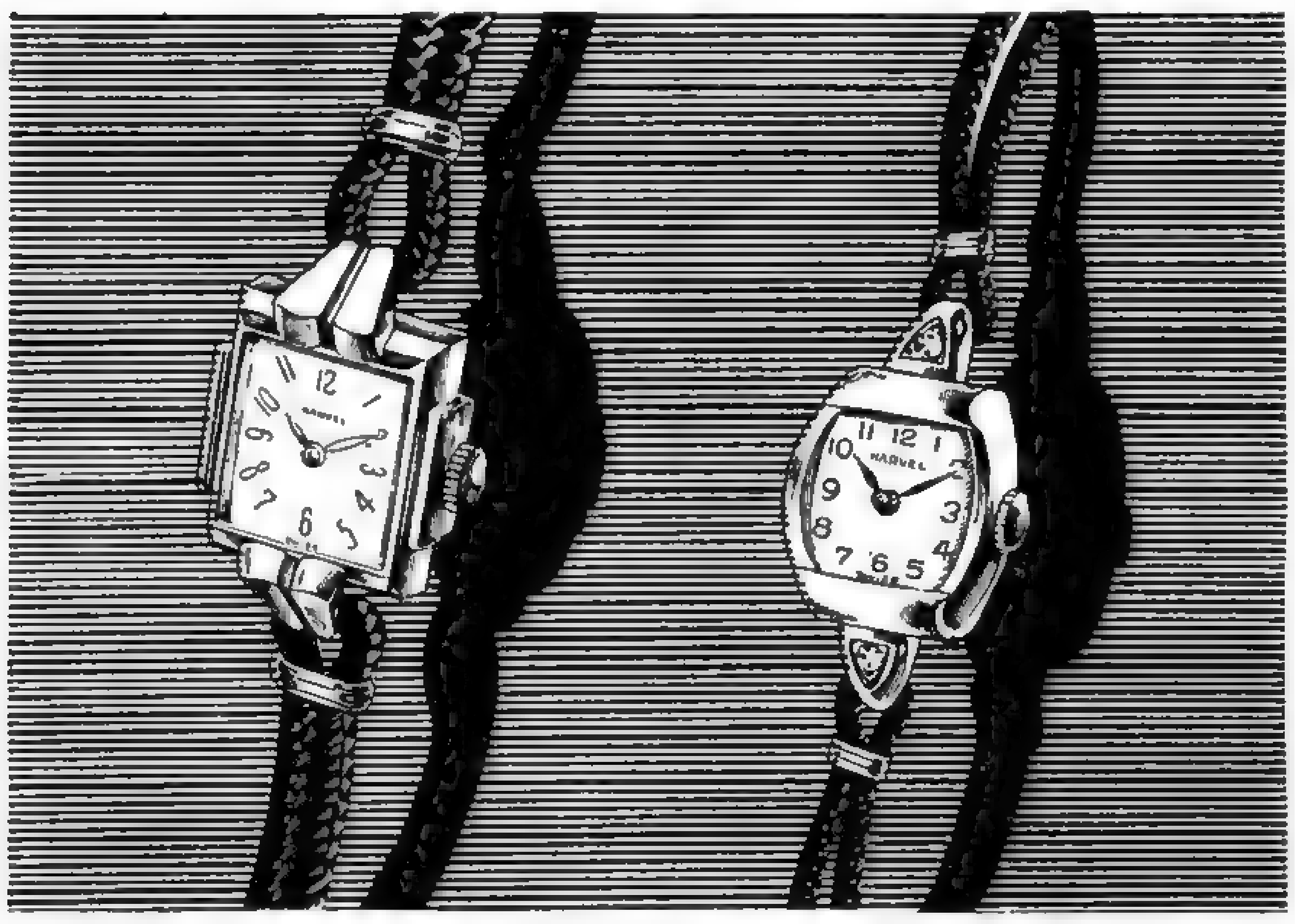

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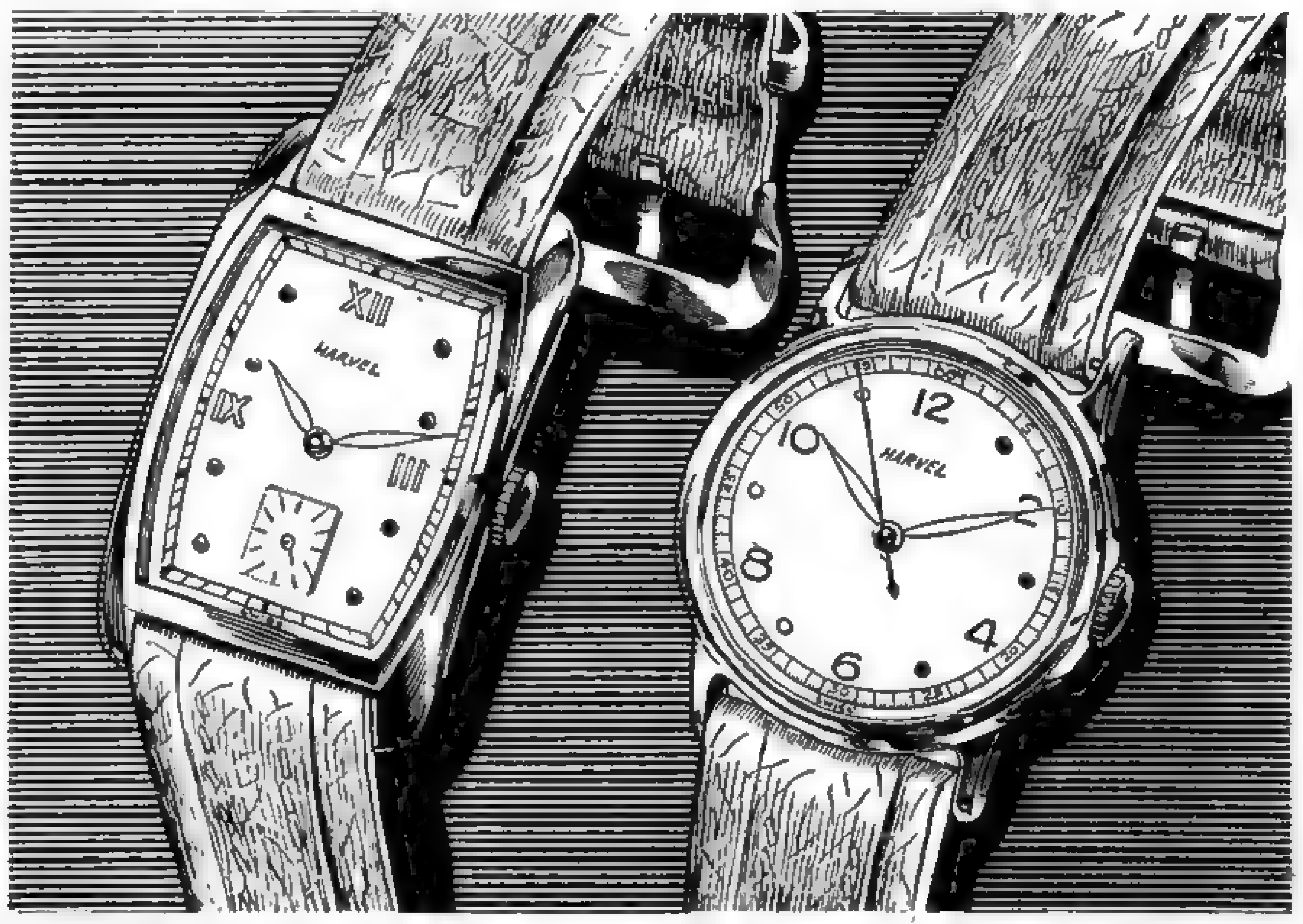

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The Shoe Fits

Continued from page 140

behind that picture. I sighed. I am not good at wall safes, not without a blow torch. I dropped the picture back.

There was a large mahogany desk near the casement windows. There was a brown envelope in the middle. It was postmarked that morning, a bank statement, and it was open. It shouldn't have been open. If Allen had opened it, it would have been in the safe. Mrs. Smallhill had been curious. So was I. It contained three large points of interest, three different checks, each dated a week apart, each for cash, and each for two hundred thousand dollars. That is a lot of cash.

"Very nosey," he said from the doorway. "Even for an eye. Keeping your hand in?" He took off his hat and he laid it away.

"It was open. Probably Mrs. Smallhill. I am to give you her love. She waited."

He came across and took the envelope out of my hands and opened a desk drawer and put it in.

"Very big checks you've been writing, Max."

"*What!*"

"I've been to New York, Max—"

He came up out of the drawer with a gun, and he did it right. He didn't talk. He pumped. But he was gun-shy, all right: bullets whanged into the walls like bats berserk; then I hit his knees in a very creditable flying tackle. He came down over me, but he was stronger that I thought. He kept banging the thing at my head and I felt the slobber of thickness come out of me, down over my face, into my mouth. I wasn't doing good at all.

I heard Abe Stevens say, "Break it up, boys." It sounded like ham whisper over amateur footlights. Allen rolled off me. I looked, but I couldn't see. I was moving into sweet black indifference.

I pulled away from it. "A murderer from way back," I think I said. "A cop-killer, Abe . . ."

I heard the soft popping of corks, which might have been gunfire, but I didn't care . . .

First I smelled the whiskey; then I tasted it. I gurgled. Then I spat.

"Jeez," I said.

"Good boy," the man with the mustache said.

"The hell with that," I said and sat up.

They blurred: then they settled down to people. Abe, Pan, and the mustache closing up the black satchel.

"Bad?" I inquired.

"No," the mustache said. "I took three sutures in your scalp."

"You can have them."

"Ha, ha. Spry. You'll be all right."

He slapped the bag. "Be seeing you." He powdered.

"Where's Allen?" I asked.

"Dead," Abe Stevens said. I knew, right then, that I was going to re-arrange my story.

"Dead," Abe Stevens said. "I'm a small-town cop. When somebody starts pea-shooting at me, I pea-shoot back, and I don't have the time for maybe aiming where it won't hurt."

I got off the couch, wobbled.

"Take it easy," the captain said.

"Captain," I said, "you take it easy. You killed a murderer. So stop looking morose. Listen . . ."

I told them the story. I told them everything Louis Parker had told me.

"Only," I said, "this guy wasn't Pitzel Inten."

"Wait a minute," Pan said. "Why New York?"

"Hunch. Nobody sighs about New York except somebody that's lived in New York and lived there a long time; certainly not Pasadena who says he's never been in New York. And a small-town boy just naturally doesn't think of Los Angeles coppers as small-town coppers, which he did. My hunch was New York, and my hunch was right. And I knew he wasn't Pitzel Inten before I went there."

"How?"

"Eve Carter was brought up with Pitzel Inten in Pasadena: she'd have known the guy; he was her director; beard or no beard—so who was he?"

"Smart enough," Abe acknowledged.

"That wasn't too hard to figure, after Parker told me the story. Monocure is wanted for murder. In a scrap over the girl, in the presence of Vannie and the girl, Max kills Pitzel. Then he has an idea. If he shifts identity with Pitzel, he's got the rap off him. And he himself has a brand-new fairly clean identity; you've got to be somebody; there's always legal papers and things. So he shifts. All the way down to that $5000 pinky ring. Which explains why the guy wound up demolished under train wheels."

"Smart enough," Abe underlined.

"So now, years later, Vannie gets jammed for dough, and he puts the clamp on the guy, and the guy forks, but not for long. He figures one, and he pulls it."

Pan looked at me. "But . . ."

"In the desk drawer," I said, "you'll find vouchers for cash for six hundred thousand dollars in the last three weeks. That went to Vannie. And within a couple of days, Captain, I'll have that Peggy lass come down to your office and straighten out all the wrinkles."

"You got her located?"

"I have."

"Smart enough. Very smart. You have changed my opinion forever about a shamus. Let's go down to the office and fit some shoes into the casts of them shoeprints."

"I wouldn't depend on that, Captain. Prints widen out and

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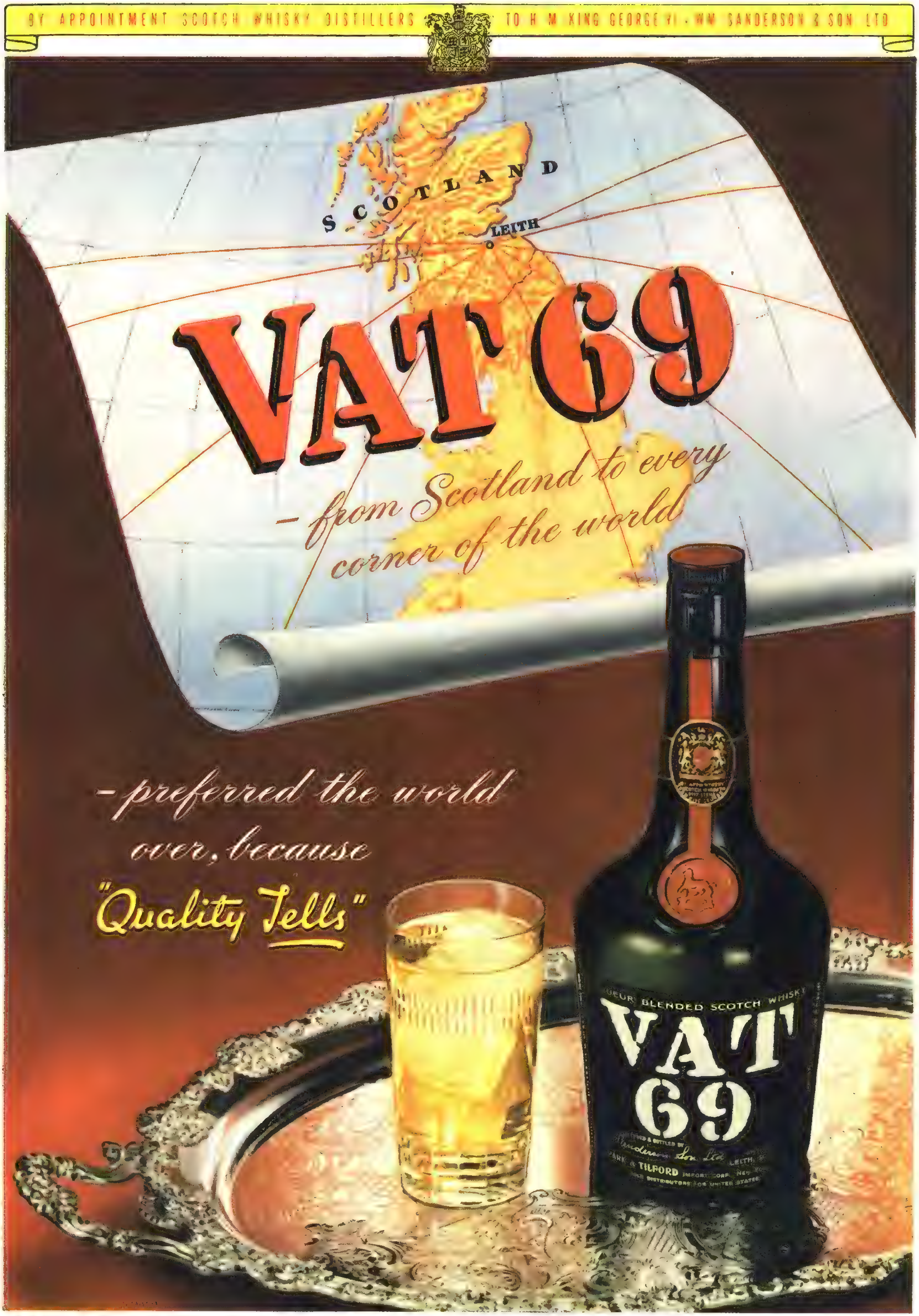
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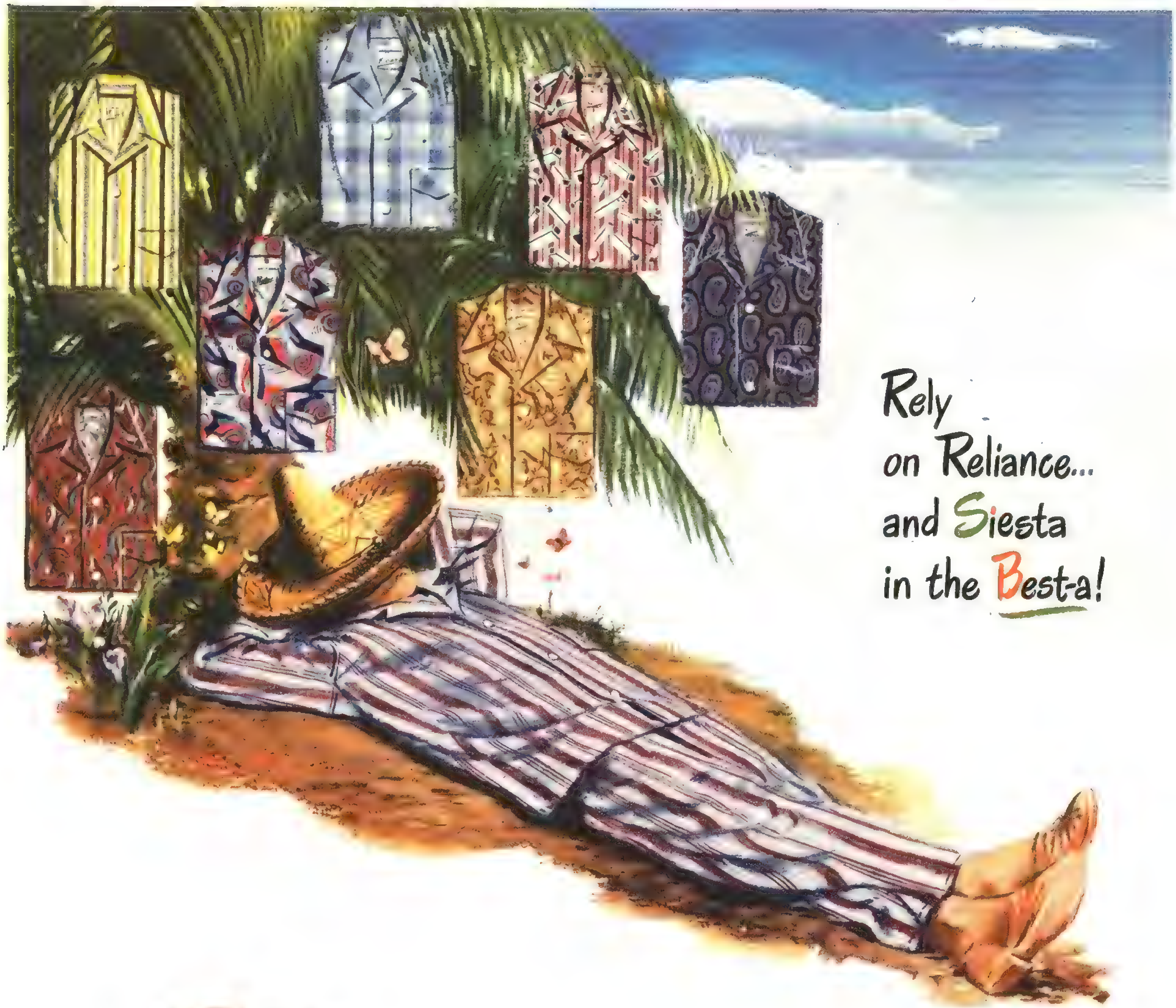

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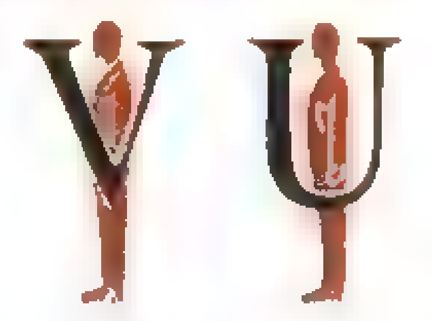

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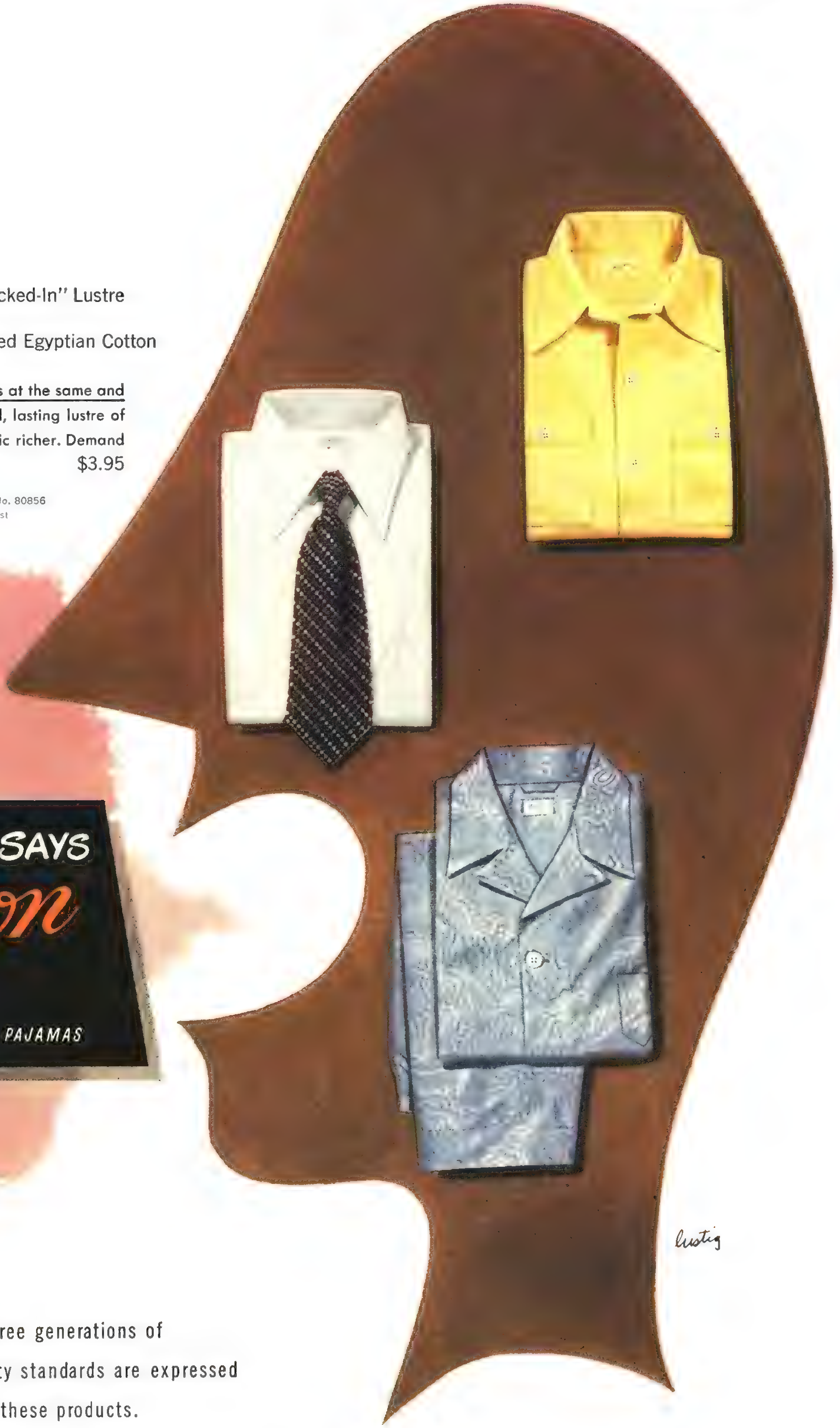

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The Shoe Fits

Continued from page 142

get all scroogy when a guy waits by a window to kill a guy. What do you say, Pan?"

"They don't figure to fit."

"Let's go see," the captain said. "I got some very fine casts, indeed." He piled up all of Allen's shoes in a sheet and looped it and swung it over his shoulder like one of the dwarf's out of Washington Irving. We trudged behind him to the car. I drove.

Under the glare of white unadorned light, with the sweat dripping off his forehead onto the desk, the captain shoved shoes into the casts. Then he stopped and looked up and smeared a hand over his face: "I'll be a soft-boiled son of a gun." Pan wheezed: "My goodness." A pair of Allen's spade-lasts fitted perfectly. I looked in the shoes. They were custom-made by Lorsch of Beverly.

"Okay," I said. "Clinched. Take this invalid home."

"A pleasure," the captain said.

"See you in the morning," I said to Pan.

In the morning I patted a throbbing head, and I showered and shaved and coffeed and dressed. My car was still on the studio lot. I called a cab and I went by way of Beverly. I said, "Wait for me," and I went into Lorsch and I gave with buzzer and bustling importance, and I looked over the list for custom-made spade-lasts. Then I picked up my cab and we went to the studio. My head hurt.

Pan said, "Send him in," when the girl buzzed; he fixed up the softest chair in the office for me. "How's the head?"

"Not good."

"I'm sorry. That's a wonderful job you did."

He went across to the chair behind the desk. He rubbed a hand over his jaw and he pushed his lips out and he studied me. Then he loosened up and he reached for the candy bottle and he offered it and I refused. Casually he said, "Mrs. Peggy Smallhill will go down to Stevens' office and corroborate your story completely. It will be arranged that there be a minimum of publicity."

"Fine," I said.

"I knew all about her. Right from the beginning. She told me everything about herself. She always does."

"Fine," I said.

"When this Inten looked her up after he was discharged from the hospital, she asked me to throw him a job. I gave him assistant to an assistant director: just to earn a living, but the boy had real talent, and he grew."

"I see."

He munched candy. "I understand most of it. After all, I knew that Inten was Max Monocure. But for the life of me—how did you tie Peggy into this?"

I told him about my conversation with P. J. Henessey. "I did a trick with the Army of Occupation in Germany. I understand a little of the language. *Pfanne* means Pan in English. *Kleinhuegel* is Smallhill. That wasn't too difficult, if you see what I mean."

"I see what you mean. Wonderful."

I slid out of the soft chair and I went to the door. "You've had a rough shuffle, Pan. You're all right. So long."

"So long."

"*I hope you know that I know*," I said, "*that he didn't do it.*"

"*What?* Man, are you crazy?"

"He just didn't have the time, Pan. He left my house maybe fifteen minutes before we got it over the radio. I called him right after. Even if the radio people got the flash at once—he just didn't have the time to get to L.A., kill a man, and be home to get my call."

He stopped chewing the candy. "But . . ."

"Justifiable homicide," I said. "It's got a million angles. If he was alive, and I accused him he probably would have splashed; then justifiable homicide would have been put to trial. But he's dead. No splash. I'm not a judge. Or a jury. I'm not even a cop."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

I leaned on the brass of the doorknob. "Let's conjecture. Let's conjecture that Vannie-scum puts the squeeze on the gentleman. The gentleman hotfoots it to the lady. The lady tells her husband—she always does. They go into conclave, while the gentleman pays. Upshot: Vannie-scum is a very dangerous hombre; once that extortion business begins, it never ends, and soon it will seep over to the lady. Solution: extermination. How'm I conjecturing?"

He didn't answer.

"Step one: the private eye. He gets the Detroit story—a true story. He'll pass that along to the cops and it'll get scratched off as a gang killing. Fine. Then suddenly the lady's husband remembers that the guy is gun-shy; he might scramble it; so the lady's husband takes over and squashes an insect. With steel-jacketed bullets. Who can testify to any of this? Not the lady against the husband. Neither of the dead men. See what I mean?"

"But . . . man . . . the shoeprints."

"That must have shocked you right up to the gullet. It shocked me. You've probably worked it out by now; that you and he have the exact same shoe size; that his spade-lasts were custom-made by Lorsch, too. But—I wouldn't bother burning them: there are sixty-two other guys in this town, same size, same last. If you see what I mean. Bye, Pan. Good luck."

Softly he said, "I see what you mean . . ."

I closed the door. ⧺

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The Agony Column

Continued from page 63

married life, has met romance and a soft-eyed little minx in London who has made him feel young again. She lives in a furnished room on Hampstead Heath and . . . hey, wait a minute. You get paid extra for fiction around here. *You* finish it. Poor Fatty. With Darling, I hope it will be all right in the end . . .

And sometimes it isn't funny. A stark glimpse of tragedy flashes down the prim column of agate type occasionally. Here are messages that appeared on two successive days: "J.U.D.—Dearest, seek medical advice, it may not be as bad as you think.—Margot."

But apparently, it is bad, for the next day: "J.U.D.—I know all, darling, my place is at your side. Tell me where to come. All my love.—Margot."

Makes you kind of like Margot, doesn't it? She's a thoroughbred. Whatever difficulties were keeping her from J.U.D. are to go by the board. The guy is in a jam and she's going to stand by.

Yes, the *Times* is the catch-all of the needs and longings of the people, from the frank, "LADY with large feet and hands WANTS attractive shoes (English 9x, American 11A) and GLOVES (8's, long fingers)" to the guy who, with touching and undimmed faith in humanity, advertises: "There's my wife, myself, and our three-year-old son; I've got a not-unimportant government job. Somewhere, I believe there is somebody who will rent us a house or a flat in North London at a fair price and with a garden."

Even the Saints read the Personal Column in the London *Times*, for here is "M.T." inserting: "IN GRATITUDE to Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Therese for their intercession," while "M.L." advertises: "TO OUR LADY and ST. JUDE, heartfelt thanks for favours received."

You know there has been a war, for "EX-NAVAL OFFICER, 30, married, seeks work in country, remote mountainous areas preferred; anything considered at home or abroad (the guy apparently has had enough of the sea); wife interested farming."; and in the same column "EX-EXECUTIVE R.N.V.R. OFFICER, 33, Public School, world traveled, practical, reliable, loyal, good driver, keen shooting, fishing, exploring, seeks JOB involving travel to any part of the world." Yes, it's tough to settle down.

Prices are all topsy-turvy because of shortages, but there is still money loose in the country, for private parties find it worthwhile to advertise a Rolls-Royce for sale at $14,000 and a secondhand Packard Twin six for $12,000. Mink and sable coats turn up in the offers, lace tablecloths, gold cigarette cases, jeweled brooches, Indian and Chinese carpets, furniture, and shares in a 1700-acre Hampshire shoot.

When you come across an item like the last it makes you wonder how a country that is so hungry, so short of homegrown food, still manages to sequester 1700 acres for shooting over.

And as you read column after column you find how simple and essential are the things that people want, a job, a place to live and some clothes to wear. The luxuries are the occasional items, but the maiden lacking coupon cries for a secondhand wedding dress, the housewife begs for napkins and bed sheets at a price, one gentleman confesses himself ready to part with the striped trousers and morning coat for the best offer, another is seeking a dinner jacket that will fit him so that he may cut a figure in the evening. Lonely ladies seek homes as nurses and companions, demobbed officers beg for the right kind of job and then *any* kind of a job.

Life, British life of today, pulses, but a little sadly, through the Personal Columns of the stately *Times*.

Nostalgia in Grosvenor Square

There is a heavy nostalgia hanging over Grosvenor Square in London for one who knew it during the war. All life and excitement have left it. The cracked and dusty houses have closed their eyes in sleep, but surely as they stand there in the rusty, smoky London sun, they must brood and dream about and miss their Americans. For I am certain that no place, either here or on the continent, did we make so very much our own as we did this West End London Square, with the park in the middle and the low, yellow four-story houses all around.

There is still a glowing spark of the U.S.A. present in the Embassy building on the east side, and, curiously, if you will wander into the open door of one of the old houses on the north side, as I did, you will find two bored and slightly bewildered American Marines in charge. There is still a tiny piece of the American Navy imbedded in this spot that once played host to the military Americano of high and low degree.

But the streets are now so quiet and reflective after the glory of the chicken colonels with eagles glinting from shoulders, the snappy gold-leafed majors on the threshold of command, the so-young captains and lieutenants hiding their children's hearts beneath their martial tunics, playing soldier and London town and Grosvenor Square for all it was worth.

And it was worth so much in those days, in youth and hopes and gallantry afoot and ajeep: the Air Forces men with their crumpled caps and ribbons and bold eyes; the in-the-know and worldwise staff-sergeants, who did the work of the colonels and the majors and knew what was going on

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Merely a Penny or Two More

The Agony Column

Continued from page 148

behind every door in Grosvenor Square; the trim, fresh-eyed Wacs, quivering with the excitement of womanhood at war, foreign service and the thrill of the maleness that was all about them; the war correspondents with their green shoulder patches; the men from SHAEF; the Navy in blue and gold; the British liaison with red bands on their caps and crowns on their shoulders in lieu of our bars and maple leafs; soldier and sailor, airman and Amazon, Grosvenor Square is so desperately empty of you now.

War is hideous, but it has its dear excitements and beloved memories in retrospect. Down one street leading off the Square dwelt the tailor who sewed on the shoulder patches that made you one of the elect permitted to go where the soldier went and share with him the terror of smoke and fire and enemy action.

On Brook Street, a few blocks from Grosvenor Rectangle, was Hush-Hush House where the repatriates and the escapees from France—the shot-down fliers, the rescued sailors, the soldiers and officers who had extricated themselves from the toils of the enemy with the help of the French and Dutch and Belgian undergrounds—reported in their strange, baggy, civilian clothing and tattered caps in which they had been spirited through enemy lines, waiting to tell their tales to G2, and hand on the vital intelligence they had picked up in their flight. Never was there a more romantic or thrilling or forbidden place than the house on Brook Street, off Grosvenor Square.

Walk in the other direction along Upper Grosvenor Street, heading west from the Square to Park Lane, and you came to Grosvenor House, the hotel where I make my headquarters in peacetime London when I am here, but then the gigantic basement ballroom thereof was Little America, Hamburger Haven, the Officers Mess, where for a couple of bob, chunks of the loved and longed-for far distant U.S.A. appeared on the table, Wienies and Spam and peanut butter, fried ham and button-round hamburgers, grape jam and white bread and butter, lemonade and hot coffee, pot roast and spaghetti, stewed corn, muffins and ice cream, apple pie and cheese, home-sweet-home on a cafeteria tray.

Here every commissioned rank and branch of the overseas services met to the crash of dishes, cutlery, laughter and strident voices in a kind of gastronomic carnival of American youth in a strange land. The boys from home with their jaunty overseas caps, badges of valor and fresh faces lined the bar eight deep for a glass of warm beer, or stood with their trays a hundred to a line to lunch on corn beef and cabbage and memories.

Grosvenor Square was the hub and from it radiated the streets where the Americans went on duty or on business bent. In Great Portland Street was the post office and cable terminus where a fellow might get a message home, and the food office where the British issued their ration cards. And further down on Oxford Street lay America's own department store, transported overseas for her sons, the huge PX where one could buy all the little American amenities to which one had become accustomed and which meant so much, the gum and the peanut brittle, the familiar tasting tooth pastes, the soaps and shaving creams and razor blades and chocolate bars. It was the corner drugstore, United Cigar, Main Street grocery and gents furnishing store for the sorry business of war, all rolled into one. I remember you could never see the faces of the men as they issued from it, because they were always hidden behind armfuls of packages piled cap high.

At 28 Grosvenor Square was the Press Headquarters, the gateway to adventure for the civilian writers turned war correspondent, where they shed their last ties with home and were vetted and outfitted for the field. It was a battered and mousy old building like the rest of them, its walls flaked and cracking from buzz bombing. A couple of sergeants and two delicious-looking English girls ran the office just inside the entrance, but one flight up lived the fabulous Colonel Jock Lawrence, the ex-Goldwyn press agent turned soldier, chief public relations officer of the U.S. Army in the ETO. If you had an uncontrollable urge to get out of London to the continent to where you could get personally shot at and found yourself strangled by British-American red tape, Jock would cut it for you, dig up an airplane ride and have you within range of high explosive within three hours. On the next floor the Air Forces P.R.O.s could fix you up with a fly over Germany, and topside Barry Bingham's Navy dispensed its particular brand of thrills and a chance for perforation. And mail from home was posted there.

Through No. 28 passed the great and the near-great of the reporting and literary world, checking into the war zone and out again when their stint was done, though not all who came returned. The old house saw Ernie Pyle, checking out of the ETO, shake hands with young Dave Lardner who was on his way in. And two weeks later Dave was dead of a German mine, and six months later Ernie was gone too, in the Pacific from a Japanese bullet.

The Square was always jammed with Americans, officers and men and jeeps and staff cars, and there were always distraught soldiers standing on corners playing the great game of "Taxi, taxi." It

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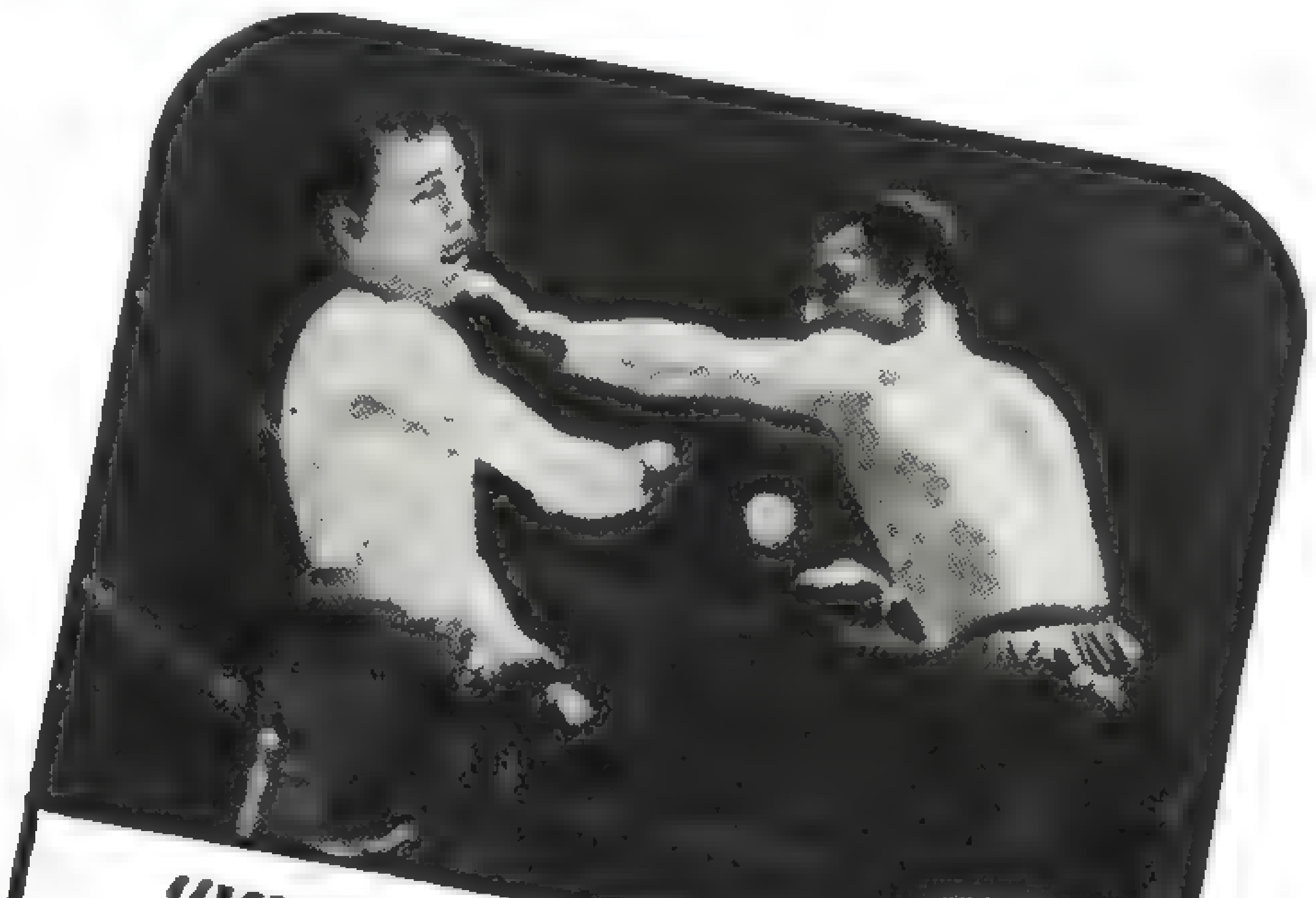

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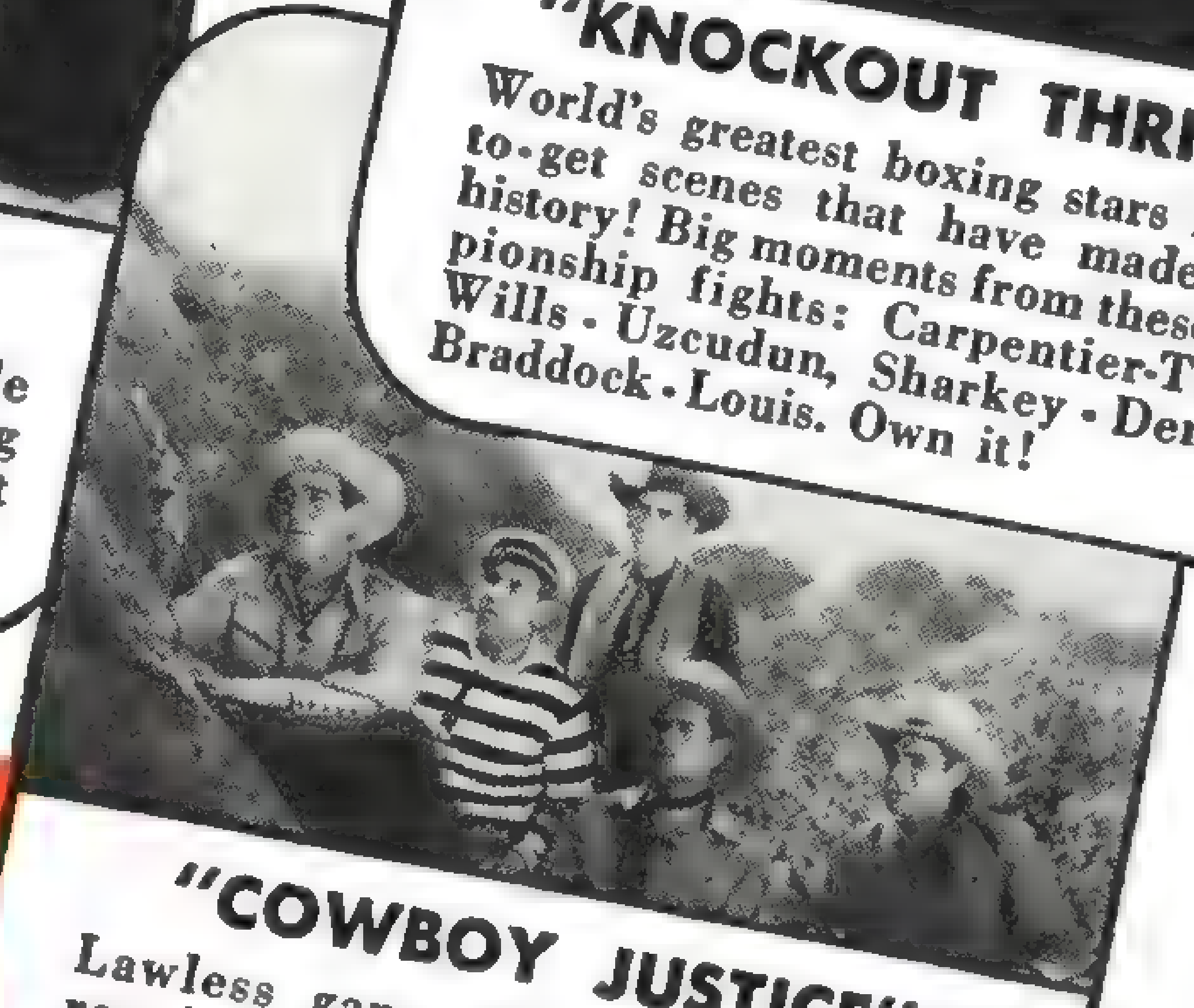

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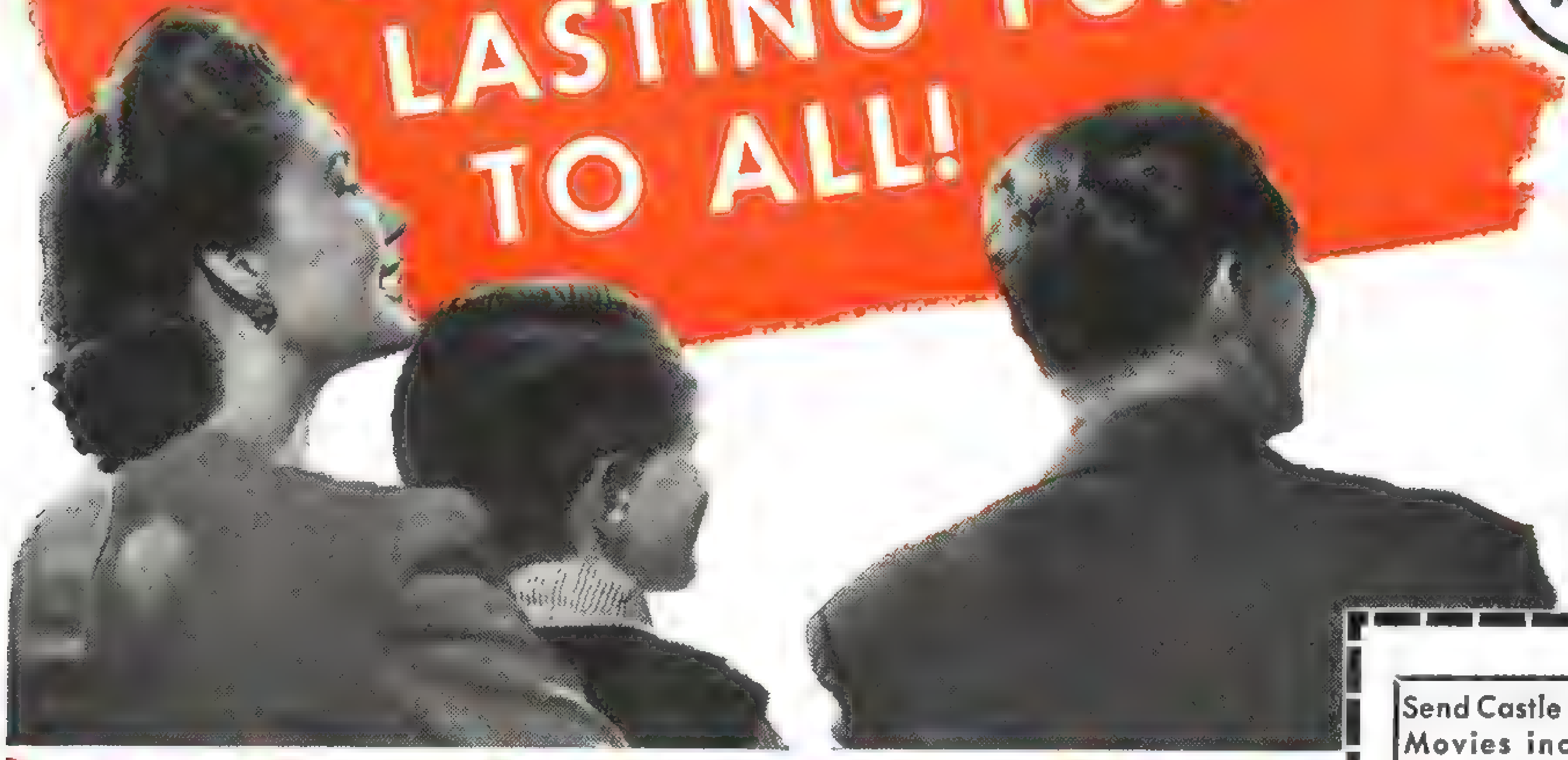

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The Agony Column

Continued from page 150

hummed and seethed with life and youth and excitement.

When the warning sirens went and the skies over the area rattled with the passage of the buzz bombs, the pace quickened a little, nerves were drawn a little tighter, but the teeming soldier life of Grosvenor Square went on as everyone just pretended not to notice and hid even from himself the beating of his heart.

The houses of Grosvenor Square sleep shoulder to shoulder around the little park, empty and battened, their eyes turned inward as though contemplating the high endeavor to which they once gave shelter. Not a silver leaf or bar, not a colored ribbon or shoulder patch goes by to call them back to life. For a little while this stately quadrangle was a small piece of America. It never quite has managed to resume being a part of London again.

When I walk through it, it is peopled with ghosts and memories of the brave days that have gone . . .

Joe

THERE ought to be a law against people who write awfully cute pieces about animals, but since there is not I would like to tell you about Joe, the smart sea gull, and the racket he has worked out for himself, and will try to do so with a minimum of coyness.

Along that part of the Devon coast where I live in the summer, we put out to sea in small motorboats and fish offshore for the silvery bass, which is a good, game, fighting fish. It is wild and rocky down to the water and thousands of gulls make their homes there. But Joe is the only one of them that has any brains.

We go out from Salcombe harbor, four miles up to Prawle Point where we stop to wet our bait (live sand eels), and then continue six miles more up to Start Point lighthouse where the big bass lurk. Joe's pitch is between Prawle and Salcombe.

Feed in the water has been scarce this past season and the gulls are hungry. They fly after the fishing boats, hoping for a bit of leftover lunch, or dead bait. They are nervous, timorous creatures, afraid of man, though they do have one pretty trick; flying low behind your boat, if you toss a sand eel into the air, they catch it as surely in passage as Pie Traynor in his palmiest day fielding a line drive.

But Joe it was who gave a living demonstration of the Darwin theory of the survival of the fittest. When times are hard there is always some wise guy who figures out a way to beat the rap. He survives and passes on his intelligence. Joe's appetite and that little extra something he had on the ball, maybe caring for his family or being a child of adversity, led him to take a chance one day and land on the foredeck of the motorboat and perch there. Not alone was there no hostile rebuttal, but the fishing party, enchanted, opened the bait box and stuffed Joe to the eyebrows.

Joe was in business. The pioneering spirit, courage and enterprise had paid off. Joe worked the fishing boats from Salcombe Bar to Start and back. He prospered and grew fat, his family throve along with him. The other gulls, the ways of whose fathers were good enough for them, continued to fly around and pull scraps and continue hungry, while Joe got all the cream. Joe had reason to congratulate himself. He had made Charley Darwin look awfully good.

But Joe still had to learn the facts of life; namely, that if you are smart enough to work out a new racket, you must also be big enough and tough enough to protect it. One day, on the six-mile stretch between Prawle and Start Points, Joe encountered a gull with a gangster mind, who since has been named Al, after his late model from Chicago.

Al wasn't smart enough to initiate a business to meet an emergency, but he did have that sharpness of intellect that recognizes a good thing when he sees someone else get away with it, and the toughness and physique to declare himself in. Rounding the corner of the Prawle Lloyds signal station, Al dive-bombed Joe, drove him from the deck of the boat, and took over. Joe, smaller and a little out of shape from overindulgence, put up a fight, but it wasn't good enough. Al said in effect, "I'm in, sucker," and he was.

Eventually they ironed it out between them. Joe works the territory between the harbor and Prawle, Al takes over from Prawle to Start Lighthouse. And that's the way it is today. Joe, being the brainy one, has learned his lesson and improved his four-mile pitch with a few tricks to enchant the patrons, such as leaping into the air from the deck to catch a fish the way Joe Dugan used to go up into the air over third base to spear a line drive, and swallowing a one-pound Pollock whole and still get himself airborne, a notable gastronomic and aerodynamic feat.

Also, by necessity, Joe has learned the need for an Army, a Navy, and an air force, and keeping his defenses in order. Other gulls on Joe's territory eventually began to catch on, but by this time Joe was ready for them and not to be taken again. When they attempted to land on deck he drove them off with well-co-ordinated attacks and then got on with the business of the day. He isn't as big an operator as he once was, but, being a smart gull, he has learned to protect what he has.

As for Al, it is my pleasure to report that his gangster-won life of ease is no bed of roses and he has met retribution in the shape

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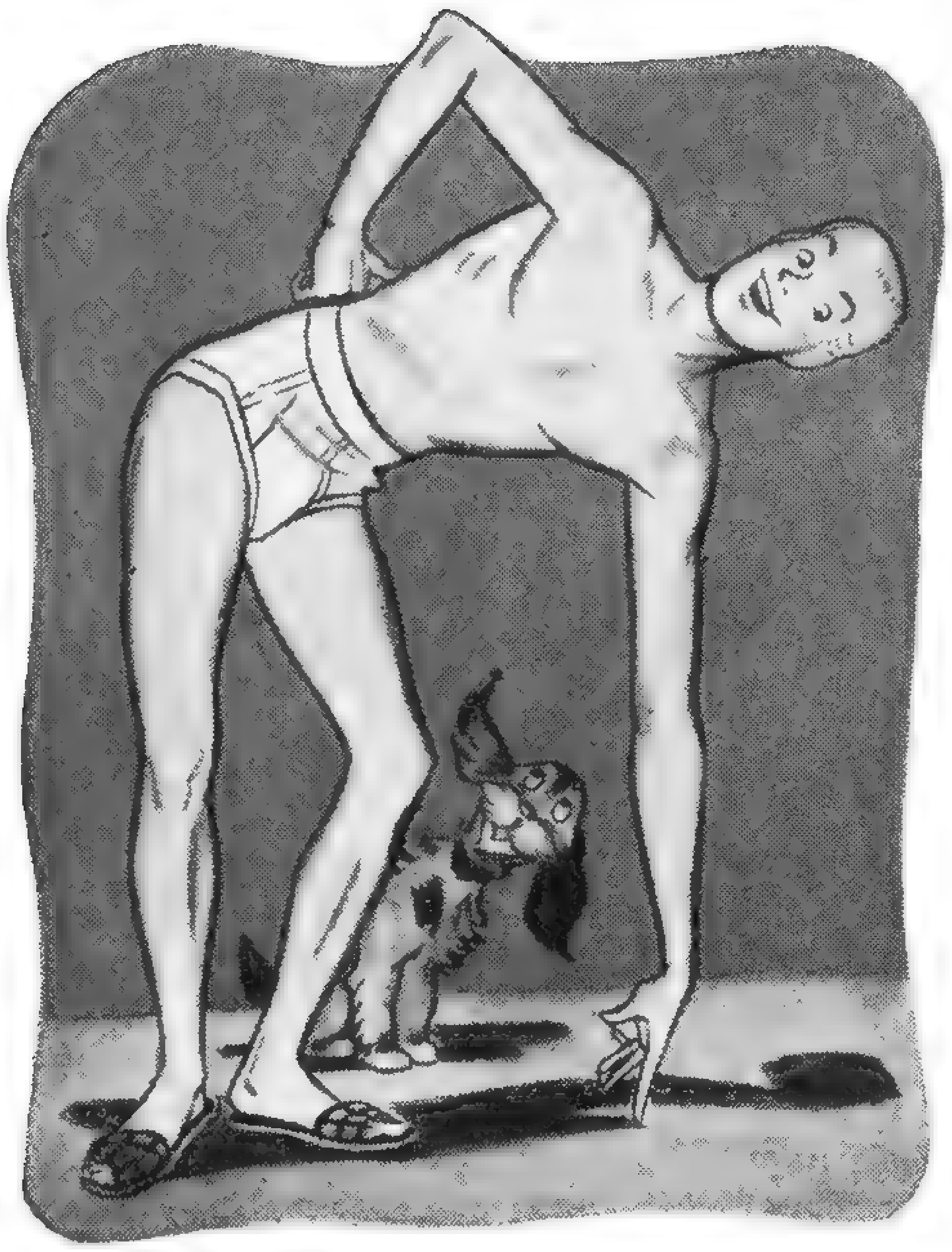
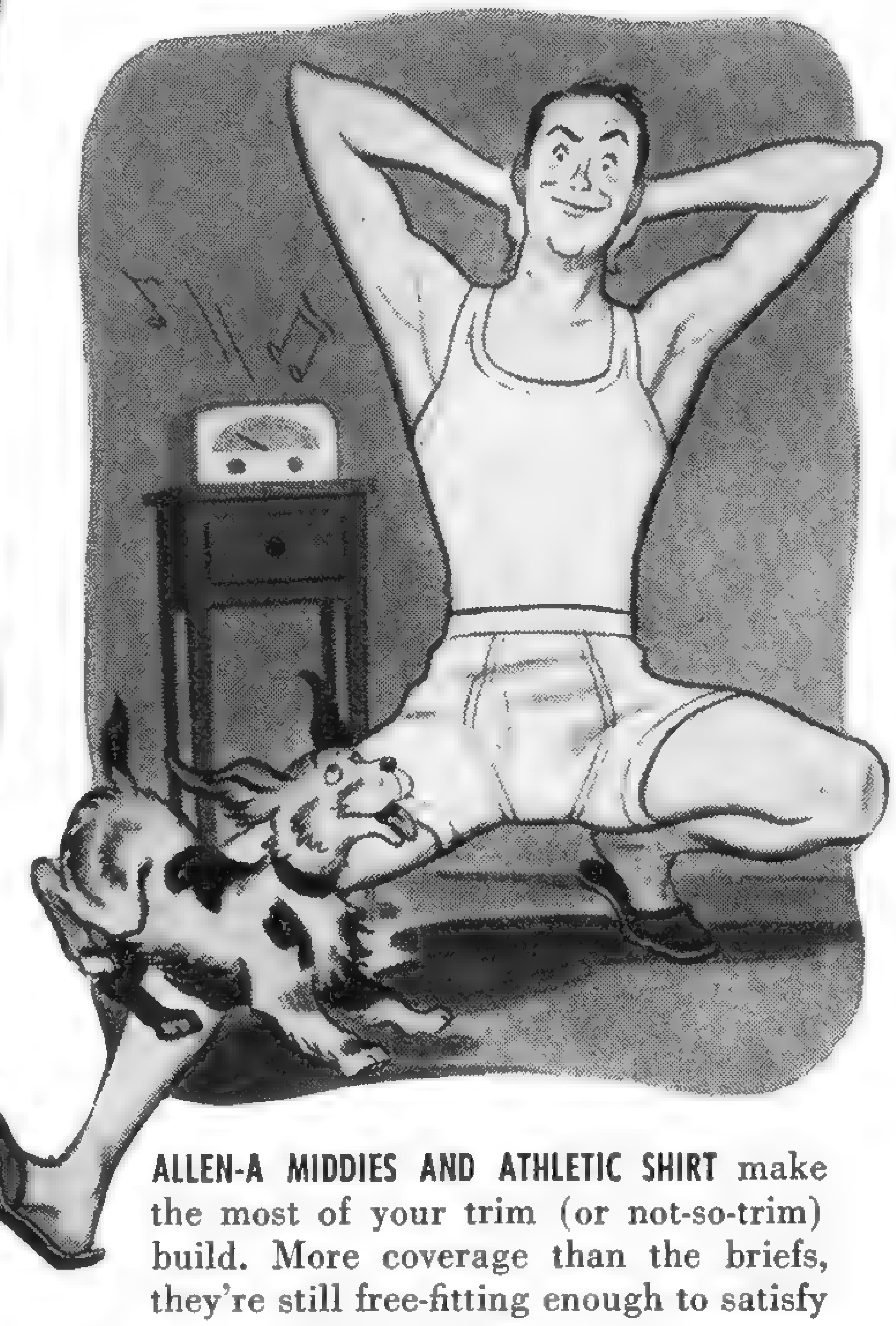
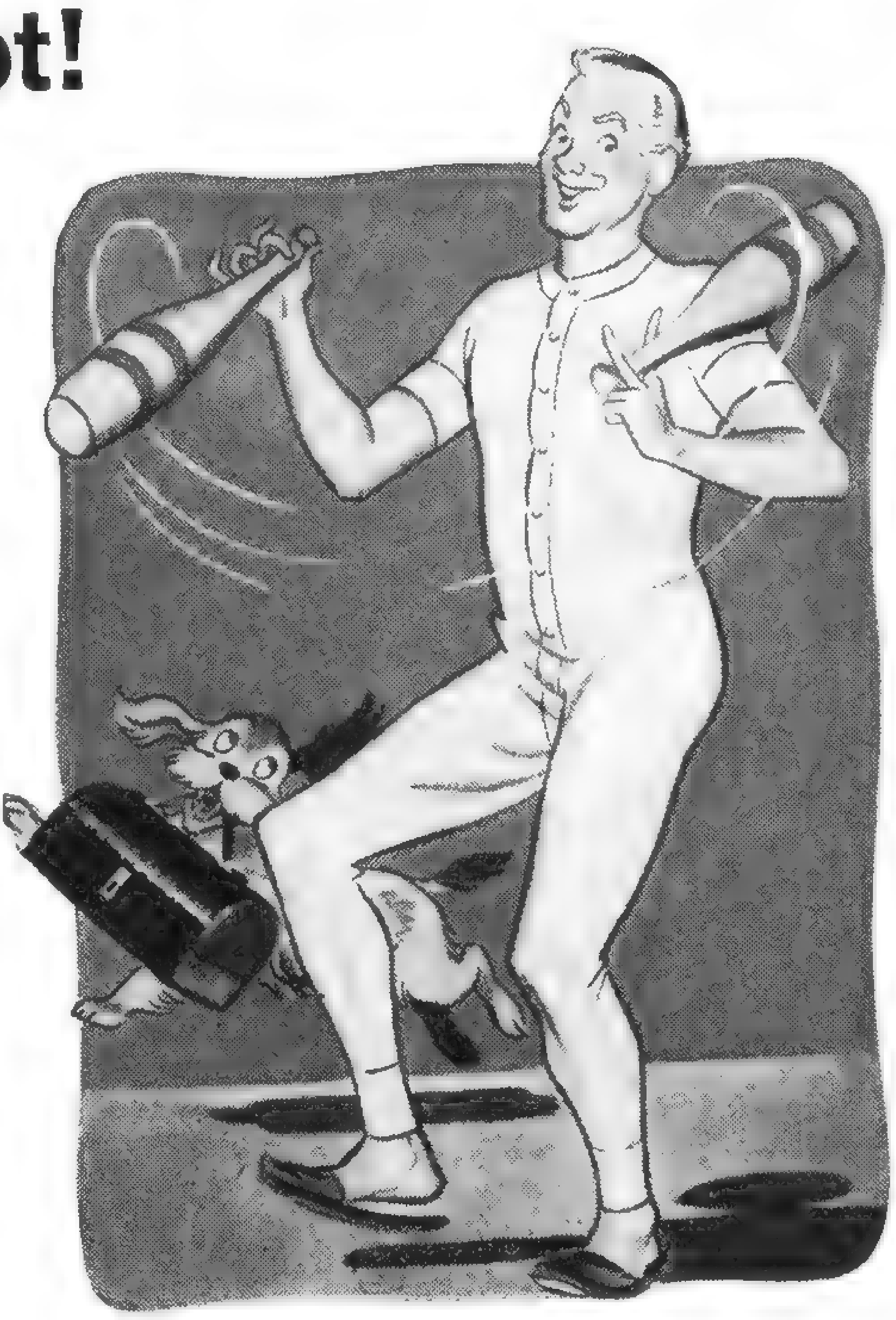
Allen-A's won't make you a super-man – but they'll make the most of what you've got!



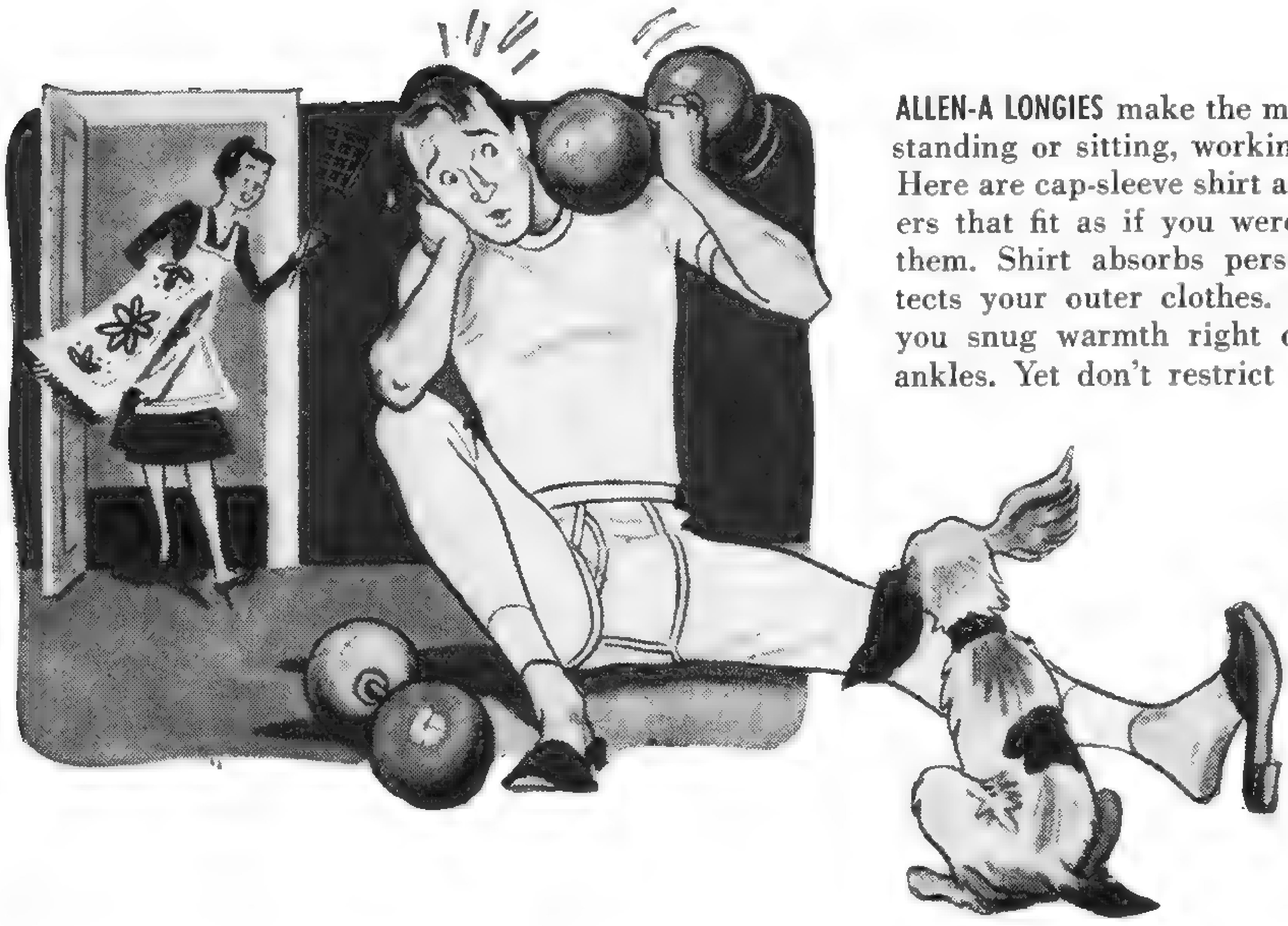
ALLEN-A BRIEFS make the most of your yen for streamlined comfort. Cut as brief as their name, they won't chafe or bind. Mild but important support. You feel as clean-limbed as if you weren't even wearing underwear at all. But you are . . . and the most comfortable pair of shorts ever knit.



ALLEN-A MIDDIES AND ATHLETIC SHIRT make the most of your trim (or not-so-trim) build. More coverage than the briefs, they're still free-fitting enough to satisfy a nudist. Knit to follow your every movement like a shadow.



ALLEN-A UNION SUITS make the most of keeping you warm without weighing you down. They won't bunch. They won't bind. They will give you daylong, unhampered movement, whatever your work. Work in one today.



ALLEN-A LONGIES make the most of *you* . . . standing or sitting, working or playing. Here are cap-sleeve shirt and long drawers that fit as if you were poured into them. Shirt absorbs perspiration, protects your outer clothes. Drawers give you snug warmth right down to your ankles. Yet don't restrict your activity.

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The Agony Column

Continued from page 152

of a highjacker who preys on *him.* They who live by the muscle . . . There is a bigger sea bird in these parts called a gray-back, a super-extortionist. Al has one of these in his territory who waits for him to get filled up with largesse from the fishing boats. When Al flies to shore, the gray-back dives on him and forces him to disgorge, whereupon the highjacker fills up, and that's that.

And then we are surprised and hurt when so-called human beings behave the way they do, or are grieved and shocked when somebody a little tougher and sharper organizes to take away from us what we haven't been smart enough to protect.

Right as a Trivet

The auctioneer in the living room of the back-country Devon Georgian house, where a little country auction was taking place, intoned: "Lot No. 202, one brass trivet and toasting fork. What am I offered?"

A trivet! The word went through me like a shock of electricity. Not possible. Was it to be? At last, at last, after a half century on this earth I was for the first time to come face to face with that mysterious object that things are as right as.

What a chance to render service to my Esquire readers, as well as to clear up a lifelong mystery for myself. For I will lay a small wager that you do not know what a trivet is, and yet surely more than once you have heard someone say that something or someone was as right as a trivet.

"Ten shillings," said I. The crowd in the living room blocked my view. I could not see the thing, but I was determined to have it, for your sake as much as mine. Once and for all the suspense would be ended. "Fifteen shillings," said some enemy.

I reflected. Money does not grow on trees. But then I thought how grateful you would be to me when you knew. Then my own curiosity . . . "A Pound," said I.

"And ten shillings," said the Opposition. Was I to be balked at this supreme moment? I thought of all of you, like myself, going through life not having the faintest blush of a suspicion as to what a trivet was. I shot the works: "Two Pounds!"

I'll end the suspense. I got it. I own a trivet. I have it here before me as I write. I call it the Esquire-Gallico Research Foundation Trivet, because it is my intention to stick the boss for half the price. After all, I bought it in the interest of Knowledge and Service, the watchwords of Esquire.

My trivet, pardon me, *our* trivet, is a small object of brass, about four inches by six inches, cut in the shape of a lyre, with a wooden handle. It stands on four iron legs about four inches high. It was used in the days of our grandmothers. You put it in the fireplace amongst the hot coals and set the teakettle atop it to boil.

Now why should things be as right as a trivet, and why should a trivet be right? You will pardon these completely unnecessary rhetorical questions, but I am simply enchanted with my solution to this riddle. The legs must indeed be uniform in length, the pitch of the brass platform true and level, otherwise the jolly old kettle slides off into the jolly old fireplace and you've had it. Rightness in your trivet is of paramount importance. The slightest tilt and disaster results. Ask grandma.

Right? Oh, aye, right as a . . . Okay then, enough of this trivia . . . Class dismissed.

Good Times A-Comin'

To the Debutantes of New York, Chicago, etc.,
Darlings:

I've got the MOST wonderful news for you, I mean I'm just absolutely puce with excitement, I can hardly wait to tell you what your Uncle Billingsley has in store for you, I mean he has been dreaming up just an extra treat for you all, and you could have knocked me over with a lorgnette handle when I came across his little advertisement in the Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune* and realized what it would mean to you all in the happy days to come.

You won't believe me, but here is the advertisement just as it appeared in Paris, and it says: "WE ARE INTERESTED in securing several original scents of PERFUME to be bottled with our own label. Also several types of French bottles for each scent. Submit samples and prices. Reply direct to STORK CLUB, 3 East 53d St., New York. No agents."

Well, you can imagine how extra excited I was when I read that. I mean I just quietly screamed, because it means that times are going to be so good that your Uncle Sherman Billingsley is planning to have his very own smell-water to put by your plates when he is pleased with you.

Not just that moldy old Chanel or that loathsome Lanvin, but really extra-original smells in French bottles with Uncle Sherman's own label on them. That's how chip-heavy everyone is going to be if the boom doesn't bust in our faces. And even if it does, think how divine you are going to smell while the supply lasts. Wise old Uncle Sherman has gone right to the source, and if the boys in Paris do not whip up an extra-superspecial stink for him to pass along to you, then I do not know my frogs, pardon me, French people.

So there it is, dears, put on your prettiest frocks and be on your best behavior when you go to the Stork Club, because pretty soon your Uncle Sherman is going to get it wholesale. You're simply going to be immersed, I mean absolutely doused with it . . . #

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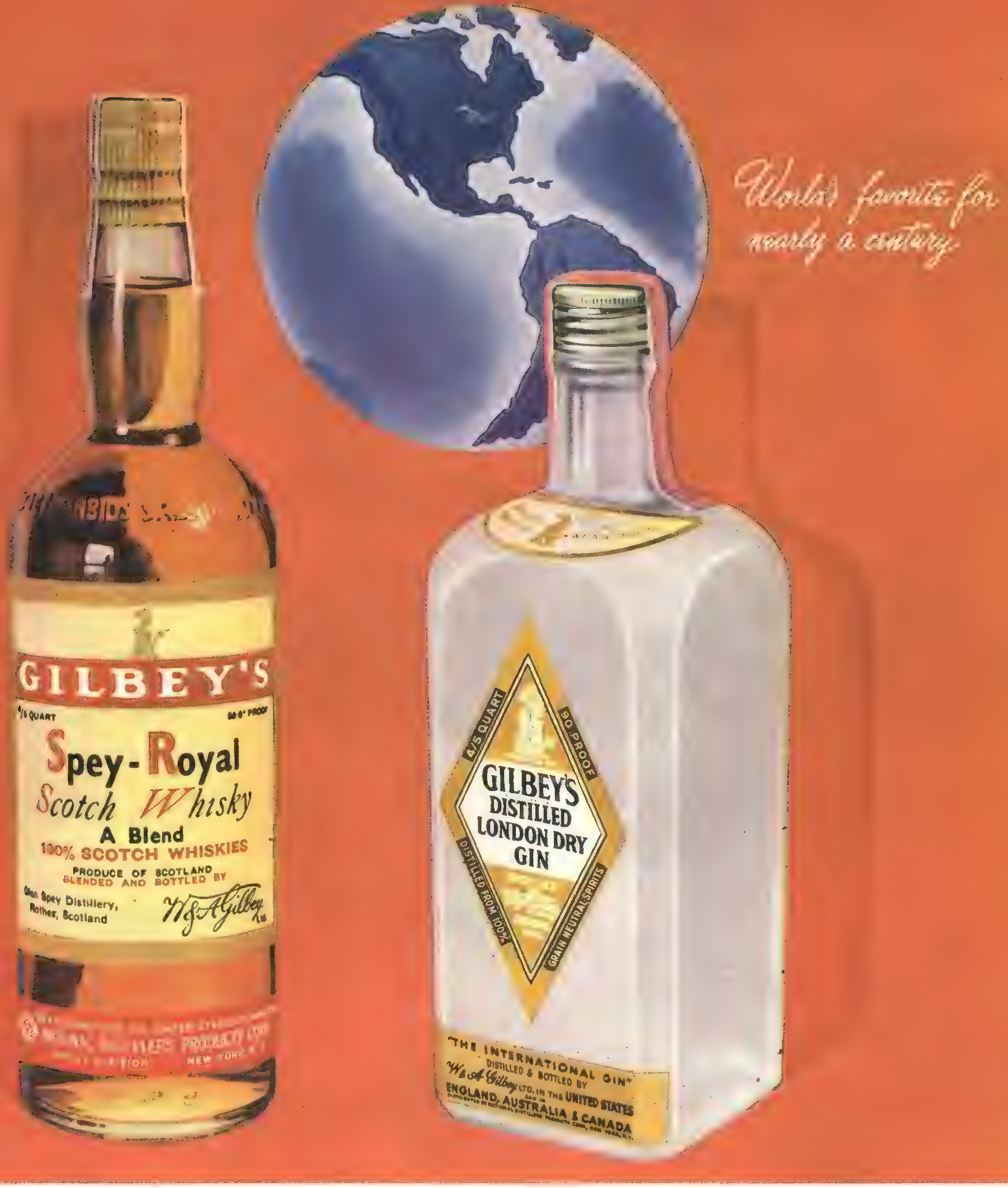
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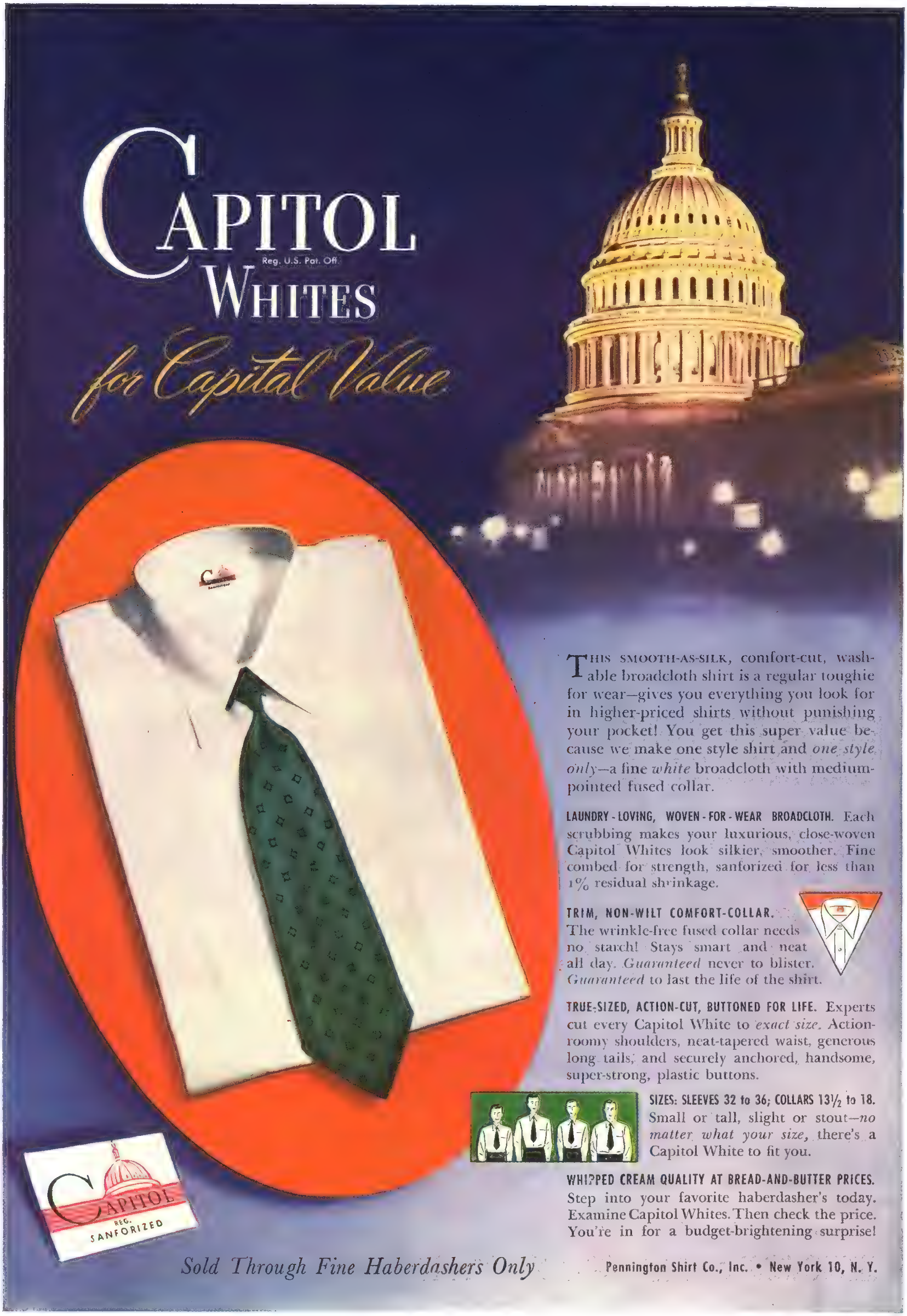

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From Schumann to Brahms to Liszt

Continued from page 81

romantic tragedy, misses none of its somber power.

Up until now Mr. Henreid's talents have been devoted largely to keeping a long succession of dress suits just active enough to thwart the moths. His playing *Of Human Bondage* suggested that he'd failed to find Maugham's book at the lending library. And he showed only steerage talents in *Now, Voyager*. But in *Song of Love* he blooms at long last, like a century plant. Audiences will recognize his worth with the glad surprise of a guy finding ten dollars in an old suit he was about to give to the Salvation Army.

Clarence Brown's direction brings a similar metamorphosis to the hitherto adolescent histrionics of Robert "See Here, Private Jerome Kern" Walker.

Somehow he gets Bobby to play Brahms without making him look like a Teutonic version of Dagwood Bumstead. When Bob played Kern in *Till the Clouds Roll By* you felt that he was going to ask Louis B. Mayer for an advance on his allowance as soon as he'd finished writing *Show Boat*.

The plot of *Song of Love* centers around the Faustlike figure of Robert Schumann, who seemed born to be his own Mephistopheles. Musical genius raged within him. But it came forth in dribbles. "When I feel myself most eloquent," he wrote, "I find myself most inarticulate." Even when he rose to achievements which moderns consider phenomenal (such as the prolific output of 1840, his remarkable "Year of Song"), his contemporaries paid slight attention to him. Fame doesn't necessarily consist of doing the right thing, but of doing the right thing at the right time.

When Schumann married Clara Wieck, one of the most eminent pianists in Europe's Golden Age of music, her father warned that her life would become one of drudgery. And the prediction came true. The girl whose concerts had been acclaimed by kings found herself an overworked Hausfrau chained to the nursery. She bore Schumann eight children and helped in his dismal struggle to support them. Through it all she was uncomplaining. But he could see that her features, once so intense and full of romantic infatuation, were becoming tired and haggard. And in the back of Schumann's mind was the guilty knowledge that Clara was a greater pianist than he was. Society would pay large sums to hear her whenever she chose to abandon her scrub buckets—and her unsuccessful husband.

He had other trials. After half a lifetime of unrewarded labor he took a young student into his home. He was a Hamburg song writer named Johannes Brahms. At their first meeting Schumann knew that the pupil soon could be his master. Brahms had a facility of expression and a virility of composition that Schumann toiled for, but seldom achieved. Music poured from Brahms' fingers and it poured forth right. It seemed so unfair one wonders that Schumann didn't refuse to help the stranger. There would have been a bitter satisfaction in condemning Brahms to something like his own disappointments.

But the man in Schumann was monumental. His genius was for living. He might struggle to bring forth music, but his personal decisions were swift and generous. Perhaps his difficulty lay in being too decent and normal. He controlled his nerves even when they did strange things to him. For some time a piercing A-note had echoed, shrill and long sustained, in his ear. Yet his self-discipline was such that his children loved him and recalled him as a kindly person to live with. Despite his envy such a man could not be churlish to the youthful Brahms. He gave unstintingly of a wise enthusiasm that soon matured and organized the turbulent art of the young man from Hamburg, even after he knew that Brahms was in love with his wife. He never mentioned this knowledge—either to Johannes or Clara. Schumann was so great a lover and so great a friend that he refused to interfere in their lives.

Such shining integrity might have seemed fatuous—had it not inspired a loyalty that was equally virtuous. Neither Clara nor Brahms betrayed him. Three great souls lived in that house. Clara valued Brahms' devotion, but never was tempted by it. And Brahms stayed near her only because he hoped to help her secure the recognition for Schumann that would preserve his reason and his life. They sought the assistance of Franz Liszt. Even in a pre-Petrillo age, Liszt was the type of man who managed a dazzling financial success through music. He was the Beau Brummel of the concert stages and the Casanova of a hundred titled boudoirs. But the peacock had some heart. Though his manner was patronizing, he made an honest effort to help Schumann. This assistance came too late to save Schumann, but not too late to help Liszt. In all the boudoirs, Liszt realized there was no woman who cared for him as Clara cared for her husband.

Schumann died in a madhouse at the age of forty-six. The man who dreamed so frantically and lived so sanely retained his gift for making others happy to the last.

"He smiled at me," Clara wrote of their last meeting. "He put his arms around me with great difficulty, for he had almost-completely lost control of his limbs. I couldn't bear the thought of it as I sat in the presence of his sorrow. But just as I got up he kissed me with such tenderness

Continued on page 160

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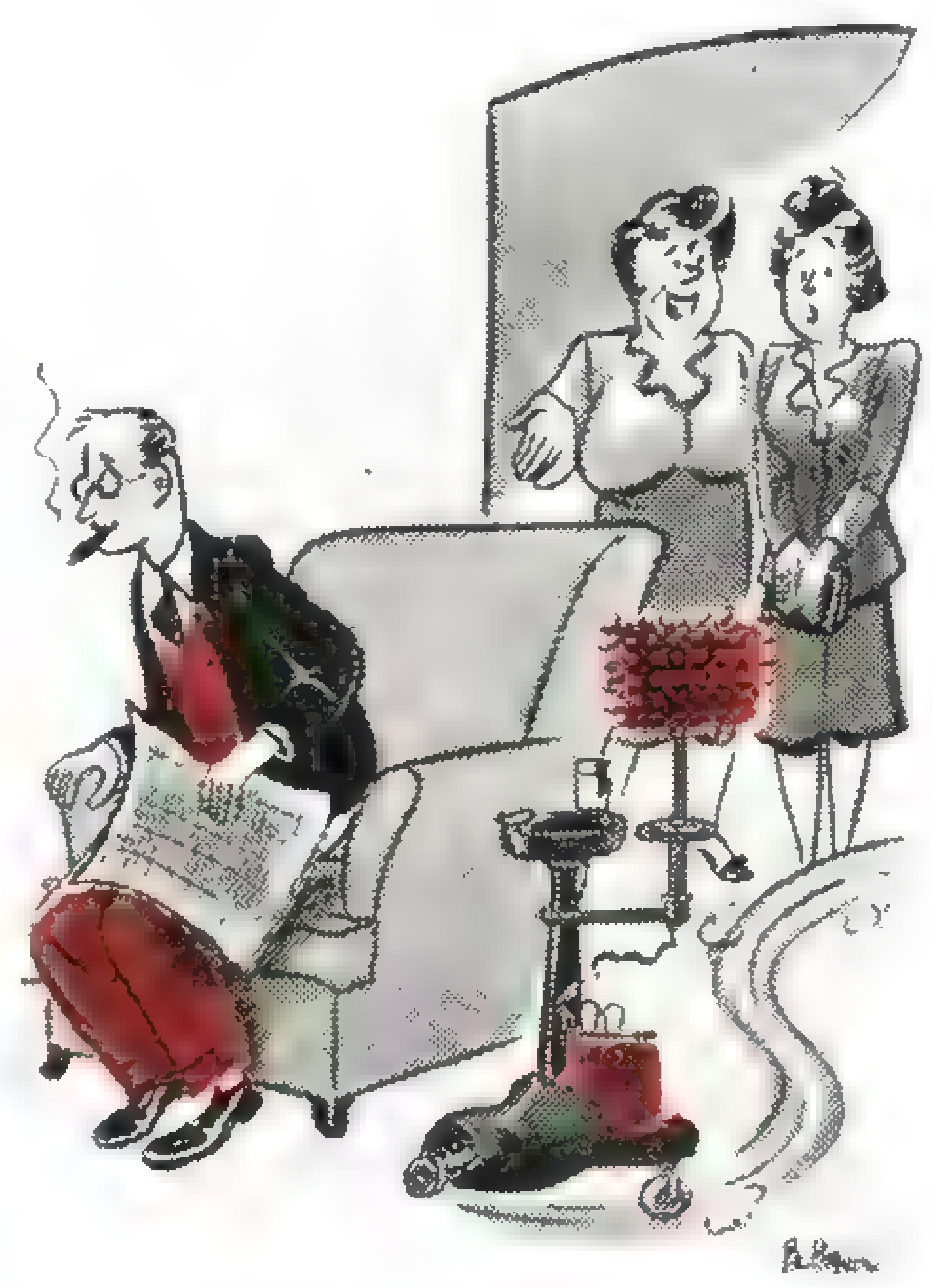
From Schumann to Brahms to Liszt

Continued from page 159

that I never shall forget that moment. I wouldn't give up that kiss for all the treasures of the world."

In bringing this story to the screen, Mr. Brown makes such sure and unostentatious use of hitherto unrealized devices that he comes close to creating what might be called a fresher and more realistic form of opera. It is a form in which the libretto is advanced by close-ups and dialogue, while music conveys a deeper emotional significance. This brings out values that might sound pompous or flowery if expressed in words. It avoids the jerky construction of the "And then I wrote" school of biography which made *Night and Day* so pedestrian a cataloguing of Cole Porter's witty triumphs. In *Song of Love* the story never stops the music. Characters and their emotions dominate every octave. Melody and drama progress in continuous and perfectly integrated continuity.



"It's radar-controlled! No matter where he sits, it follows him!"

For years the movie makers have realized that a cowboy's character is indicated by the way he rides his horse. No actor is allowed to play *The Virginian* until he has spent weeks falling off Old Paint along the bridle paths in Griffith Park. But until recently most studios did not tumble to the idea that a pianist reveals character by his manner of playing. Movie maestros called forth great melody with their mitts out of sight. For all the audience could see they might be kneading bread dough or washing their hands below the frame of the camera. To correct this, all the principals in *Song of Love* learned the fingering of the pieces they are shown playing. This results in each personality having a piano style that is individual. Henry Daniell makes Liszt a fiery, grandstanding ham. Henreid has a contemplative touch as the dreamy Schumann. Walker's almost casual ease is just right for Brahms.

And Miss Hepburn spent four months learning the exercises that make her playing a component part of her performance. In the opening shot, her arms, flailing with angry precision through Liszt's *Triangle Concerto*, show that she is resentful and dominated. Then there is a swift transition to womanly tenderness as she plays Schumann's *Träumerei* as an encore. Later her technique provides a moment of high comedy when she races through the *Philistine Movement* from his *Carnival* with brisk house-cleaning hurry—in order to go backstage and nurse the baby.

Of course, all the star's acting is not to her own accompaniment. Hepburn's face seethes with wifely indignation as she listens to the patronizing Liszt play his own pyrotechnical paraphrase of Schumann's gentle *Dedication*. The climax of her performance comes in the asylum scene when Schumann plays his *Träumerei* in the happy delusion that he has just finished composing it. Here the poignancy on her face is unforgettable. It will be a long time before any Hepburn speech can equal the eloquence of that close-up.

Mr. Henreid scores a similar moment of artistry when Brahms plays his *Rhapsody in G Minor* at their first meeting. Whole chapters of admiration, envy and hurt are reflected in his expression.

During Brahms' rendition of the *Fourth Hungarian Dance* the Metro sound technicians create an ingenious device to indicate Schumann's auditory affliction. Behind the stricken close-ups they introduce a weirdly ringing A-note that foreshadows Schumann's approaching madness without destroying the music's beauty. This comes to a crashing climax during the cantata from *Faust*.

Artur Rubinstein made the actual sound tracks for the piano solos and William Steinberg conducted the symphonic arrangements. Due to them, *Song of Love* is a magnificent concert as well as a notable movie.

Dark Passage

With this little stinker we return with a dull thud to the sort of thing that Hollywood does all too often. It stars Humphrey Bogart in a vehicle that shouldn't happen to John Carradine. Bogey doesn't let himself be seen until more than an hour of the film has been run off. He should be decorated for having the valor to appear at all.

The long arm of coincidence is fractured in five places during the telling of this story. The opening shot predicts the film's subsequent quality with undue honesty, by showing Bogey escaping from San Quentin in a garbage can. Less than fifteen minutes later who should happen along the road but Lauren Bacall, a total stranger who has followed every word of his trial in the newspapers and who is panting with a desire to cut in on his jail break. In less time than it takes to say "Truth-is-stranger-than-

Continued on page 162

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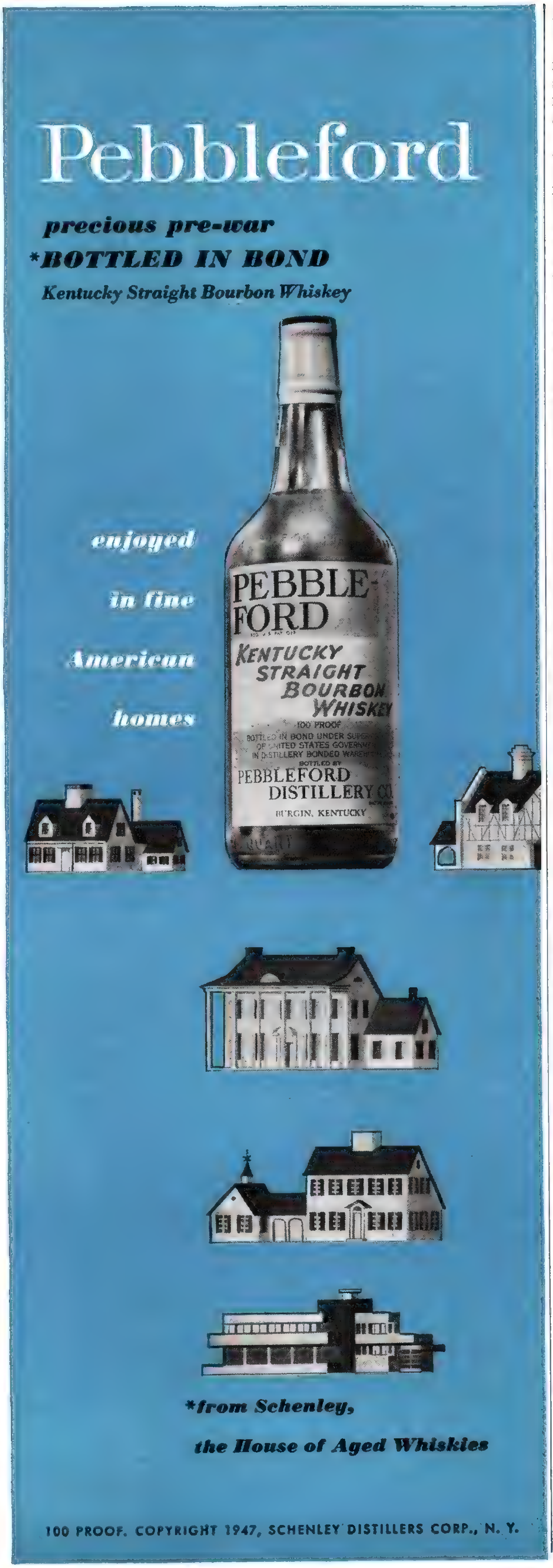

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From Schumann to Brahms to Liszt

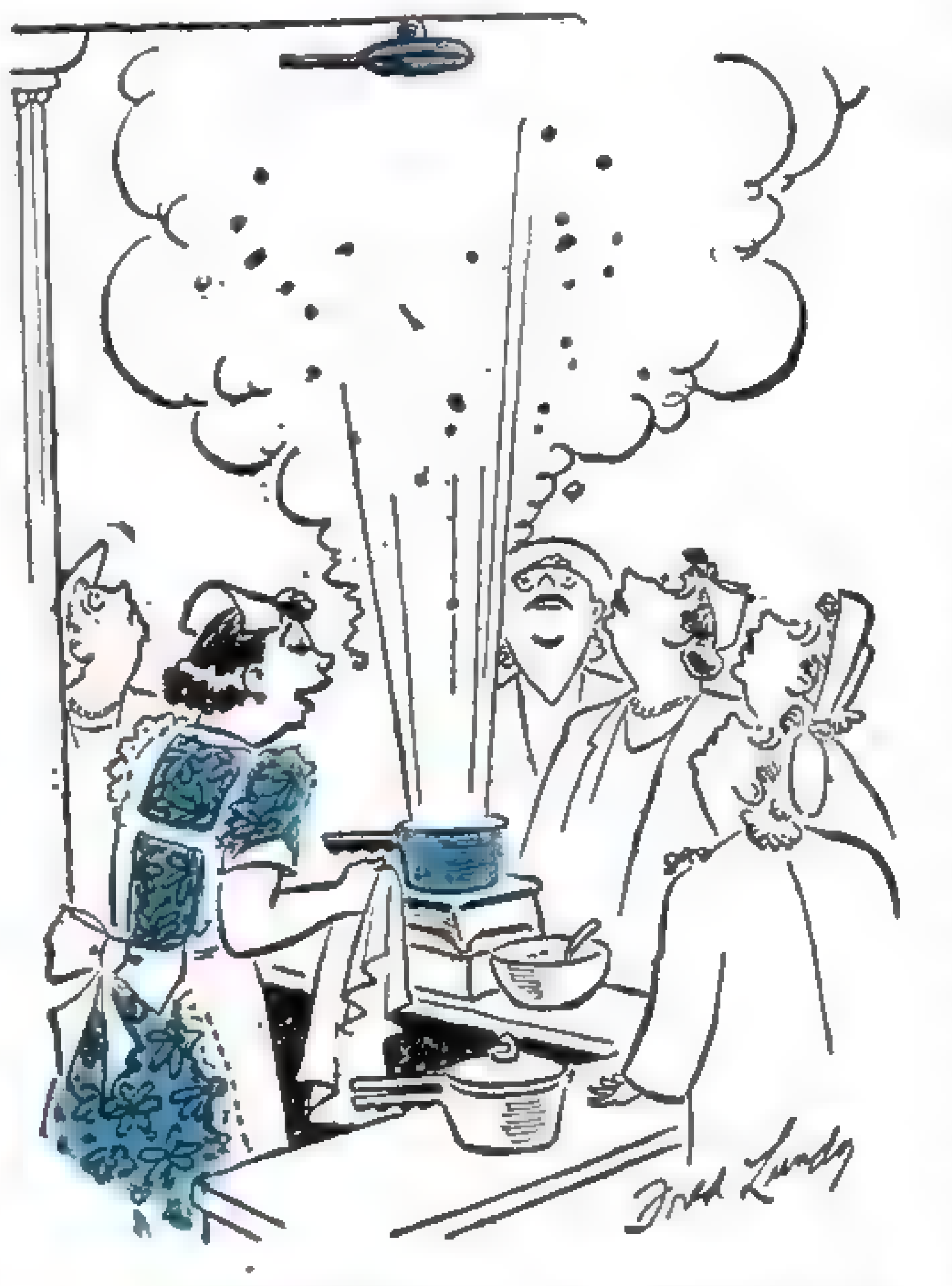
Continued from page 160

fiction-but-not-in-this-instance," she spirits him through a police road block, buys him a new suit and makes him a present of $1000.

In a picture like this such coincidence is scarcely noticeable. You simply say, "Okay! Women are funny! And maybe Lauren's out to break a record!" But when the murderess (who committed the crime Bogey got sent up for) drops around to Lauren's for an unwitting visit, even the cretins in the audience begin noticing a piling up of circumstances. Presently Lauren's boy friend, who used to be engaged to the murderess, chooses this congested afternoon to call and blab important evidence. With breaks like that Jean Valjean would have been president of France.

Bogey now decides to get out of the apartment into which an indulgent fate has thrown him. I don't know why. With his luck he could have expected Governor Warren to send him a pardon baked in a long loaf of Vienna bread in a few minutes. Maybe he's too good a sport to want his escape from San Quentin to be a push-over. But good luck continues to dog him on the streets of the big city. The first taxi driver he meets just can't wait to risk his neck by taking him to a plastic surgeon. By the time the meter has rung up thirty-five cents, the cabby has analyzed Bogey's character in the mirror and snapped his fingers at the sentence for criminal face-lifting. Nothing can stop a cabby when he's feeling philanthropic.

Bogey ain't never had it so good. If you really want Southern hospitality, stay out of the South. Be an escaped convict in San Francisco.



"—and when the vegetable is thoroughly cooked, the lid lifts automatically"

The first hour of the story is filmed in the *Lady of the Lake* technique. The camera makes you be Bogart, even though you don't enjoy it. If Bogey really loved his public he'd wait for a better role before making his fans play it. Once in awhile he co-operates by thrusting a hairy fist onto the screen to slug one of the lower-salaried actors. And you hear him prowling around on the sound track. But no spectator likes to be left alone too long in a cold, damp character. Audiences may start yelling, "Come out, come out! Wherever you are!"

Out of all the possible faces in the world, the plastic surgeon chooses to give Bogart his old sad scowl back. This makes you wonder if he was plastic or plastered. Miss Bacall has trouble registering surprise as she removes the bandages. But Bogey, once comfortable in his well-worn features, sets out to solve the mystery that surrounds him. With some other face, our Humphrey seems to have been a tantalizing dish for women. Agnes Moorehead beat Bogey's wife to death with an ash tray in the hope of getting to marry him. Later, with even less incentive, she beats his best friend to death with a clarinet. Agnes is unpredictable, but she's a woman to make the best of whatever material is at hand. She finally gets out of the plot by jumping out a window. She probably knows best.

Black Narcissus

THIS beautifully photographed British picture fumbles with an epic idea—the conflict between Nature and religion. As a drama it is somewhat confusing, but it offers the stay-at-home Burton Holmes fan the chance to thrill to one of the most exciting geographic experiences that this battered globe has to offer.

It is years since I have been in India but the memory of the Himalayas still is frightening. It is a crushing experience to stand on Tiger Hill, near Darjeeling, and watch the dawn, like a gigantic incendiary, run from one icy peak to the next until the whole roof of the world is ignited. The beauty of this region is so weird and intimidating that many minds are unable to endure it for long. Under the oppressive spell of this vast and satanic beauty Buddhism has decayed into the obscene devil worship of the Tibetan lamas and the Brahman philosophy has degenerated into crude animism. The hill tribes who live in the shadow of Kinchinjunga have legends of "The Abominable Men" who are the fiends of the vast snow fields. And white men are not impervious to the mood of menace. When I was there I was told that the British military hospital at Jalapahar had to be abandoned because, despite the cool, healthful climate, the staff and patients were being driven to insanity.

Such a case history might have demonstrated the cosmic possibilities of this region a little more powerfully than the materials this picture uses for its dramatization. The action deals with Anglo-Catholic nuns who seek to establish a hospital and school in an abandoned harem in the foothills north of Darjeeling. They are told that they can survive here only by

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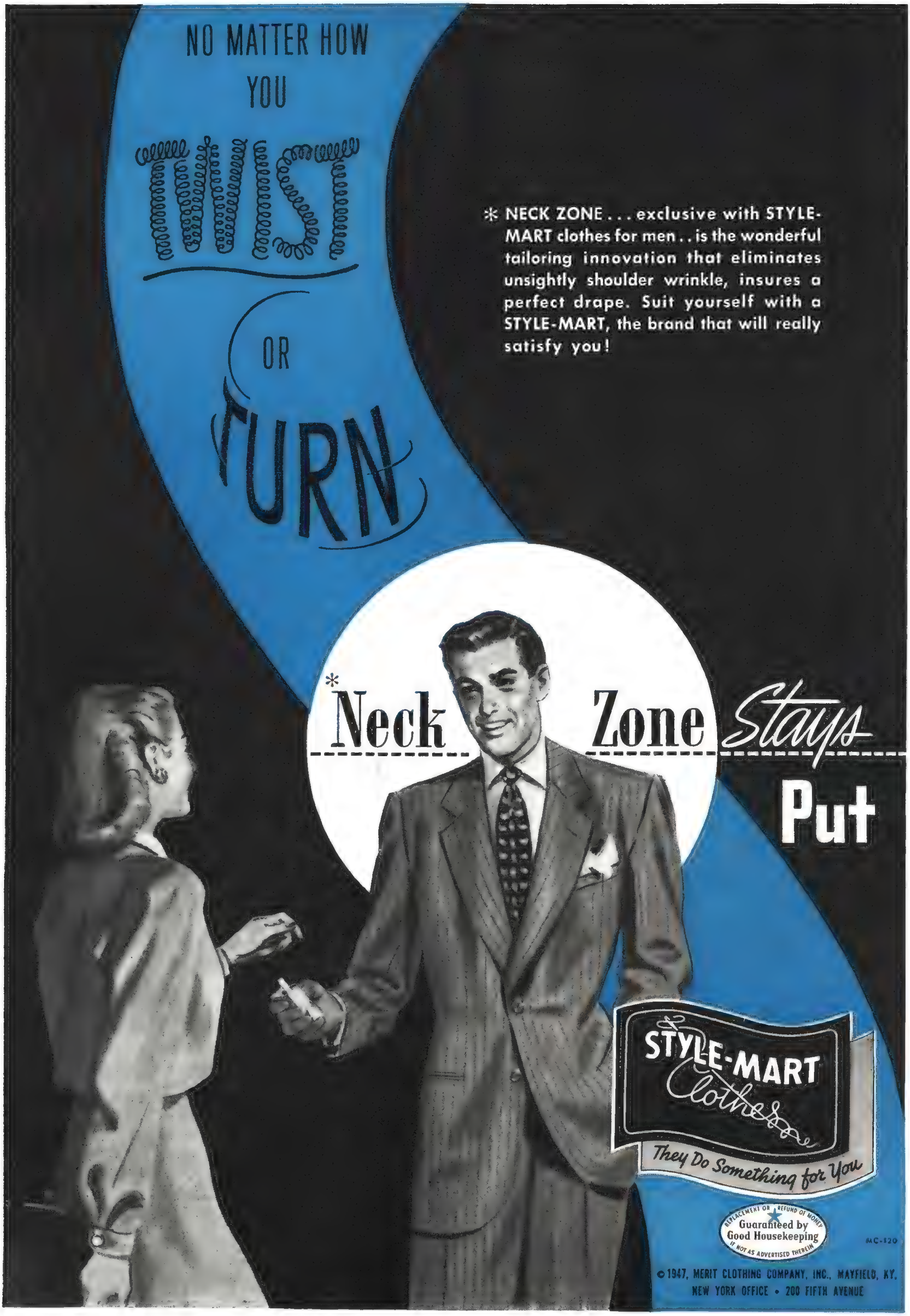
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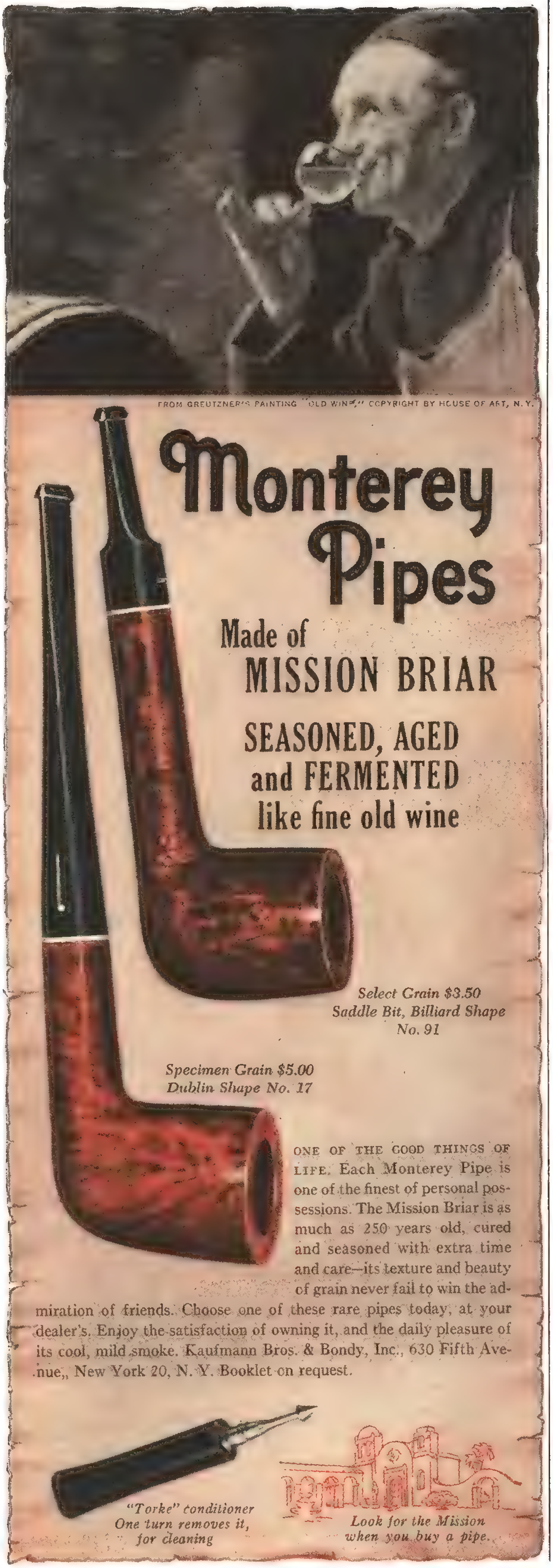

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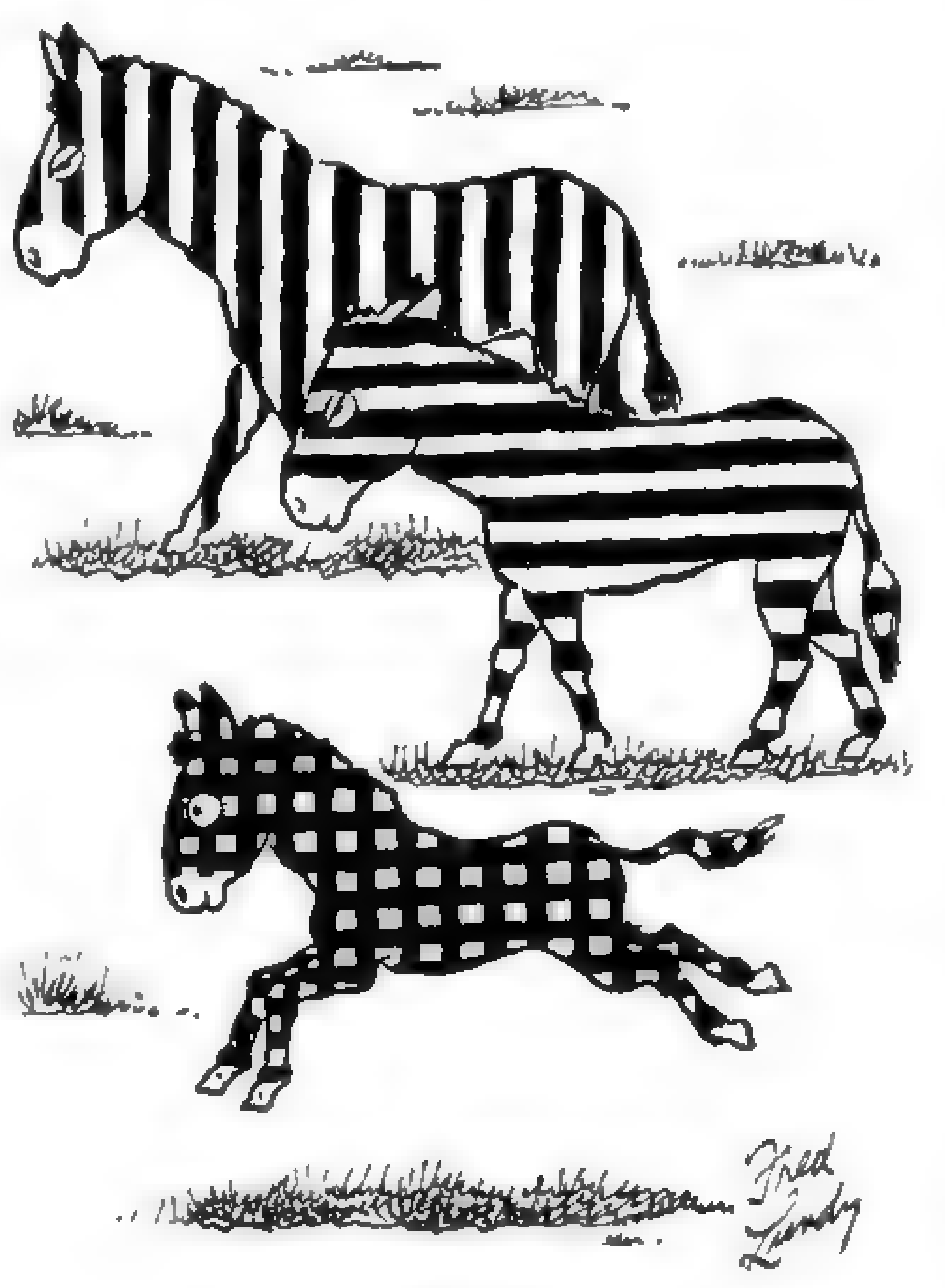
From Schumann to Brahms to Liszt

Continued from page 162

submitting to the spell of the mountains—or by ignoring them. One Hindu holy man has succeeded in doing the latter by accepting a life of complete negation. He never speaks and no one has seen him move.

Such an alternative fails to shake the confidence of the practical English sisters. But soon, in various small ways, they find themselves succumbing. The mind of Sister Clodagh (Deborah Kerr) begins to wander, during chapel, back to the vanity that caused her to enter the Order—to keep from being jilted. Sister Honey (Jenny Laird) slips into un-nunlike maternal sentiment over the native babies in the infirmary. Sister Philippa (Flora Robson) abandons her prosaic vegetable garden to devote herself to flowers. A native student (Sabu) who came to them, seeking western culture, runs away with a teen-age odalisque (Jean Simmons) to revert to his warrior ancestors' code.



These lapses may seem menacing to ascetics, but to a layman they hardly seem serious enough to justify the Miltonian build-up. Boys abandon their studies for pretty girls even in flat latitudes. And surely one scarcely needs to climb the earth's ramparts to find nuns who succumb to a worldly enthusiasm for babies or blossoms. And I don't think it's incorrect to believe that ordained women in all parts of the world have at some time shared Sister Clodagh's reveries concerning the lives they led before taking vows. All of these things would be fairly commonplace and equally believable without the Himalayas' spell.

The most dramatic protagonist of the picture's theme is not Miss Kerr, who appears as its star, but Kathleen Byron, who appears as the bedeviled Sister Ruth. The mountains awaken a sex frenzy in her that practically amounts to demonic possession. She refuses to renew her vows in order to pursue a cynical Englishman in the neighborhood and, when she is repulsed, she attempts to hurl the cool and self-controlled Sister Clodagh from the heights of a precipice. Miss Byron's work in this part establishes her as another of J. Arthur Rank's pretty assets. But even when the story is viewed through the focus of this character the theme lacks clarity. Sister Ruth is presented as an hysteric before she gets to the mountains. Had the poised Clodagh been reduced to a condition such as Ruth's, the plot would probably have been more obvious, but a lot more understandable.

As it is, *Black Narcissus* produces considerable aesthetic enjoyment and no little intellectual confusion. Its characters are as well drawn as its theme is muddled. Eddie Whaley, Jr. is delightfully droll as a five-year-old interpreter from Madras. And Sabu reveals an unexpected flair for comedy as the native youth who is naïvely eager for western "cleverness." Jean Simmons, who made such a hit in *Great Expectations*, is properly sultry as his reason for playing hookey. She's probably the only woman in the British Isles who could wear a nose ring and still look seductive.

Even English producers (with monocled eyes cocked toward censorship) must be a bit reticent in huzzaing when Christianity is shown defeated by pagan nature. For this reason the film is less articulate than Rumer Godden's original novel was. But it manages to imply that Sister Clodagh has been made "more human" by the experiences (including a narrow escape from murder) which befall her in the mountains. Here too I would be grateful for more of a black-and-white contrast. Several of the characters say at various times that Sister Clodagh has been proud and dictatorial, but the film never shows it. As Miss Kerr plays her, Sister Clodagh seemed at all times too conscientious an executive and too charming a woman to deserve such atavistic chastisement.

A printed foreword, which states that some Anglo-Catholic nuns renew their vows yearly, creates an expectation for a scene of dramatic decision. You foresee a moment when Sister Clodagh will choose between continuing as a nun or marrying the sardonic Mr. Dean, who for all his irony seems to be a better-than-average Christian. David Farrar's sharp playing of this part increases one's hope for such a climax. But it never arrives and this lack produces a certain audience disappointment. The picture would have profited if it had abstained from false predictions.

Golden Earrings

Golden Earrings shows Ray Milland being humanized by Marlene Dietrich. Marlene is much more specific than the Himalayas. When she gets through, Ray knows he's been humanized. So does the audience. But the picture should be a warning to all who long for a little gypsy sweetheart. Marlene's idea of a Romany maid is different in several particulars from those in *The*

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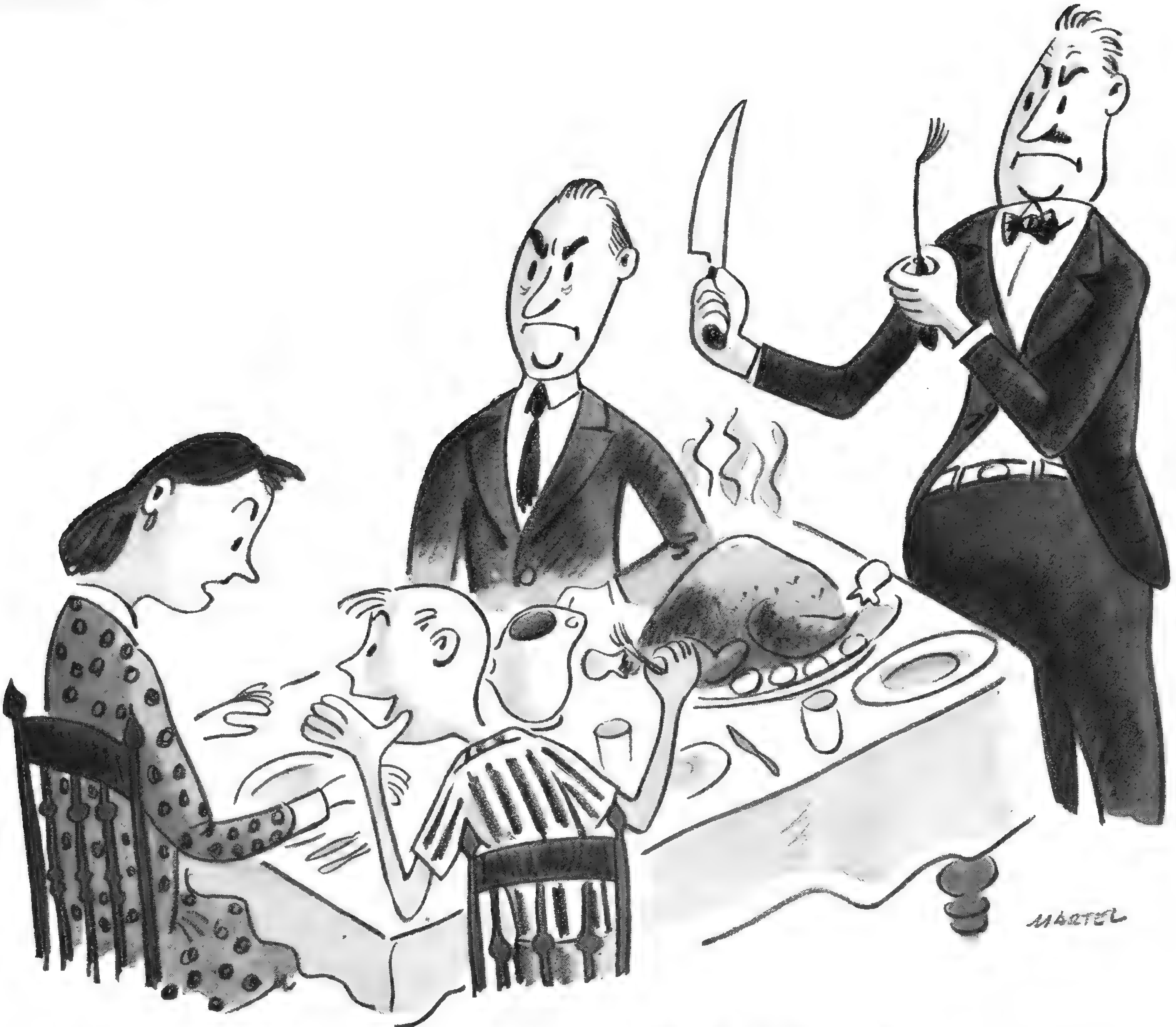

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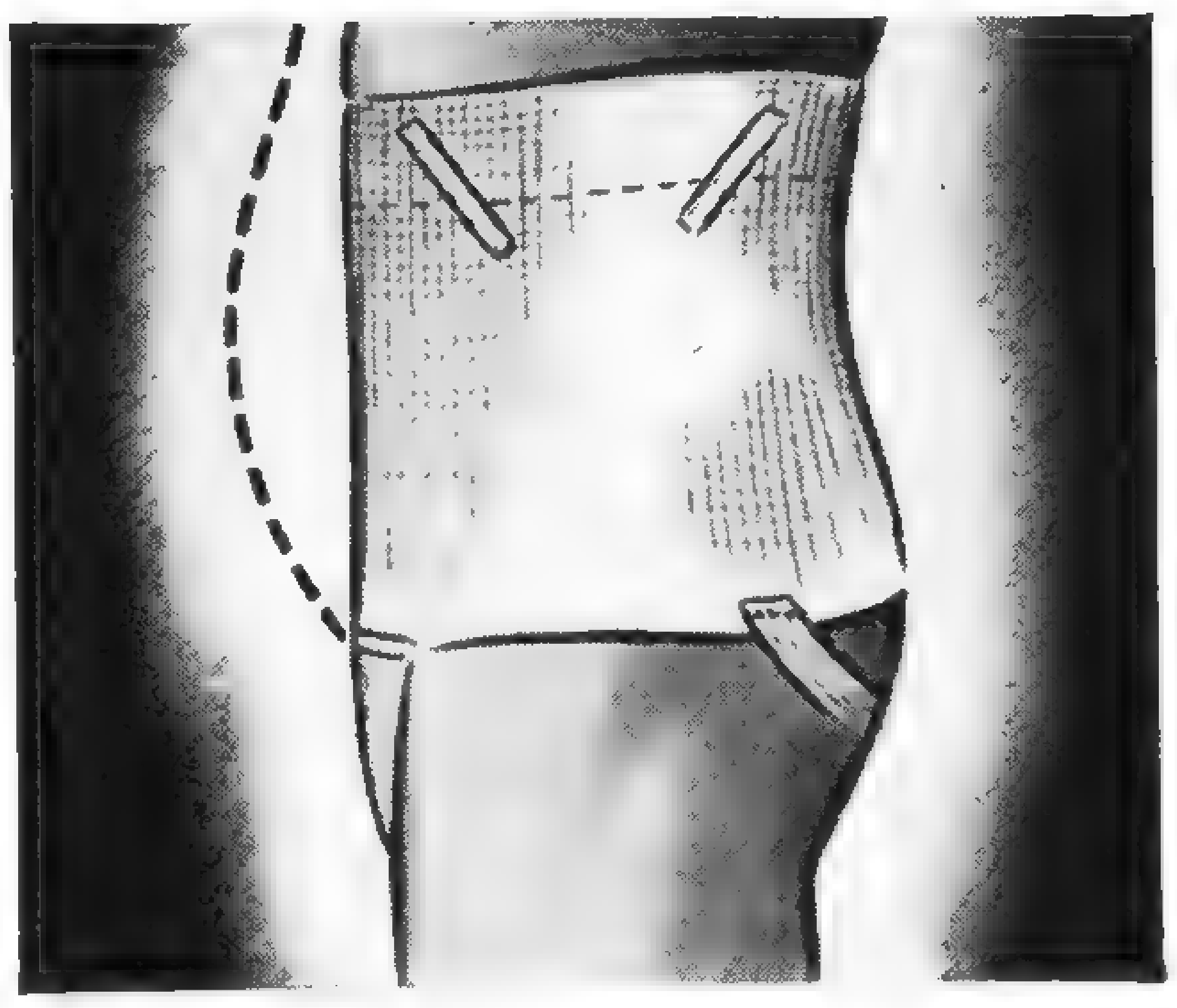

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From Schumann to Brahms to Liszt

Continued from page 164

Countess Maritza and the Fanchon and Marco prologues. She is sweet and yielding, but she cleans fish on the bed of her vagabond caravan. And while dining along the broad highway she dives up to her elbows into mackerel stew. Her wild, free hair is scented with jasmine, violet and cod-liver oil. Twice a widow, she has been bereaved only recently by the gallows. After five days without masculine society, she is in the final stages of love starvation when she encounters Milland.

Ray's a stuffed-shirt British officer, being chased by the Gestapo. He is saved by the gypsy and, for a time, it seems a fate worse than death. Marlene just can't keep her hands to herself. Her fingers keep finding their way to the inside of Mr. Milland's shirt-waist. When he dozes, during her burning love songs, she recaptures his attention by banging a skillet on his head. Unlike most movie cloak-and-dagger boys, Milland's heroism is punctuated with endless complaints. He's always beefing about the hero's lot. His diet includes too much love and too much fish. But he eventually gets acclimated to both. He comes to realize that, while a bath might improve his loved one, it also might kill her. He loves her too much to risk it. Too, he's beginning to enjoy dirt.

Preview audiences insisted that this film must have a happy ending. So Frank Butler, of Paramount's scenario department, came through with one that is both satisfying and artistic. An epilogue shows Milland famous, successful, and with greying hair, leading a lonely life in a London club at the war's end. The postman brings the golden earrings he wore during his gypsy masquerade and, thus prompted, he sets out to find his soiled but devoted sweetheart. This seems right. Older men can afford to be romantic, since they have little to lose. And they've lived long enough to value love—whether or not it is spotless. Ray's shirt is dirty and he needs a shave by the time he rejoins the gypsy. But you know he's all set to have a swell time.

If you're beyond school age, I don't think you'll want to miss this lusty comedy, with its amiably off-beat romance.

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

This ornate Technicolor comedy is decorated with Virginia Mayo, the Goldwyn Girls and Danny Kaye, who gets prettier in every picture. Danny didn't arrive at his present screen pulchritude without a struggle. Far from it. His producer, Sam Goldwyn, has struggled every step of the way. Most of Sam's struggles have been with Danny and his wife, Sylvia Fine. Sylvia writes the musical double talk that made her husband a top star on Broadway. On the Main Stem it won a rapt following for his rubber-faced and brassy style. But it almost ruined him with movie audiences.

These gentle people want to love somebody. And they want to do it first. Many a self-infatuated Broadway comic has tripped himself in front of the national audience when he felt sure he was going to knock its eye out. Down on the farm, folks like to discover their favorites for themselves. It's advisable to open their mouths with a laugh before jamming your genius down their throats.

And they become quite mulish when a comic seeks to lead his own applause. Danny and Sylvia are so metropolitan they think eggs are laid by automats. So naturally they know nothing of this public.

Sam Goldwyn does. No man to overlook a market, he's been successfully bartering with the natives of forty-eight states for years. He tries to give them what they want. For this reason, he battled to get a mood of at least halfhearted modesty into Danny's initial screen role. It was undone by the "Boy I'm good!" flavor of Danny's first two West Coast broadcasts. One said all radio comedians were so terrorized by Kaye's competition that they delegated Eddie Cantor to sabotage his success. This burned the loyal legions of Jack Benny and Bob Hope. And the second was a wet burlesque biography of Kaye's life. Most friends of radio land had not heard of Kaye at this time, so the script fell flat.

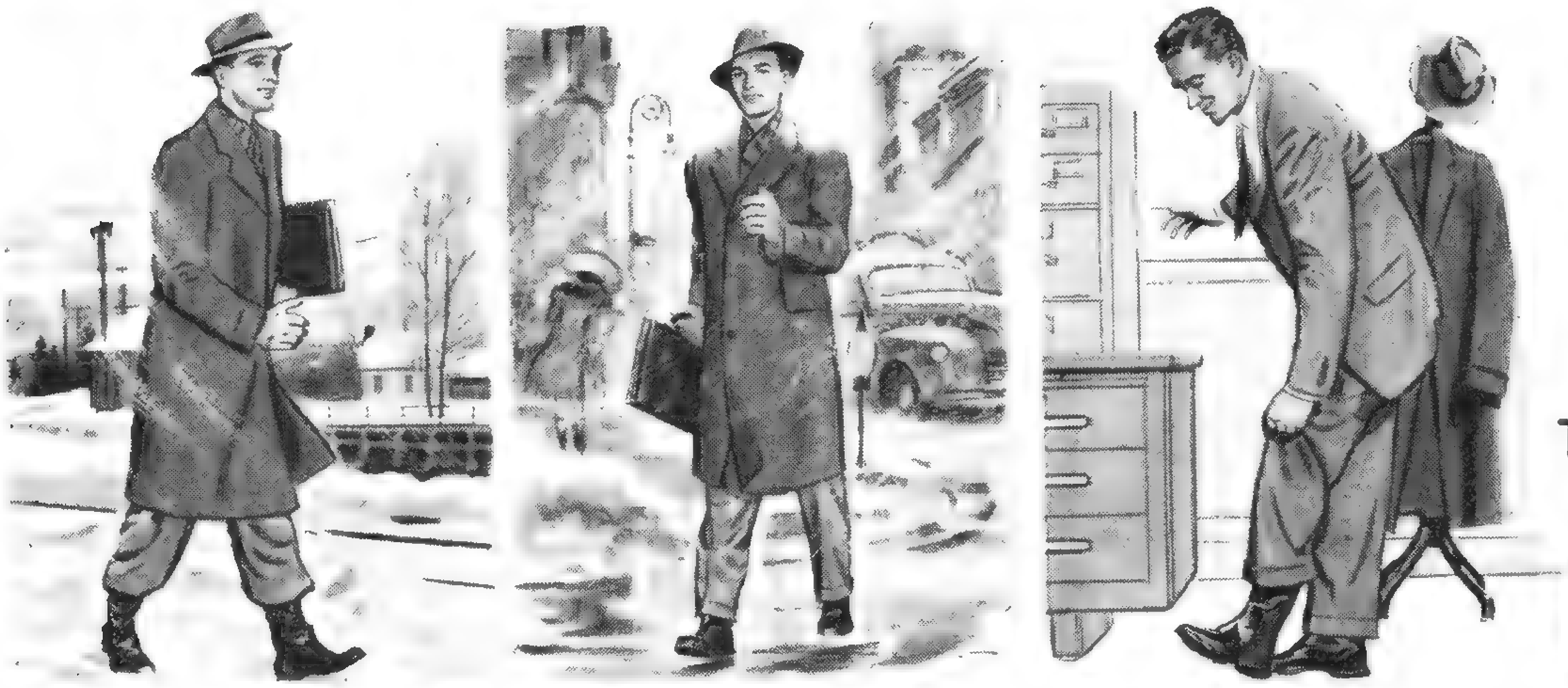
The Kayes were all for giving everything between Times Square and the Sunset Strip back to the Mohawks. Their followers in the café society on both coasts agreed with this. Their cry was, "To hell with the hicks!" Sam was worried.

Gossip columns written in Hollywood and New York make much of the British movie invasion. But most of America is troubled by another invasion. The invasion of Hollywood by Broadway. Educators, clergymen and theatre managers report public discontent over the fact that America's only national theatre is becoming a mere adjunct of the local theatre of New York.

These unofficial critics didn't like Kaye when he first appeared on the screen. But under Goldwyn's tutelage he became a box-office favorite. Sam knew his boy was the best-looking of the screen comics and he made him stand still long enough to let the public see it. And he wouldn't let him be smart-alecky. *The Kid from Brooklyn*, in which Danny played a diffident milkman, was a big financial success. Most of Danny's friends are bitter about this. Goldwyn, trying to maintain peace, retains a couple of Danny's zany musical interludes in

Continued on page 168

WEAR 'EM OVER YOUR PANTS . . . UNDER YOUR PANTS . . . ON AND OFF IN A JIFFY! . . .



SEE WHY you'll want these feather-light weather beaters! After you've pulled 'em on easy, like a sock, wear 'em over your pants and you're all set for country snow drifts.

WHEN YOU get to town, just pull out the pants and wear the boots underneath. They look just like smart rubbers and are nearly as light!

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From Schumann to Brahms to Liszt

Continued from page 166

each film—to please the sophisticates. In *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* Miss Fine comes through with *Anatole of Paris* and *Symphony for Unstrung Tongue* which conform to the frantic pattern admired by night-club fans. And she tried to do more. But, unfortunately, Sam was persuaded to cut out the old Irish ballad *Molly Malone*. It was Danny's first straight number for pictures and he was terrific in it. Set against a background of the Irish revolution, it presented a new Danny Kaye, handsome, sympathetic and capable of awakening a touching sentiment. If they'd kept it in, the star would have moved out of the Bob Hope-Red Skelton style of farce and into the high-comedy field where Crosby is so successful. There's no reason the public shouldn't accept Danny in a straight part. He has a firmer chin and a firmer head of hair than Crosby. But his yes men said "No." They called the number schmaltz.

They couldn't keep a certain wistfulness out of Danny's portrayal of Walter Mitty, the daydreaming dope in James Thurber's four-page short story. The originality of this literary creation has been a bit exaggerated by the cult of *The New Yorker*. Literature has seen other Mittys. Thurber's Walter might be a not overbright son of Harry Leon Wilson's wool-gathering *Merton of the Movies* and a grandson of *Tom Sawyer*. He's also a lineal descendant of Cervantes' grandly deluded old hidalgo. But he's still an appealing character and Danny dramatizes his wholesome mediocrity with kindly humor. Kaye's beginning to warm up to the idea that a nice guy doesn't necessarily deserve ridicule. As you see him lugging packages aboard a commuter's train and submitting to dreary bridge with the good neighbors (who'd be better a few miles away) your heart goes out to the horrible example of what happened to a youth who never disappoints his mother.

But Mitty has his dreams. He's a man with his head firmly planted in the clouds and his feet shuffling vaguely in Perth Amboy. Employed as a proofreader by a pulp magazine, he allows all his visions to be colored by the plot clichés of the bloody carving-knife and broken-brassière school of fiction.

More moronic reveries never were conceived in the vacant mind of clean and half-awakened young American manhood. Mitty imagines himself a bold sea dog, an R.A.F. pilot, a distinguished modiste, a western bad man, a Mississippi gambler, and the calm, wise surgeon who performs miracles in *True Hospital Romances*.

In presenting these illusions, the movie industry comes damned close to committing suicide. For the corny plots in fifteen-cent magazines are so like the corny plots in seventy-five-cent movies that the teeth of the satire get firmly lodged in the seat of Hollywood's pants. Unless Hollywood is too insensitive to be embarrassed by Danny's bull's-eye burlesque, there may be no more films produced until a new and uninhibited crop of screen heroes comes of age—sometime in 1967.

It's hard to see how any existing stalwart will have the nerve to play *Dr. Kildare* after seeing Danny perform an operation with a sock stretcher and save a life with an emergency transfusion of Johnson's Floor Wax. There is surgical competence in every move as he sews up his patient with a pair of knitting needles! And such comforting urbane strength as he says to the nurse, "Don't worry, Miss van Hoorn, your brother will play the violin again."

That takes care of Lew Ayres; now for Errol Flynn. Jack Warner would do well to pass a law forbidding Errol to see the R.A.F. sequence. Here Danny, as the terror of the Luftwaffe, leans so far from his cockpit to salute a fallen foe that he's almost flying under his own power. Without troubling to land, he sticks swastikas on his fuselage like a boy placing commemorative stamps in an album. But he's modest. He underplays his British lines until he's practically murmuring them in the sub-basement.

"I hear you got thirty-four Jerries today," says the flight commander, who admires the boy and loves him heartily.

"No, sir, only thirty-two," murmurs Danny. "Two were only probables."

His diction is perfect. Sir Walter Mitty is a man who pronounces every "i" before "e" except after "t"—or a very light lunch.

An hallucination looks good on Danny. All the illusions are top-flight satire. You get so interested in this gossamer-minded jerk that you're eager to sympathize with his struggles when reality overtakes him. And that's where the picture falls down. Reality never gets there. The scenarists are tops at lampooning the clichés of Hollywood. But they are powerless to produce anything better. When it comes time for Mitty to face a real menace, the writers come up with Formula Four. It's a spy plot familiar to all who have been going to the movies since Doug Fairbanks, Sr., made *Reaching for the Moon* or Harold Lloyd made *Grandma's Boy*. Since Walter knew his way through all other dramatic chromos, he should have felt at home here. The audience does.

Danny turns in some good stock farce in these phony situations. He can turn over a water cooler as well as any man. But he can't keep the story from sagging toward the finish. Had the authors possessed the ingenuity to involve their daydreamer in situations almost as realistic as those in *The Killers*, this might have been a modern *Don Quixote*. ⧺

Continued from page 81

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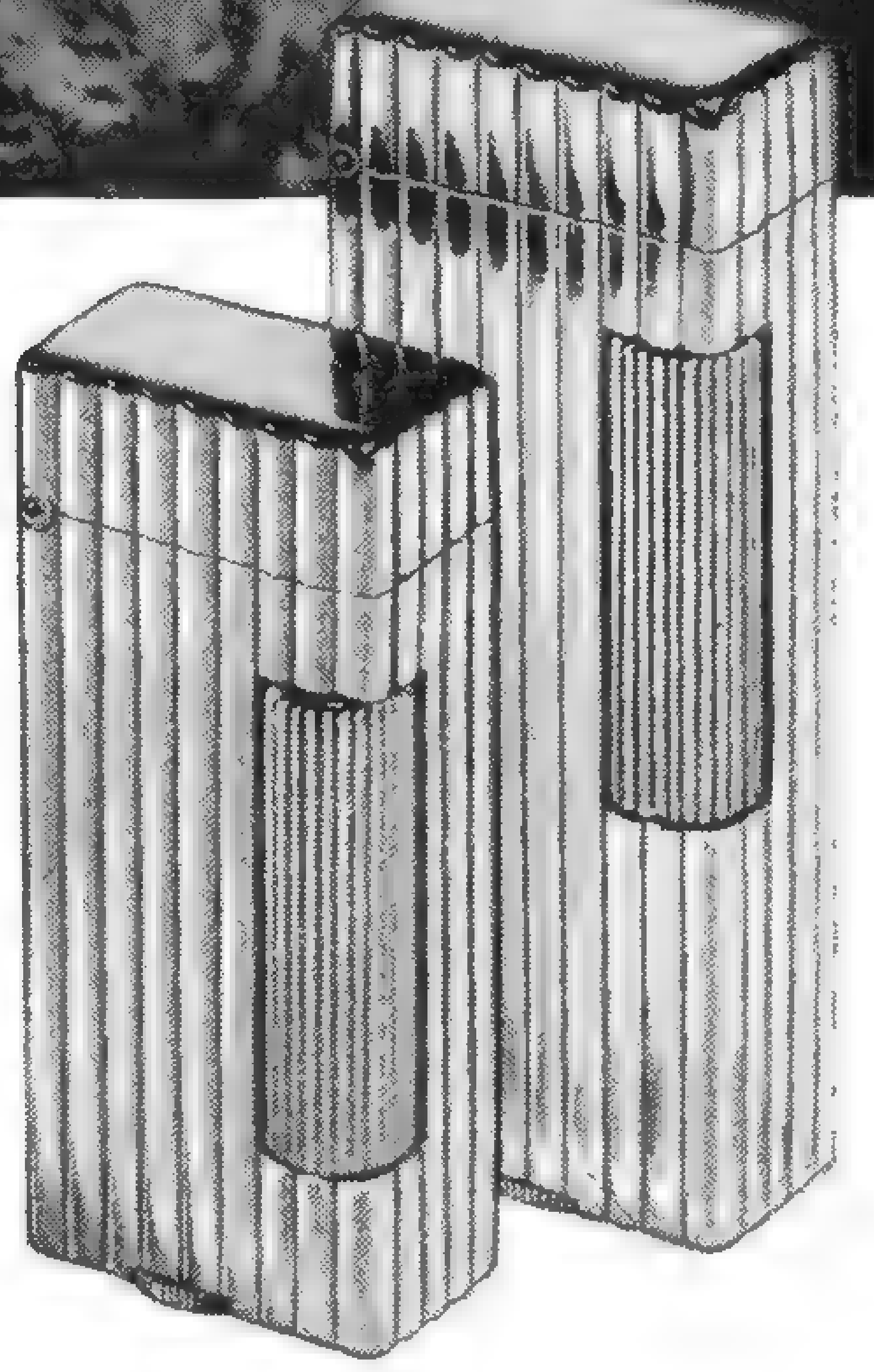

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Book Briefs

The cream of the late historical romances will provide rich reading for admirers of the cloak-and-dagger school of fiction

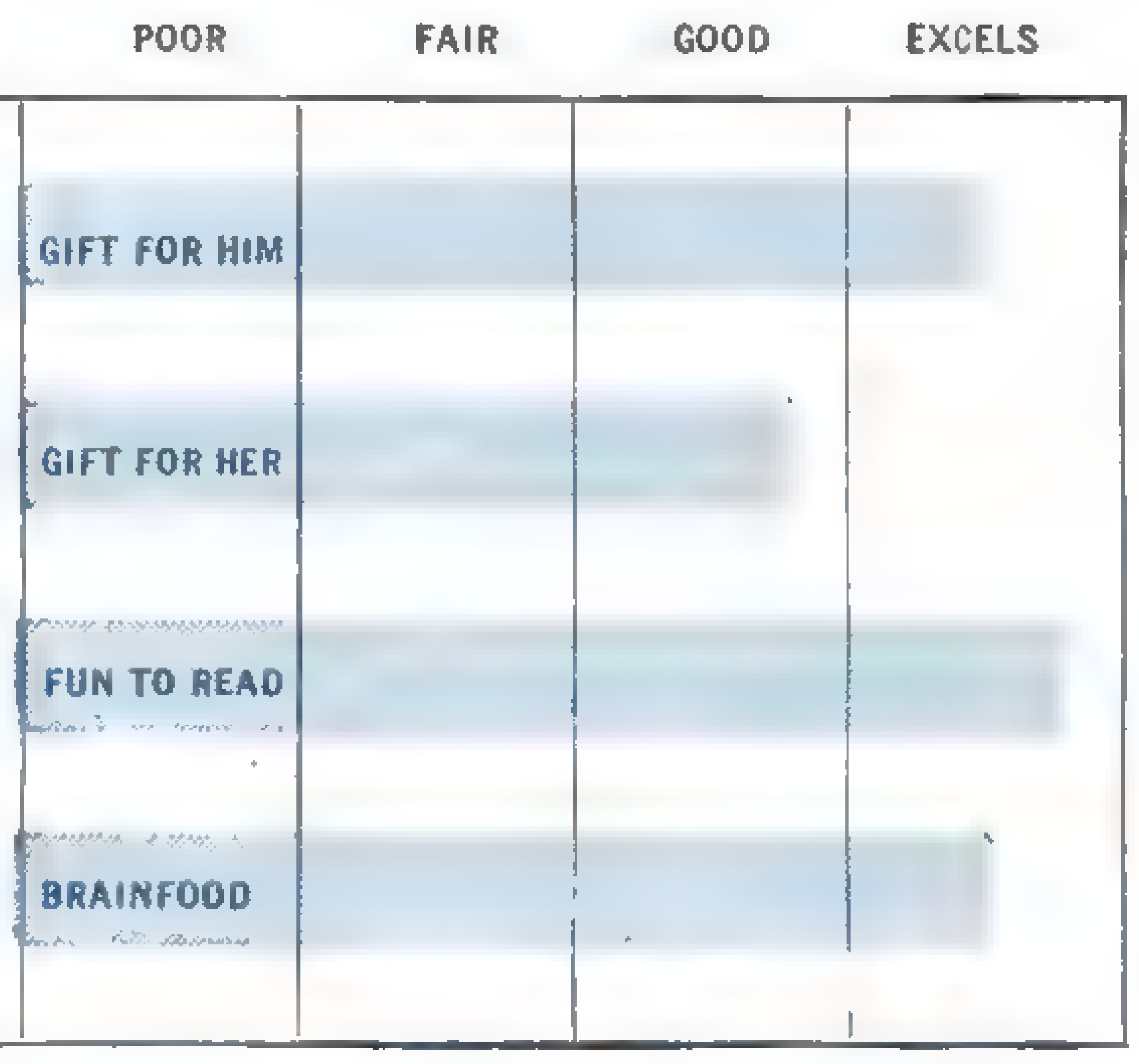
The Moneyman

by Thomas B. Costain
(*Doubleday*, $3.00)

Setting & period: The court of King Charles VII in fifteenth-century France.

Hero: Jacques Coeur, financier and humanist.

Story: After his rise to eminence as a war leader and statesman, Coeur, a commoner, is resented by the noblemen, who finally conspire to ruin him.



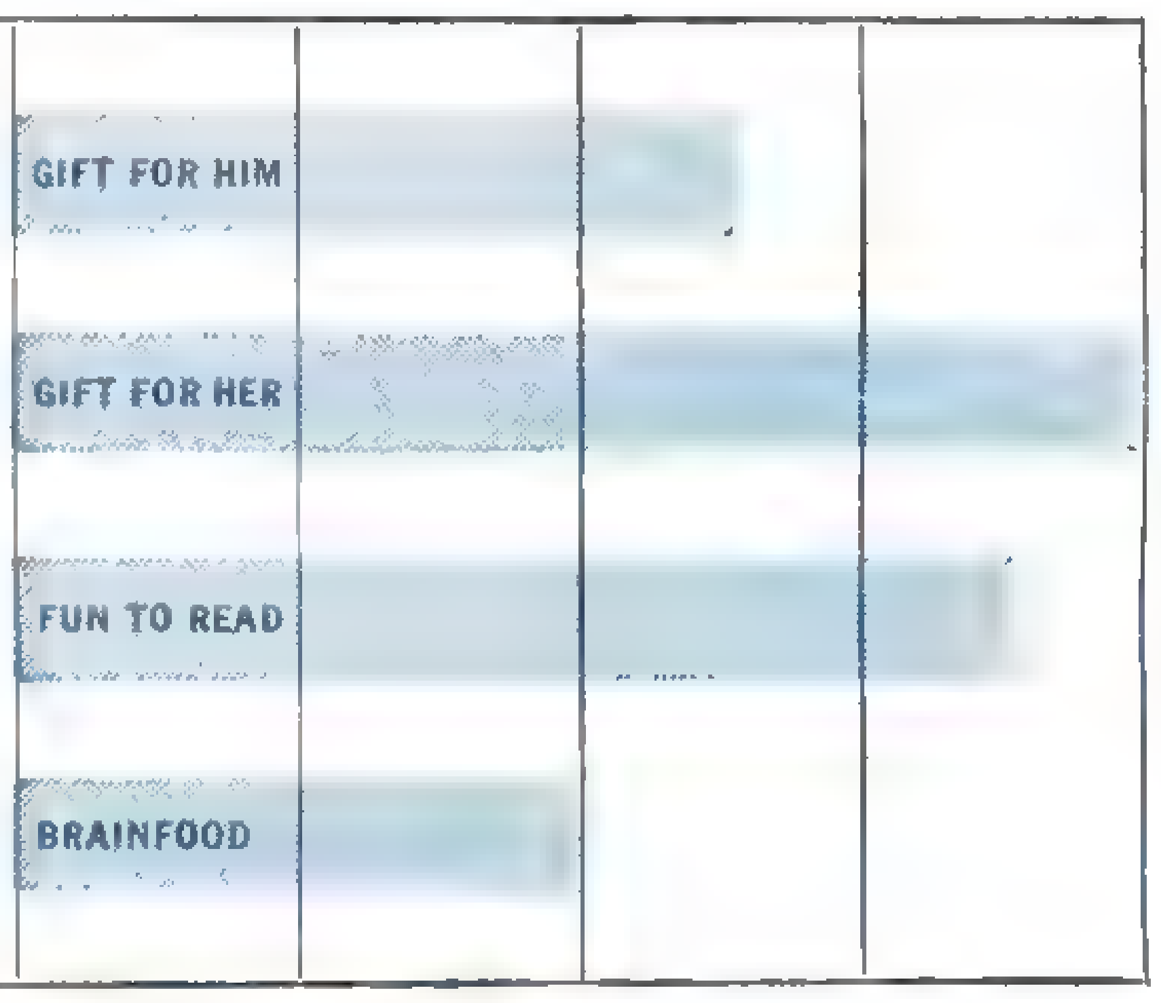
The Vixens

by Frank Yerby
(*Dial*, $2.75)

Setting & period: New Orleans in the years after the Civil War.

Hero: Laird Fournois, a cavalier Southern aristocrat.

Story: Battling against Carpetbaggers, White Leaguers, defeated plantation owners, Fournois fulfills his love for the beautiful Denise Lascals.



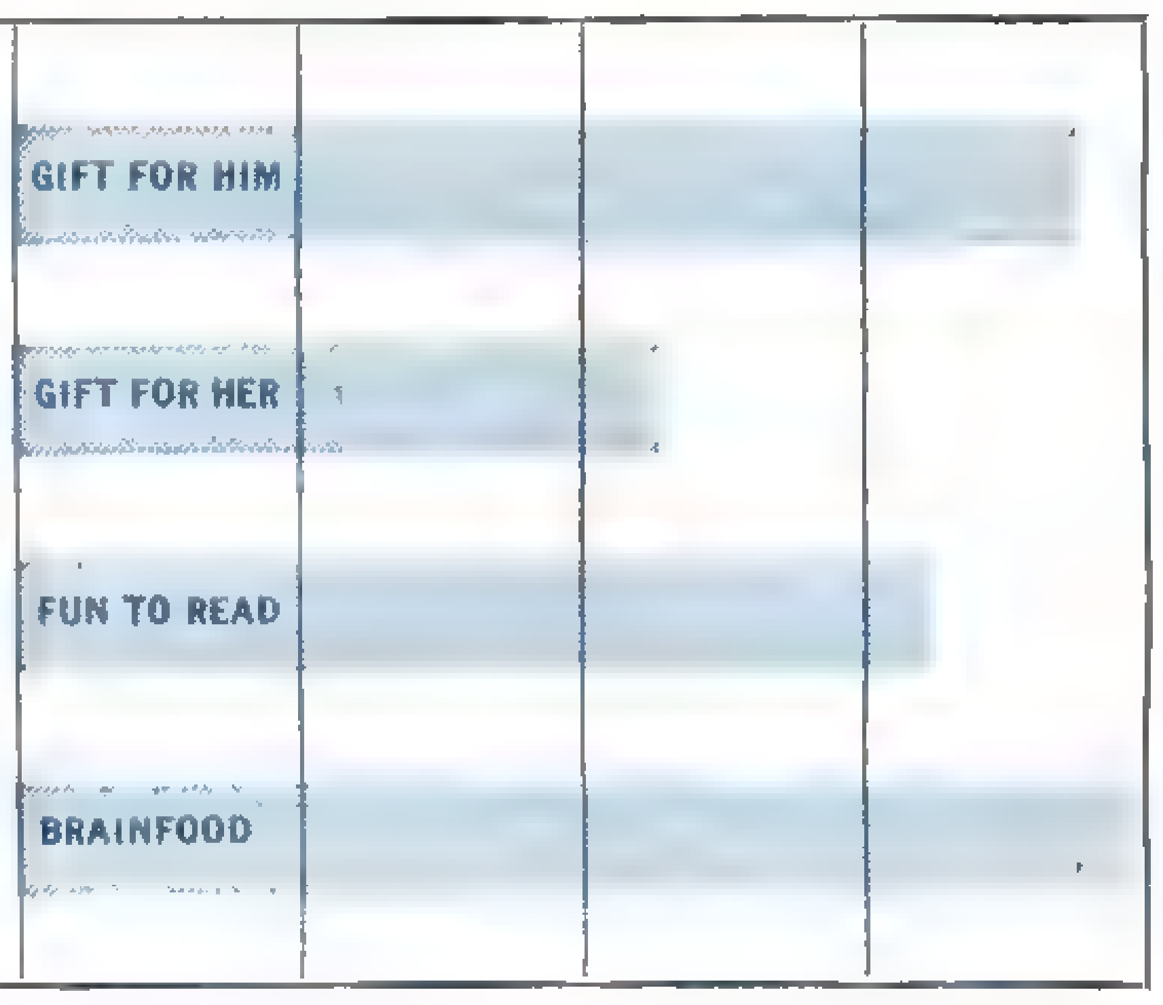
Thomas Forty

by Edward Stanley
(*Duell, Sloan & Pearce*, $2.75)

Setting & period: New York and environs during Revolutionary War period.

Hero: Thomas Forty, printer and journalist.

Story: The hero undergoes many conflicts and inner struggles before he finally reasons out which side to fall in with—the Americans or the British.



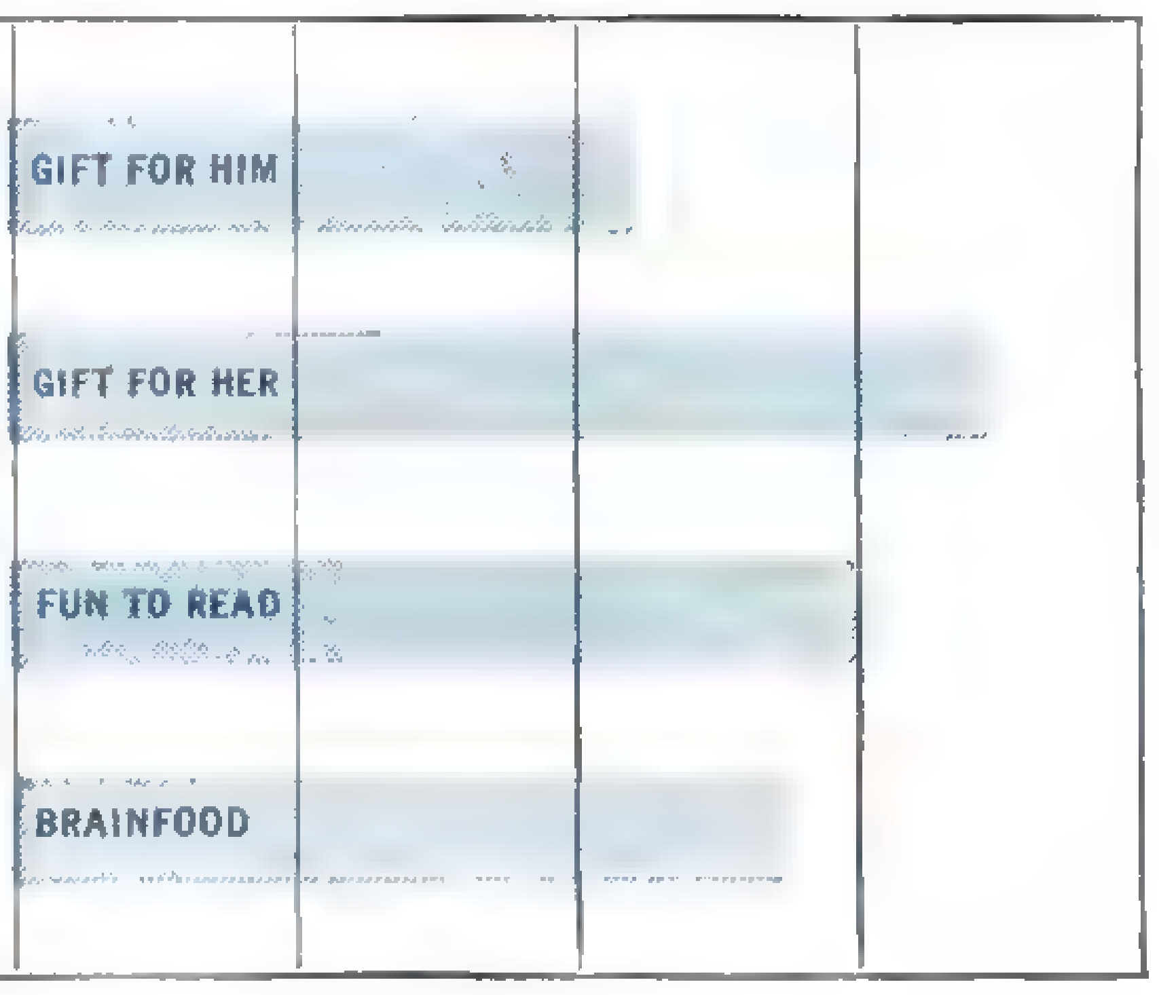
There Was a Time

by Taylor Caldwell
(*Scribners*, $3.00)

Setting & period: First England, then a city in upstate New York, from 1900 to 1938.

Hero: Frank Clair, a writer.

Story: In constant and tumultuous revolt against poverty, his family and ugliness, Clair struggles to win wealth and fame and still remain an idealist.



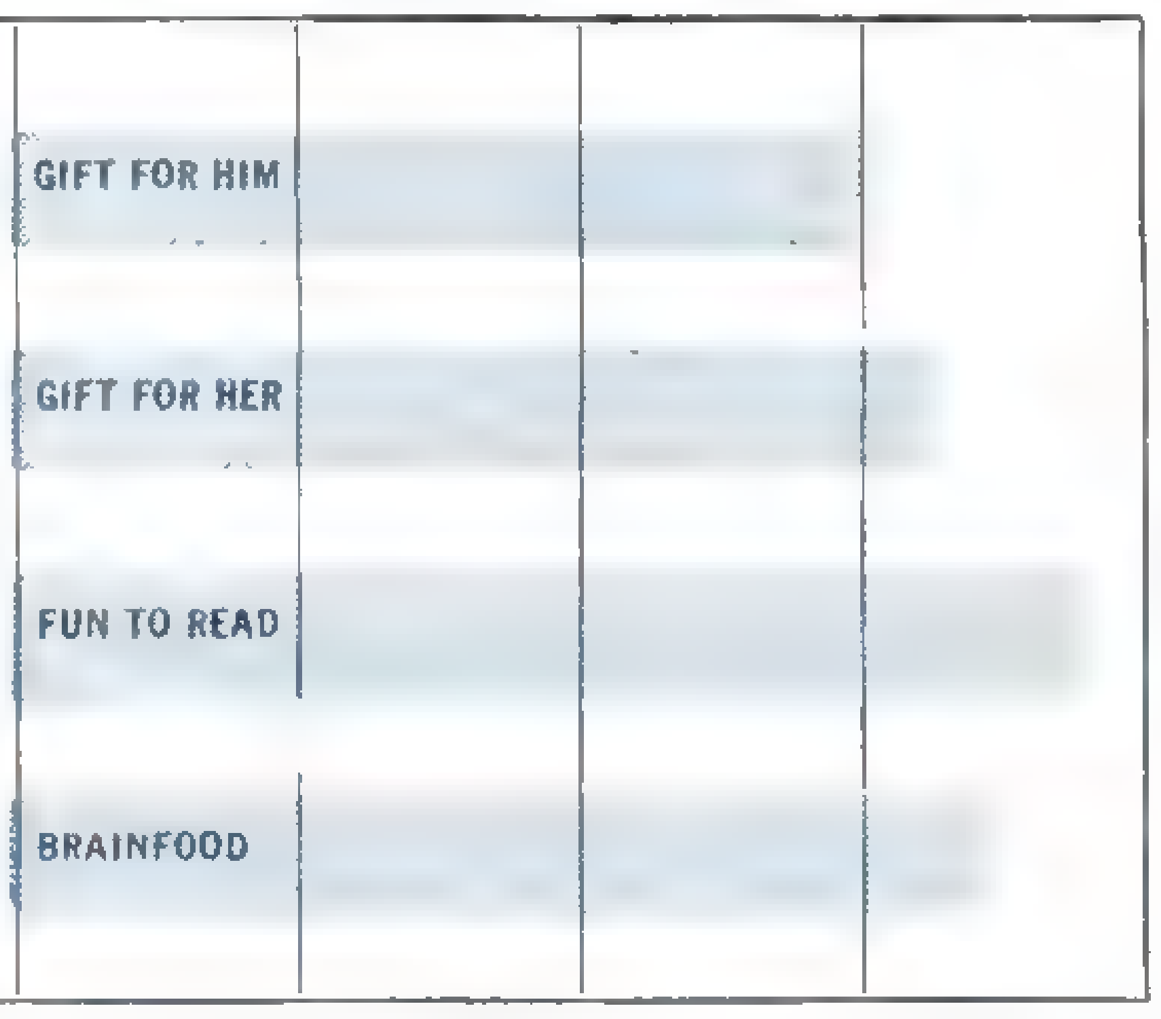
Prince of Foxes

by Samuel Shellabarger
(*Little, Brown*, $3.00)

Setting & period: Italy during its sixteenth-century Renaissance.

Hero: Andrea Orsini, nobleman and artist.

Story: Through tangles of diplomatic intrigue, Orsini pits brains and daring against ruthless competitors to gain fame and, of course, fair lady.



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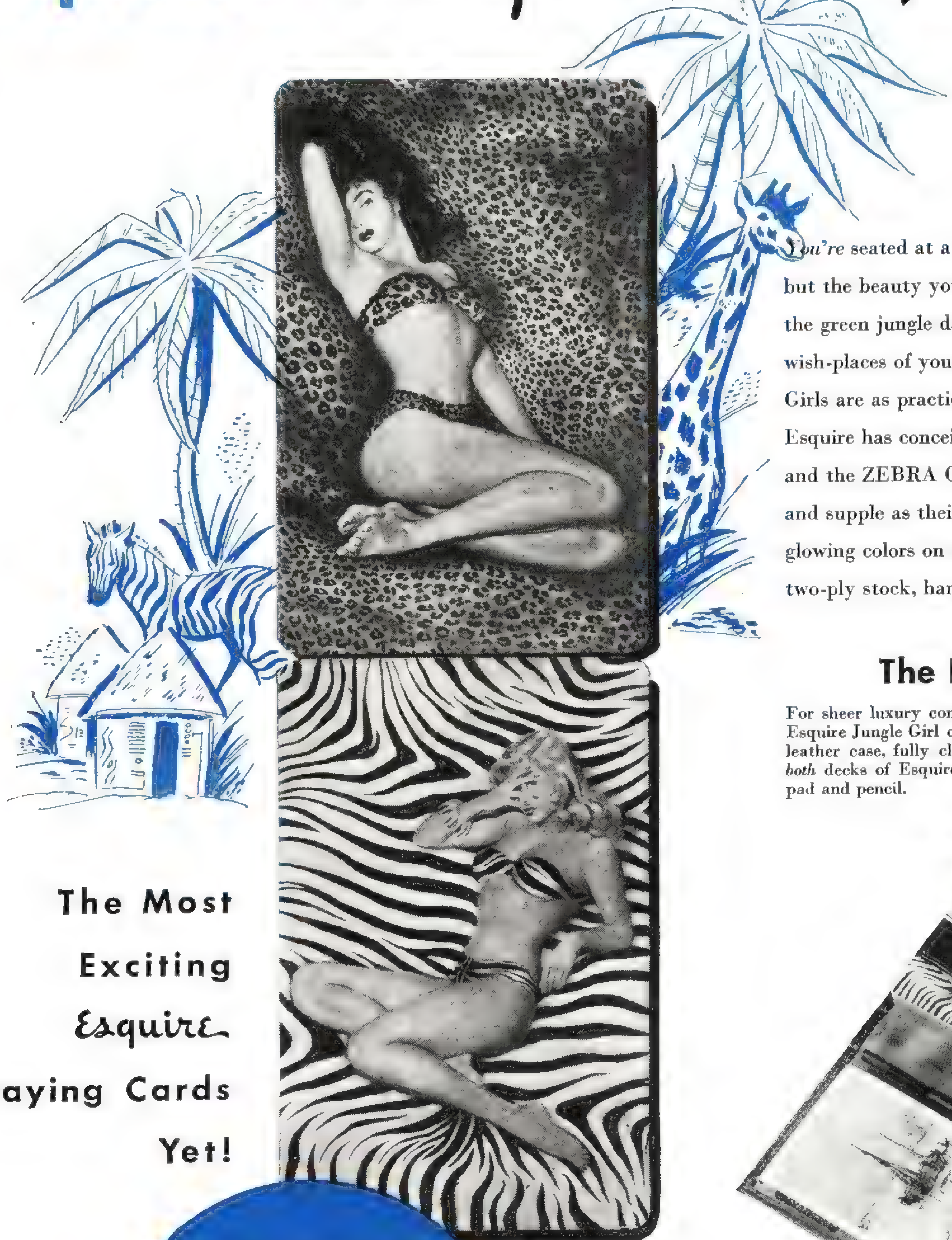

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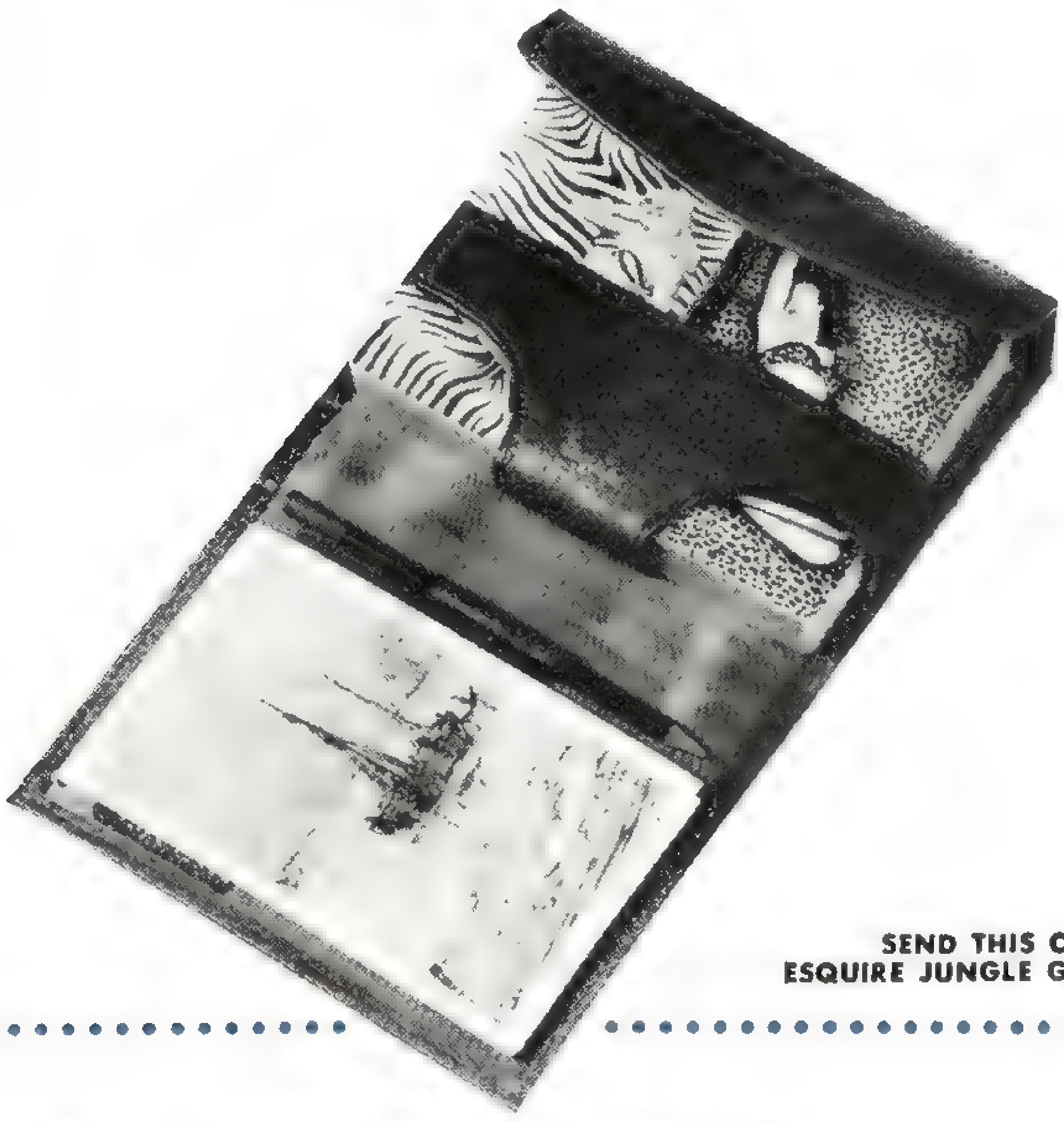

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The Ring and the Book

Continued from page 78

namite's outraged seconds pound his arms between rounds to paralyze them and throw rubbing fluid in his eyes to blind him. The whole plot to build Toro into a heavyweight contender is saved only when the Negro's seconds throw a towel into the ring in token of defeat, although Dynamite is winning easily.

This is a literal excerpt from the Carnera story, except the fight was in another city and the rebellious boxer had another name.

But then he has to moan about how he is helping to put something over on the American public, and will never be worthy of his girl, who is always urging him to get out of this racket and do something worth-while. She is a researcher on *Life* Magazine! The notion of an employee of Henry Luce looking down on a Jacobs Beach hustler struck me as so funny that I almost dropped the book. Schulberg, whom I once met in a saloon after a Garden fight—I did not know then that he was doing roadwork for a novel—looks fairly bright, and this lack of perspective astonishes me.

The dismal Lewis character's excuse to himself and his girl for being mixed up with the prize-fighting racket, which really entrances him, is that he is going to write a play about it. It will be a better play than Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy*, "that nine-dollar bill," he brags. The girl sees through Lewis' rationalization before he does. She tells him that he is never going to finish his play and at the end of the book he agrees with her. But what I dislike in Lewis is 1, his need to make an excuse for himself and 2, the shoddy quality of his excuse. Why is it nobler to write a play than just to do what you feel like doing? I find fights more interesting than plays. If Schulberg's Lewis does too, he shouldn't let a *Life* researcher talk him out of it.

In taking over the Carnera story, Schulberg has moved it forward to a purposely vague period in the forties, has telescoped it into one year, and has made the Italian Da Preem into an Argentine Toro Molina, although retaining for Toro the circus side-show background (Primo was a strong man in a traveling circus before he tried to become a boxer). The small, fretful Argentine manager who brings El Toro to this country is not very different from Leon See, the small fretful European who brought Primo, and the subsequent muscling-in and cutting-up follows the historic pattern. But the boxing world in which El Toro arrives is already dominated by Mike Jacobs, instead of Tex Rickard; Harry Balogh, instead of Joe Humphries, is the announcer at Madison Square Garden; characters talk of the mid-twenties as a remote pugilistic era. There is an implication that the boxing world is getting phonier by the moment, without a hint that the author has resurrected the Carnera story from the annals of the boom before last and that boxing cannot possibly have declined since.

Schulberg has made his Toro potentially a trifle more photogenic than Carnera (a cycle of boxing pictures is said to be on the way in Hollywood) and also considerably more pathetic. All El Toro really wants is to get home to his mountain village. All Carnera wanted was all that most other heavyweights wanted, only he wanted more of it. The author has also provided El Toro with the role of a lover, in this paying his respects to the *Golden Boy* formula. The hero of *Golden Boy* got to sleep with his manager's mistress; El Toro goes to bed with his manager's wife. Neither affair turns out well. Right here I (and surely Schulberg will join me) wish to point out that El Toro is *not* Carnera, although their stories may seem parallel every now and then, like the rails on the Long Island Railroad. *The Harder They Fall* is a kind of historical novel about something that happened day before yesterday, with all resemblances to living people as accidental as photography.

A fictional heavyweight named Gus Lennert, who has previously been badly damaged by a fictional heavyweight named Buddy Stein, dies in the ring fighting the built-up El Toro, who by that time has been kidded into believing that he has a terrible punch. In real life it was Ernie Schaaf, previously battered by Max Baer, who died fighting Carnera. El Toro is finally demolished, in his own estimation as well as that of the public, when he receives a horrible beating from Stein. The description of the fight is a nearly literal narrative of the slaughter of Carnera by Baer in 1934. The "Stein" of the book is a ringer for Baer. Lennert, who gets killed, seems to resemble Jack Sharkey more than Ernie Schaaf, who was not a veteran. It is possible that in offering Lennert to the undertaker the author is satisfying a long-time feeling about Sharkey. Maybe he once paid to see Sharkey fight.

I am not certain about the ethics of writing fiction so closely around the life of a real contemporary, reserving the right to blur and change wherever it is deemed advisable, so that you come up with a book that is about Carnera yet not legally about Carnera, or about Huey Long and yet not (altogether) about Huey Long. A lot of people are doing it and maybe I will myself someday, since I am naturally a lazy fellow.

If you take out of the book Nick Latka (the type of role that would have fallen to Edward G. Robinson in the days when I went to the movies); Nick's wife, who is almost embarrassingly like the woman in Ring Lardner's *Love Nest*, and, principally, the apologetic Lewis and his humiliating

Continued on page 174

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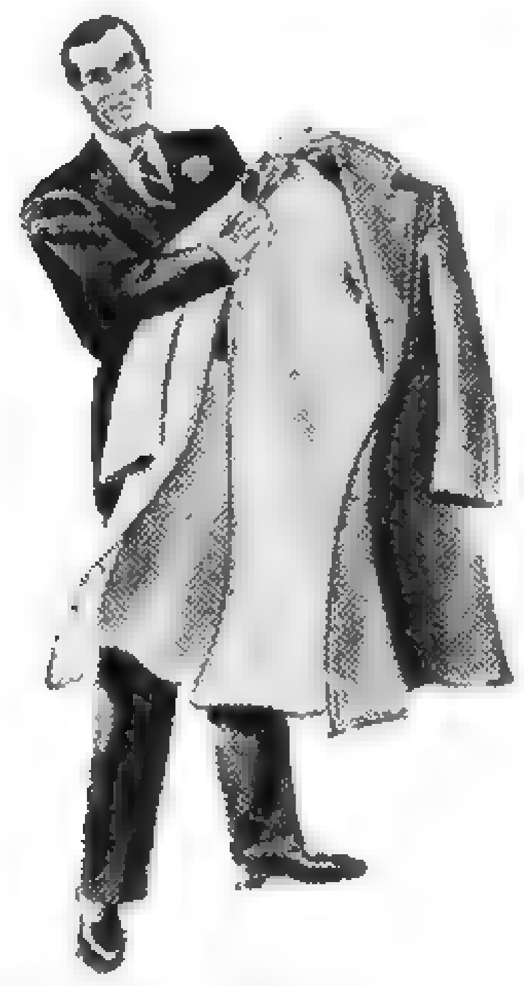

In goes a lining...
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in . . . it's an overcoat

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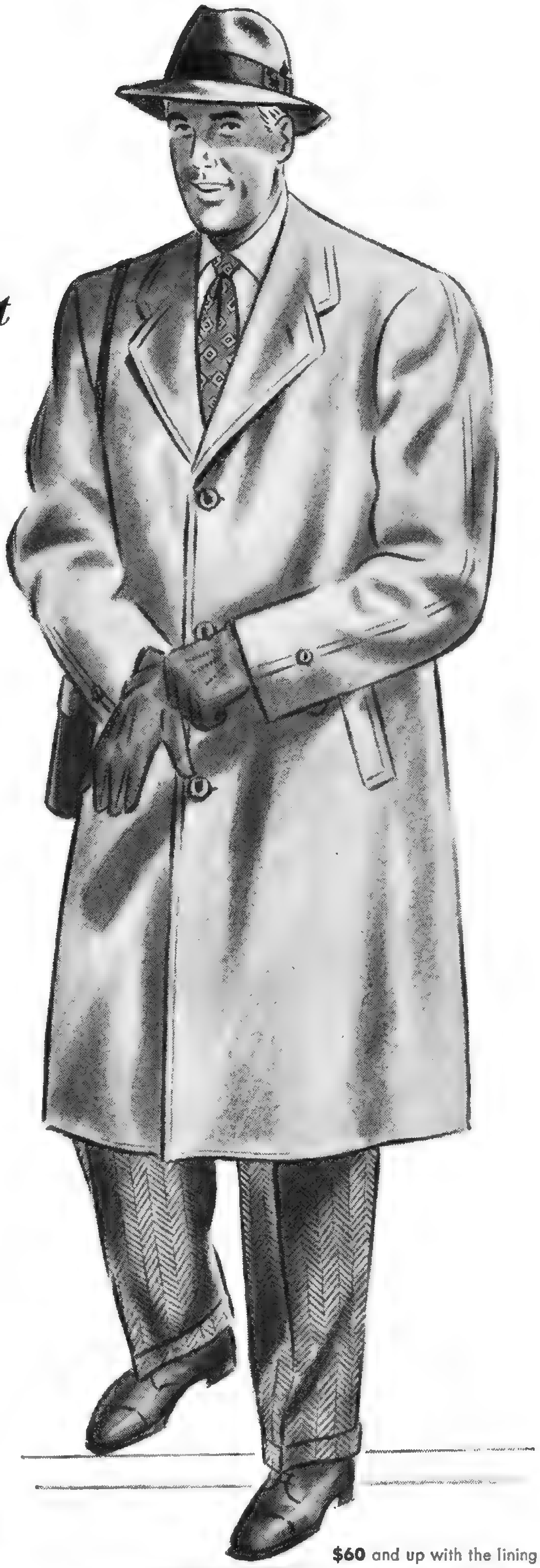

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The Ring and the Book

Continued from page 172

Life researcher; you have left a lot of wonderful, warm, raucous, readable pages.

Maybe Jacobs Beach just isn't good territory for a novelist or playwright to work around in. The best boxing book I know is Pierce Egan's *Boxiana*, an informal history of the London prize ring between 1821 and 1823, made up of descriptions of battles and anecdotes about the "heroes" who fought under such unforgettable names as The Giblet Pie and The Westminster Sprig of Myrtle.

There was, for an example of Egan's characters and anecdotes, Dutch Sam the Jew, a nine-stone (126-pound) man unbeatable for many years, who liked to train on gin, always broke training on gin, and was so numb with it one night that he let a gigantic carter knock him all around a pub, until the giant dragged him out into the street and began knocking his head against the cobblestones. That cleared Sam's mind, so he jumped up and laid the carter insensible.

Long after Sam had retired, like so many a hero before and since, a syndicate persuaded him to come back and fight a baker named Nosworthy, who had stopped three flashy young East End kids. There was to be an analogous case long years afterward, when Benny Leonard, at thirty-six, was brought out of retirement to fight Jimmy McLarnin, who had specialized in murdering "Second Benny Leonards." Dutch Sam was forty-one years old and the gin had failed to preserve him. He was outweighed fifteen pounds. But he fought thirty-eight hard rounds before going for the full count—it was a half minute in those days. When it was all over his backers said it was a "cross fight." Fighters were said to cross, not to double cross, their connections when they lost on purpose. This may or may not indicate that fights now are twice as crooked. But Sam took the charges to heart. He died a year later of tuberculosis, or gin, or discouragement, or a combination. It must have been an honest fight, because he was still broke.

Pierce Egan, Sam's biographer, never felt called upon to explain that he was consorting with the flash characters who interested him because he was going to write a play about them. If he had seen a *Life* researcher with thin, aristocratic legs he would have dashed into the nearest lushing-crib and downed a pint of Blue Ruin to obliterate the vision.

Egan was at different times a compositor, a bookseller, a sports writer and a reporter, and for a while he managed a theatre in Dublin. "In his line he was the greatest man in England," a memorialist wrote of him some time after his death. "In the event of opposition to his views and opinions, he and those who looked up to him had a mode of enforcing authority which had the efficacy without the tediousness of discussion. Though in personal strength far from a match for any sturdy opponent, he had a courage and a vivacity in action which were very highly estimated both by his friends and his foes."

It was while managing the theatre in Dublin that Egan, apologizing to the audience for the absence of the headliner, a trained monkey, said, "We cannot produce the monkey tonight. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce for your approval the best substitute we can find in his absence"—and waved on an actor.

The Harder They Fall arrived by the same mail that brought me *Let Me Do the Talking* (Doubleday, $2.75), by Richard Mealand, a novel about the literary-commercial world that Schulberg's sap presumably thinks he is wasting his time not being in. The hero of *Let Me Do the Talking* is a literary agent who does for writers the same things managers do for boxers: goads them into activity, monkeys with their styles, tries to maneuver them into good spots, and takes a cut of what they get. The chief difference is that the agent takes 10% instead of the fight manager's 33⅓%, a difference which may have originated in the fact that the agent's clients can read and write.

Charles Gabriel, the agent-protagonist of Mr. Mealand's novel, is a boy from the lower East Side, like Mr. Schulberg's gangster, and like Nick Latka is fond of the Ritz instead of the lunch counter of Stillman's Gym, and lives at the Marguery instead of the Edison, but the procedure for achieving greatness is much the same. He builds up a kid as an author by having an anonymous ghost write the book the kid signs; he muscles in on a college girl-fiction prospect who has started with another agent, and he has stories written to order just the way Vince Vanneman and Miniff prearrange bouts. But he does not feel ashamed of what he is doing, and in that way he is as good as Vanneman and Miniff any time, and superior to the maudlin Lewis character in the other book.

The milieu in which Gabriel moves is to me considerably less attractive than that in which Lewis has his being. The cuticles of the conversations have been pushed further back; what Vince Vanneman calls poon comes in older and less attractive packages. Eddie Lewis doesn't know when he has it good. Three months with Mr. Mealand's authors, publishers and *Time-Life* editors, and he would be begging Latka to take him back on Jacobs Beach and give him a job beating the drum for a Patagonian Pithecanthropus.

Poor Lewis' lady love is a *Life* researcher, but Charles Gabriel tops even in that kind of misery. As the book ends, he is falling for a female New York writer. ⵌ

Continued from page 78

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The Forbidden Game

Continued from page 65

she needed me for a trouble shooter like Rockefeller needed ten cents for coffee.

I did my best to find out. I asked everybody who could speak English, and I always got the same treatment.

"What are you doing here, señor . . . ?"

"Quien sabe."

Did you ever see a South American shrug his shoulders? They can say plenty with it. And every time I got it, it said, "Hello, sucker."

I took that for about a week, and then I went to headquarters. She was lying stretched out on a couch when I came in the room, and I was licked before I started. I went through with it anyway. I said she needed me like she needed a hole in the head. I said what the hell am I doing here?

She did it again, the same thing she had done that night in the beer hall in Las Flores, offering and then taking herself away.

"You don't like it here?"

I had it then. Or at least I thought I had it for about sixty seconds. I thought I had it for as long as it took me to kiss her. She didn't fight me, but you'd get the same reaction out of kissing a statue. I let go of her and stood up. You can't rush things, I thought, and I'm willing to wait. I didn't say a damned word. I turned and walked out.

I stayed away from her for a week. I rode out every day and went through all the motions of being a boss. I kept myself busy and I kept myself tired so I wouldn't think about her. So I thought about her all the time. I was acting like a damned fool and I knew it, and knowing it didn't help my state of mind.

I knew about the fiesta because people had been talking about it for weeks. I didn't know about the el pato game, or the part I was supposed to play in it. That was something the señora had cooked up on the quiet, and I wouldn't have known anything about it until fiesta day if Alfredo Belmonte hadn't got himself in a fight with a guy who was twice his size. If it had been a fist fight I'd have let it go, but it wasn't. Those gauchos wrap a poncho around their left hand and forearm as a sort of shield to parry with, and take a knife in the other hand and have at it. Alfredo didn't have a chance and he knew it. I knew it too, and I didn't want to see anyone get hurt. I took the big guy from behind, put an armlock on him and took his knife.

I didn't know then that Alfredo was married to the señora's personal maid. I didn't know it until about ten o'clock the next night when somebody knocked on my door, and I answered it and this girl was standing there. She looked scared to death.

"May I come in, señor?"

I let her in.

"I am Alfredo's wife. The one whose life you saved," she added.

I had done her a favor and she would do one for me in return. I wanted to know why I had been hired, and she would tell me.

It was the same story Pancho had given me, except he hadn't given me all of it. Three years ago at the wedding fiesta the Señor Valdez had been killed in the playing of el pato. Miguel Alcalda had done the killing, and it was widely believed he had done it deliberately, because he was the señora's disappointed suitor.

I began to get it then. It wasn't a very pretty thought, but then revenge is very seldom pretty, and what it all boiled down to was that I was to play against Miguel in el pato, and I was supposed to kill him, and all South America knew about it except me.

I didn't want to believe it. Maybe my pride was hurt because I'd been kidding myself that she'd brought me out there because she wanted me. Or maybe I was in love with her and didn't want to believe it about her. I told Maria to get the hell out with her filthy lies, and she got out, and all the time I knew it was true. I lay down in my bunk and smoked three cigarettes, and then I knew what I had to do.

She was surprised to see me at that hour of the night. She was sitting at a writing table and she got up when I came in.

"Dan."

It was the first time she had ever called me that, but I didn't pay any attention to it. I gave it to her straight, the whole thing, just the way Maria had given it to me. She didn't deny it. She moved closer to me so that I could have reached out and touched her.

"That's true," she said. "That was the way I had planned it. Except that tomorrow I was going to call it off."

"Why?"

She stood there offering herself.

"Because I'm in love with you."

I knew she was lying, but if that was the way it had to be, that was the way it had to be. I reached out for her and she came in close and hard against me.

I hated myself and I hated her, but I was going through with it. She tried to stop me, but it had gone too far for me to back out, even if I'd thought she meant it.

El pato's a hard game to explain. The best I can do is to say that you ride over a given course with each side fighting to keep possession of the pelota, and the guy who has it at the end of the course wins. As simple as that.

We had six men on a side. We were to start at a place called Tres Arboles and run over a course of eight or ten miles, and wind it up back at the fiesta. Most of the guests had ridden out to watch.

We lined up for the start with Mike and me sitting side by side on our horses holding on to a handle of the pelota. I took one look at him and I knew I was in for a bad

Continued on page 178

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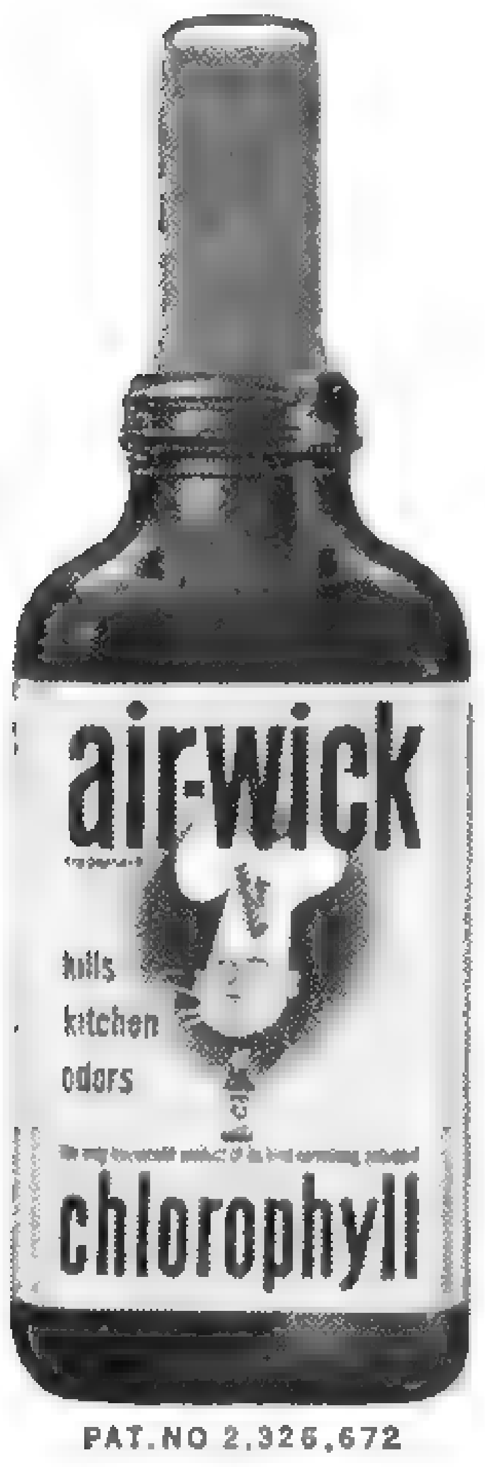

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The Forbidden Game

Continued from page 176

time. He was sitting there relaxed and easy, smiling at me.

"Have you ever played the game, señor?"

"No."

"Then take care of yourself."

The starter fired his pistol, and I found out what he meant. He was holding on to the pelota with his right hand and carrying a whip in his left. Those whips are built something like a riding crop, except they're about the same heft as a policeman's nightstick and have a leather snapper on the end. The gun went off and he pulled me in close and took me over one eye with the whip. I let go of the pelota. I shook my head to get the dizziness out of it, and by that time he was twenty feet away. My guys were riding at him, and the five men on his side came in between and rode them off.

I saw two horses go down, and the dizziness had gone then and I moved into it. The blood was coming down out of the cut over my eye, and I couldn't see too well, but I could see the rider coming at me. I was learning something by then. He took a cut at me with his whip. I ducked, and as he went by I got him by the collar of his shirt. His horse ran out from under him.

Miguel was trying to make a run for it, but my boys had him headed. I came in from behind as he was trying to turn. His horse went up in the air. I got hold of one of the handles, and he and his horse were both off balance, and he had to let go to keep from going over backwards. I saw an opening in the horses and men moving in front of me and went through.

Sometimes we were riding lined out in a hard run and passing the pelota back and forth like a good basketball team working, and then we'd be in a huddle again where the horses couldn't move, and all you could do was to try and pull the other guy off his horse, or just sit up there and beat the hell out of each other.

Maybe I'd wondered once how you could kill a man playing a game, but now I wondered how anybody came out alive. I'd been down twice, but I'd managed to hang on to the reins, and God must have been watching over me because I hadn't been stepped on.

They'd picked out some rugged ground for the course. We'd been over cutbanks and dry washes, and we'd swum a river. That was where we lost the spectators, and apparently that was where we'd lost the rest of the team too, because Mike had hold of one of the handles and I had hold of one, and we were the only ones left.

We were stretched out in a flat-bellied run, and I took hold of that handle with both hands and unloaded on him. He wouldn't let go. He came off the horse headfirst and we were both on the ground, and that was just exactly where I wanted him.

He gave me some trouble, but he hadn't been in as many stand-up-and-knock-down brawls as I had. He knocked me down once. I was still on one knee when he charged me, and I came up with a handful of dirt and let him have it in the eyes. Then I stepped in close and hit him with everything I had.

I meant to put the boots to him. I meant to kick him to death except I couldn't do it. I had one foot in the air, and then it all came to me, how I hated myself and her, and I was doing what she had wanted me to do.

I got sick first and after I got through being sick I came back and made him as comfortable as I could. I caught up a horse, and rode back to the river, and wet what was left of my shirt. He opened his eyes when the wet cloth hit him. I had to bend down to hear him.

"I didn't kill him . . . His horse stumbled and he fell . . . Broke his neck."

There were people coming by then, and I picked up the pelota and got back on my horse.

She was waiting for me when I got there. When she got near I started swearing at her. I called her everything I could think of, and she stood there with her face white and took it, and when I was all through swearing I threw the pelota at her. One of the handles struck her in the face, and I could see the red welt under the white skin. She never moved. I brought my horse around in a tight circle and got out of there.

I got back to town the next day, and I was sitting down in Pancho's drinking gin when the cops came in and threw me in the jug . . .

* * *

The magistrate didn't say anything for a minute after I got through talking. He sat there still playing with the pelota. Then he said, "Gracias, señor," and walked across the room.

He opened the door and she was standing there. I couldn't talk for a minute. I couldn't even think, because I'd run away from her once, and I knew I couldn't do it again.

She still had a bruise on her face where that leather handle had hit her. She didn't say anything. She just started walking across the room toward me. Then somebody else came into sight in the doorway, and it was Mike. He had one arm in a sling, and he didn't look much better than I did, except he was cleaner.

"Listen," Mike said, "she was telling you the truth. She was going to call it off."

I still couldn't say anything. I didn't have to. She kept on walking toward me, and then I was holding her in my arms. I looked up once and Mike was grinning at me.

He said, "Adios," and did an about-face, and walked out the door and left us there alone. #

Continued from page 65

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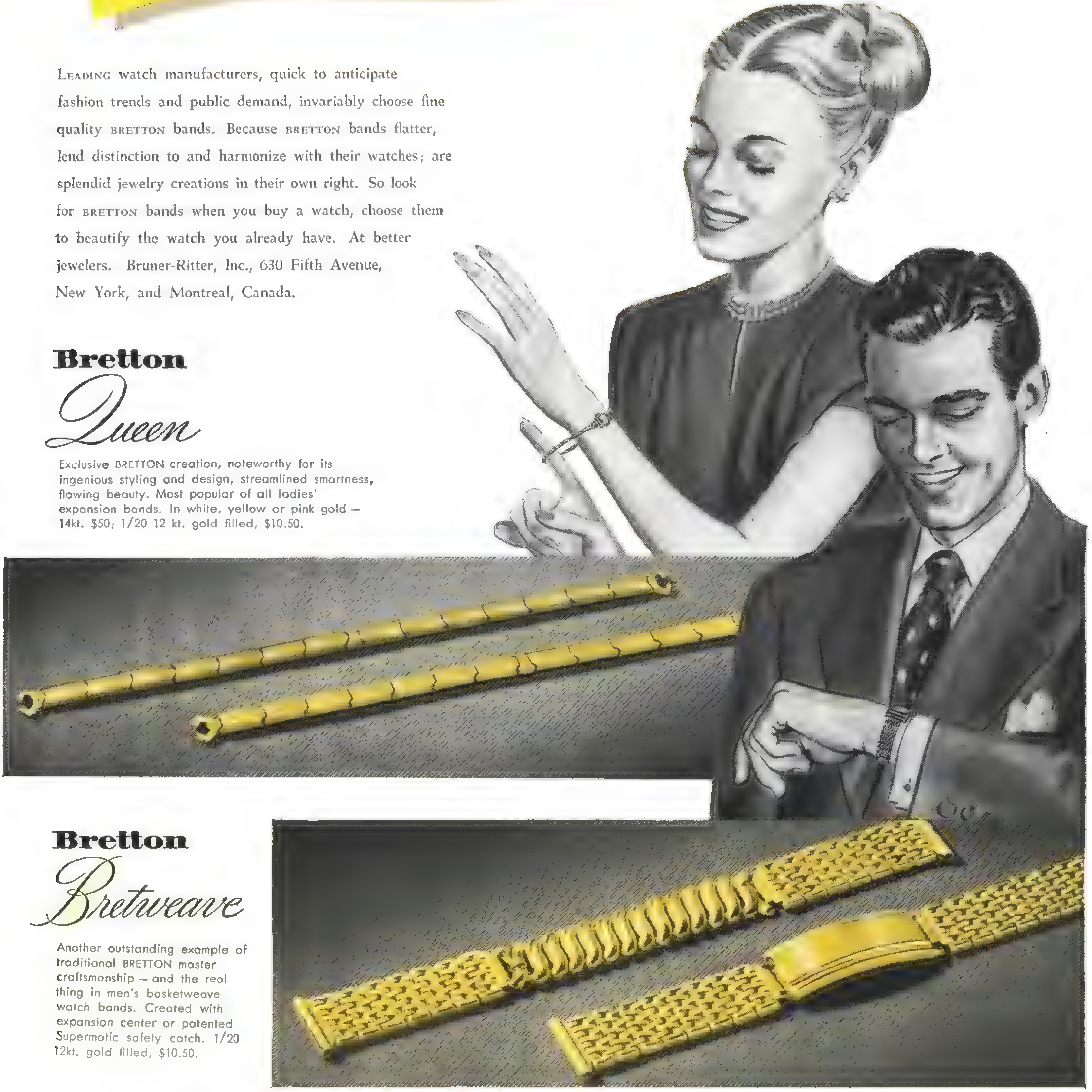

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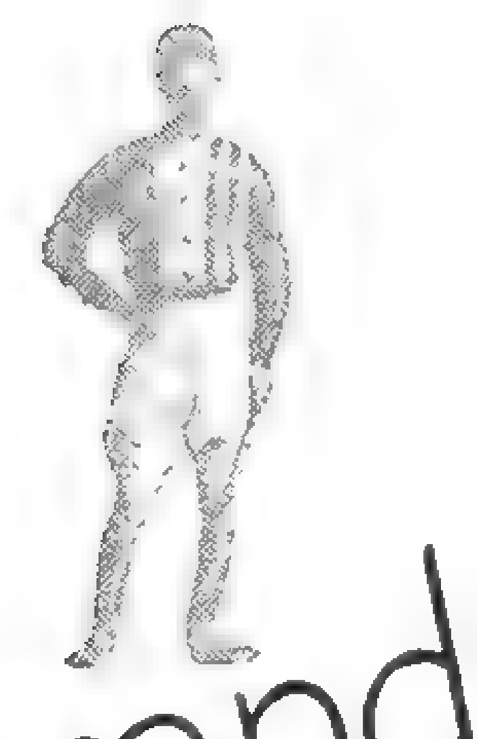

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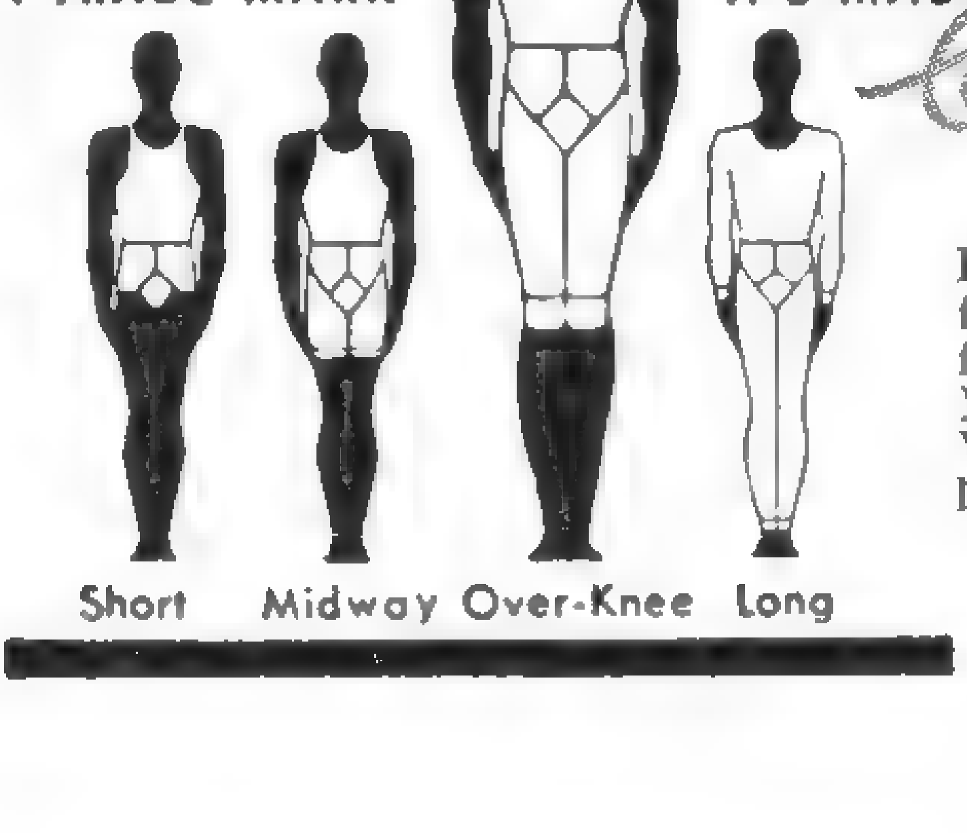

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Golf's War of Nerves

Continued from page 72

those of the championship British courses.

As much as I saw of American courses on my first trip, it is my impression that much more is done in this country than elsewhere to provide the most favorable playing conditions possible. Possibly I might make an exception in the case of greens as I did putt on some surfaces that were rather tricky—too much so to be truly championship tests. Your professionals are marvelously deft putters, notwithstanding the complaint common to golfers the world over of being uncertain on the greens. Consequently I am perfectly willing to concede that the American standard of greens has contributed to the development of exceedingly good putting.

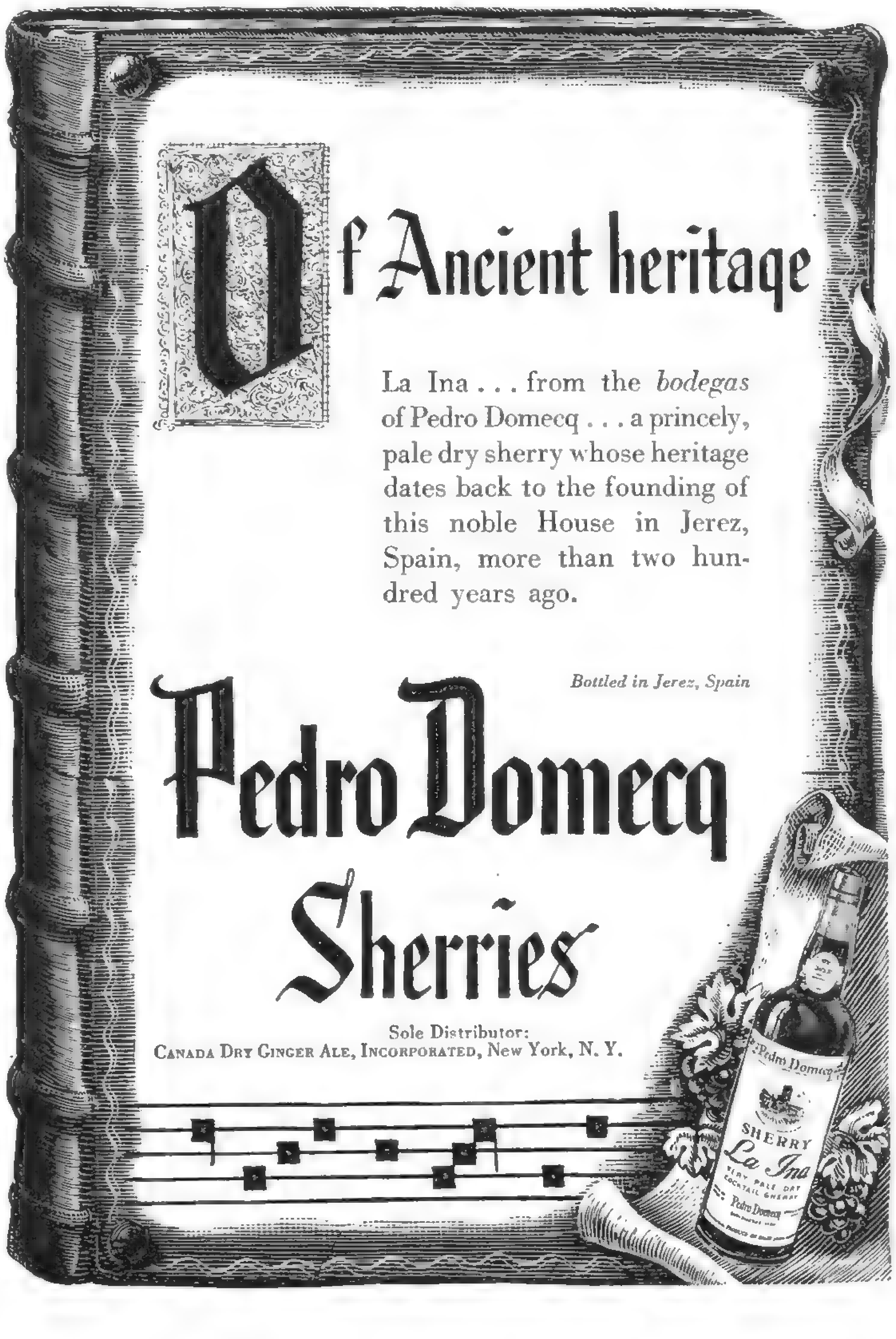
Frankly I have some doubt that the American tournament professionals suffer any more than other nations' pros do from the nervous strain of competition, but the American press mentions this strain so often the theme possibly reacts on the players.

Any first-class golf competition is a drawn-out pull on the nerves. Tennis, football and hockey have acute competitive tension too, but nothing like the prolonged strain of studying the line of putt, for instance.

What tends to wear down the American tournament players is the frequency of their prize competitions and sheer physical exertion. Walking three miles or so a day and hitting shots with the utmost of one's controlled force is fatiguing work. After that routine is completed the American professional rushes to get transportation to his hotel or to some other tournament. He does not give himself a chance to rest and recover under comfortable conditions. I marvel that he can continue at the high standard of play he maintains.

I am inclined to believe that I may have reduced my chances of winning the U. S. Open by keeping the physical pressure on myself at the American degree prior to the championship. In quick succession before the championship I had played at Houston, Fort Worth, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington. I'd won at Houston, finished third at Fort Worth, won the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and Goodall tournaments and finished third at Washington. I had considered missing the event at Washington the week before the National Open and resting. But I felt that I had an obligation to my friends of the South African legation, so took part in the National Capital tournament.

My failure to bring myself properly into keenest condition for the



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championship at St. Louis possibly accounted for the difference between winning the Open title and finishing three strokes back in a tie with Ed Oliver for third place. I was actually physically weary during the last nine holes at St. Louis. The two short putts that I missed probably were evidences of that fatigue. Other less conspicuous shortcomings, of which I was completely conscious, might also be attributed to not having brought myself to the crest of physical condition.

Of course, there are arguments to be advanced in support of a heavy tournament schedule as a developer of golf ability and consistency, but in rebuttal there is Bobby Jones' record with his competitive play limited to the four major tournaments of the year. There also is the very strong argument of prize money that endorses a well-filled tournament schedule. And of course that is the factor that brought me to the United States. A married man in South Africa has bills to meet just as a chap in the United States does. I am in the business of golf and as a businessman should work where my efforts will bring the greatest financial return.

The loss of earning capacity during the war years is something that a professional athlete in my circumstances has to overcome in justice to his family. On that account the decision to play in the Tam O'Shanter tournament with a $5000 guarantee rather than in the British Open was not one that required much of a strain on anybody's business judgment.

In looking at the American tournament situation I can very easily understand why the boys subject themselves to the grind to reap the harvest of purses while the harvest is rich. The part I can't understand is why they make it so unnecessarily hard for themselves.

Byron Nelson, I've been told, played himself almost to the verge of a nervous collapse before his retirement as a regular on the tournament circuit. Up to the time this comment was written I'd played 36 holes with Nelson. He is the brainiest American golfer I've seen. He never took a chance on a shot without the logical odds favoring success. It's my belief that if Nelson had paced himself in the Jones manner he could return periodically to competition and be a most dangerous contestant. Apparently, like other of your stars, he has thought more about his golf than about himself.

Nelson's golf tactics certainly are exemplary. He never hits out on his drives on par 4 holes but contents himself with keeping away from trouble. When he gets to a par 5 hole, though, he gives his drives such power that he gets at least thirty yards more than on the 4 par holes.

Ben Hogan, so I was told, also

Continued on page 182

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Golf's War of Nerves

Continued from page 181

shows the wear and tear of the tournament circuit. In the times I've watched him play he has had some difficulty from the tee, but the rest of his game has been a pleasure to view.

In my opinion Johnny Palmer is the most impressive young golfer in American professional ranks. He is a very fine striker of golf shots and has one of the most enviable golf temperaments I've ever seen. One never knows from Johnny's expression or action whether he has taken a 2 or a 6 on the previous hole. It is utterly impossible to guess what is going on in his mind when you look at him. That makes him a very difficult fellow to play against. I predict a brilliant future for him.

There is a strong temptation in golf to lose one's temper when something goes wrong. With the loss of temper there usually is loss of a few strokes before the disposition is brought under control. In that respect the American pros, suffering from tournament nerves, probably have the only serious weakness in their games.

I can sympathize with them I know what a battle it is to keep oneself under control on a golf course and never get flustered. I knew that keeping my temper tranquil would be one of the most important tasks of my American visit, not alone because of the effect it would have on my scoring, but because of my obligation to my own country. I have far too much respect for my country to reflect discredit upon it as a representative who couldn't maintain his poise as a sportsman.

In keeping cool I overlook no chance to minimize the stress of tournament campaigning. That easing of the pressure is something that American professionals, according to my observation, don't think about as much as they should.

What I try to do in practice and in competitive play is to pace myself without burning out. I never bet on practice rounds. There is time enough to struggle when the tournament is on. In a practice round I want to feel free to play as many balls as I require to determine the sort of shot that should be made in competition.

It has amazed me to see the amount of practice Americans engage in before and after tournament rounds. I believe it's unnecessary and has more of a tendency to injure than help their games. My own outlook is that when I'm playing almost every day I get about all the practice I need. Before I begin a tournament round I hit from fifteen to twenty balls with different clubs from a 4-iron to a

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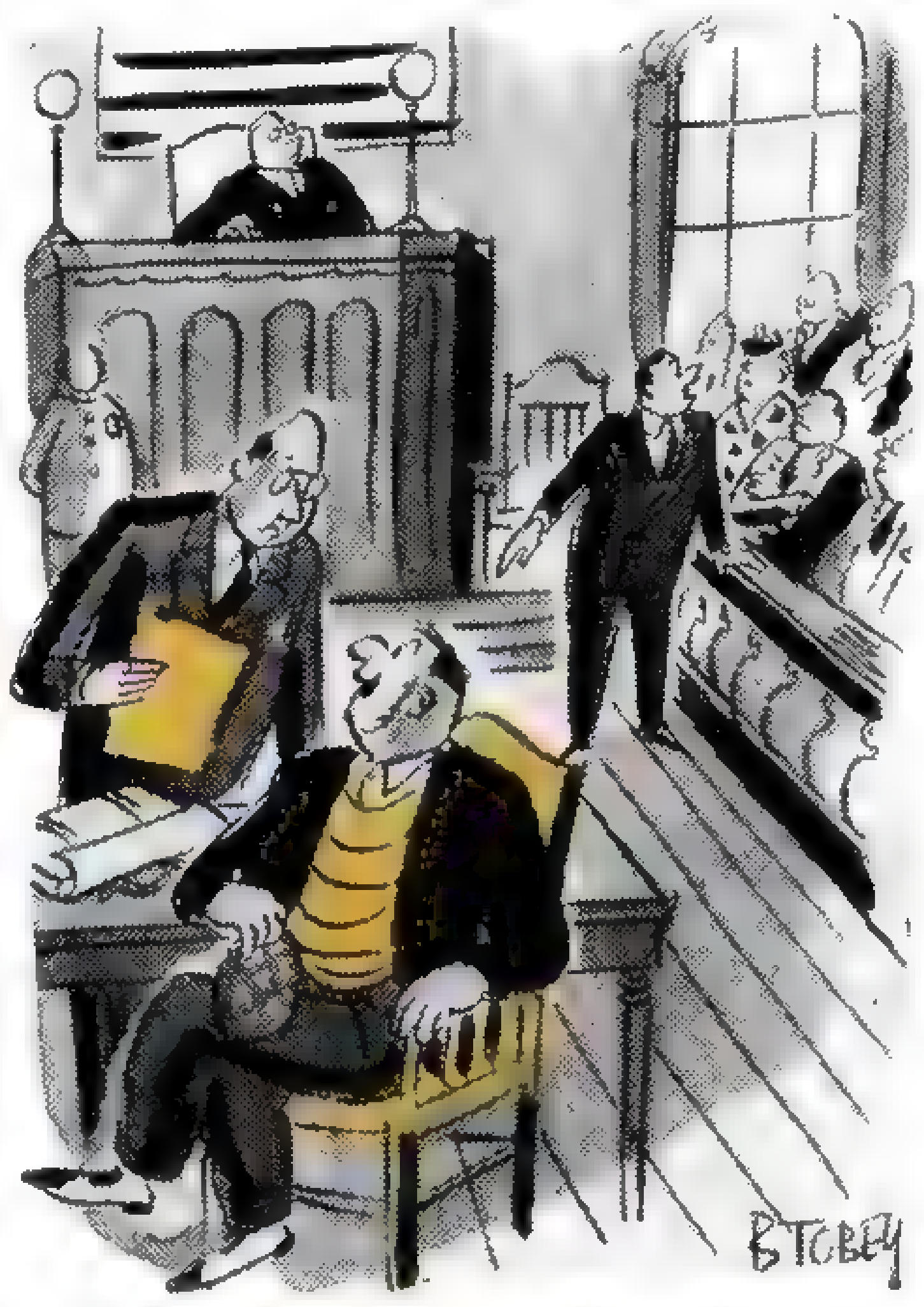
driver. That three-quarters of an hour's hitting loosens me. Then I take three new balls and a putter and practice until I am called to the tee. I require this putting practice because each day I have to regain the feel of the putter.

When some one club is worrying me I'll take that club on the practice tee and hit balls with it until I've hit four shots to my satisfaction. Then I stop with my confidence restored. I've seen some American professionals hit hundreds of balls to regain the feel of a club. They keep hitting until they're liable to be hitting poor shots again.

In practice for a tournament I play a round or two to gain knowledge of the course and to get the feel of the clubs. Too much practice involves the risk of getting stale.

I don't want to give myself an excess of golf. In studying the American tournament situation I've thought that it's not only the strenuous playing schedule but the self-imposed and punishing practice routine that wears down so many of your players.

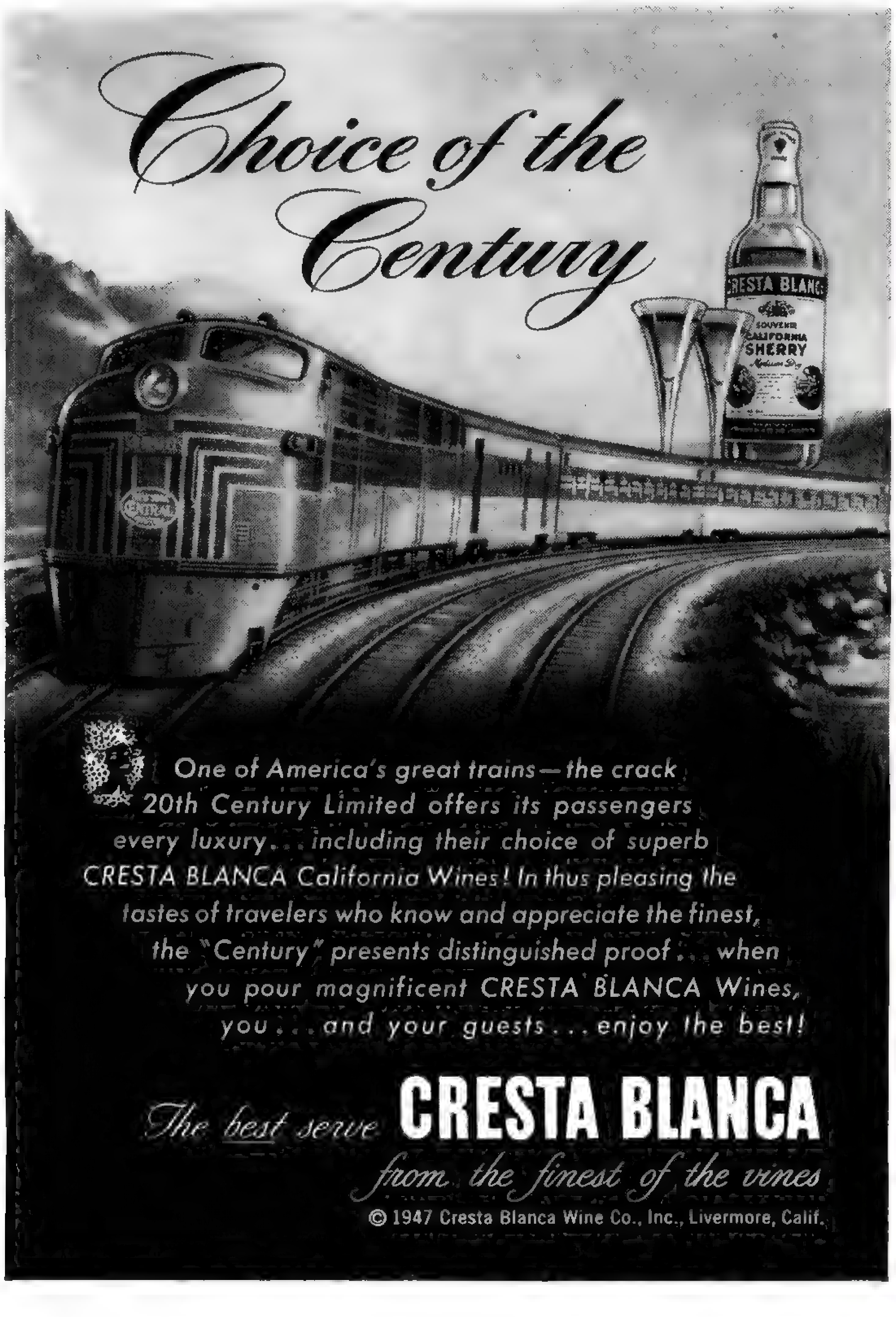


"Am I going to get my just desserts?"

From watching your great exponents of the game I believe that I have learned details I needed to give my own game finish. Certainly from Snead, who in my opinion is the greatest from tee to green, I learned plenty. By watching your men I have learned to hit low into the wind with precision. The small ball that is played in South Africa and Britain rises quicker than your standard size and I've had some trouble on that account here. I have learned a flatter strike to keep the ball down.

My own swing is on the English pattern; full and with an inside-to-out path. Contrasted with the most commonly used straighter back and shorter American swing—or punch—my swing appears to be one that would hit the ball far to the right and invariably result in a decided hook. However, I think that those who have seen much of my golf in the States will agree that un-

Continued on page 184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Golf's War of Nerves

Continued from page 183

less conditions suggest a hooked ball, my shots are usually, as you say, "on the beam."

I am coming back to play in the American winter tournament circuit because I know I can adjust myself to the American program without wearing myself down. We have golf the year around in South Africa, but nothing like the steadily top-grade and remunerative competition you have.

I am hopeful that others of the South African contingent will visit you to enjoy a postgraduate course in the game and your abundant hospitality.

We have five young professionals I believe would compare very favorably with your younger men when our men get American competitive schooling. Sammy Guthrie, Roderick Dunn, Otway Hayes, Eric Moore and Bert Thomas are men I consider likely professional candidates to do well in American competition. Our amateur Ronnie Glennie also is one who should do very well after American tournament experience.

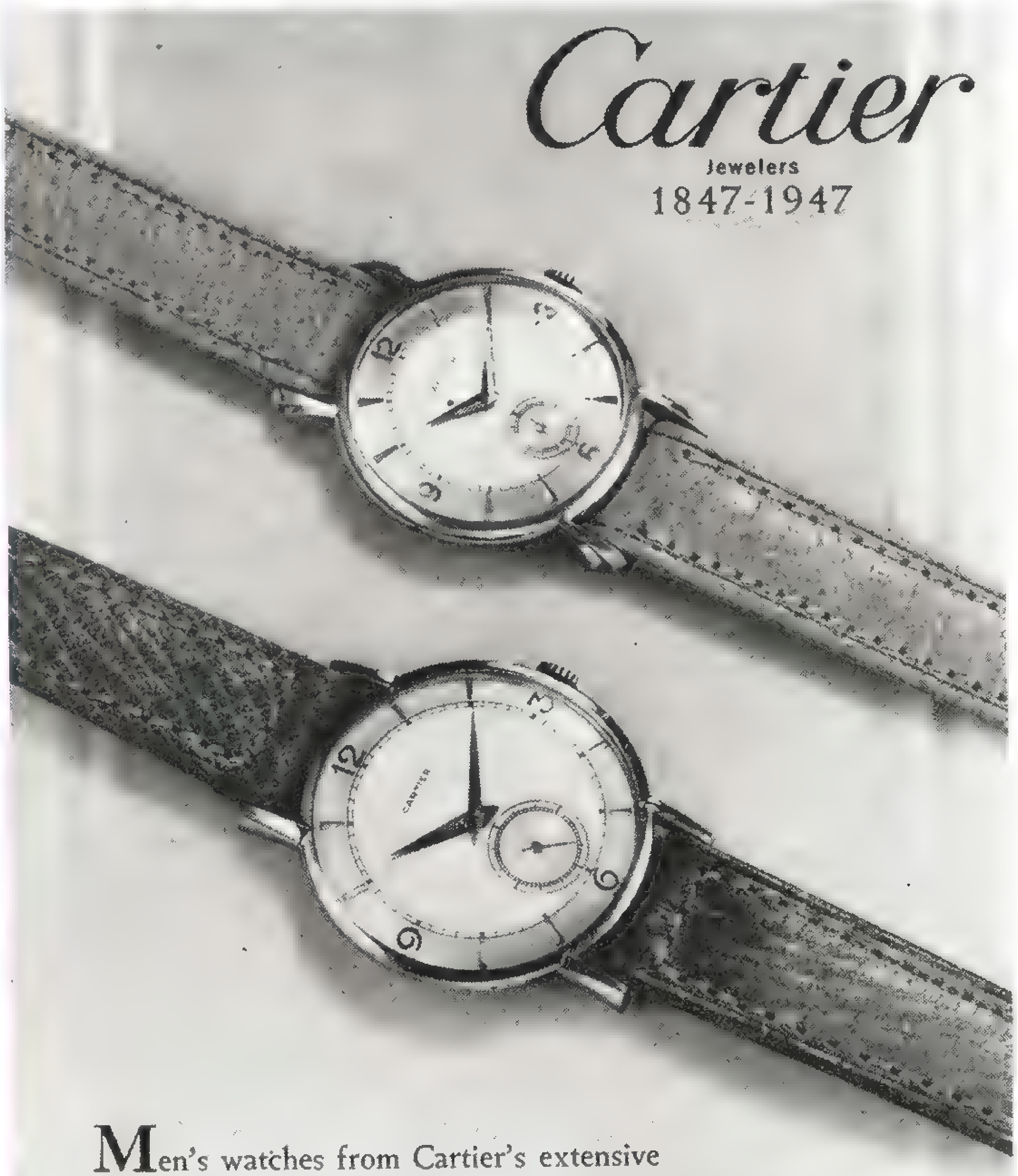
When Norbert Erleigh, president of the Vereeniging Country Club of Johannesburg, took me to the British Open in 1936 and I finished in a tie for eighth place, right behind Gene Sarazen, I made up my mind that the dashing style of American golf was much to my liking. It took me a long time to get to where I could see a lot of it on its native soil. To be able to do as well as I have done in playing against the stars of your nation's golf has been a tremendous satisfaction to me. I was confident my game was good and sound, but my extremely fortunate showing against your experts was rather a surprise to me.

And in summing up the results of my first journey to the United States I believe part of the explanation for my showing is that the American professionals play against themselves with such intensity they wear themselves out of top condition. I came in fresh and paced myself within my temperamental and physical capacities.

If I can contribute to my American tournament professional colleagues a suggestion for mastering the destructive tension of their business I shall be very happy. I owe them that for the generous courtesies and helpfulness they have shown to me.

They're grand fellows and I don't want to see them having indigestion, nightmares and the shakes and thinking those afflictions are occupational diseases of the tournament golfer. Golf is a game or a business, but certainly not a war of nerves. ⧺

Continued from page 72



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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

sultans, beware

Re Irwin Shaw's little tale in your September issue—*The Convert.* It's a decided menace to marriage. Every hubby who has been a bit singed by the fireside and who reads this little ditty will doubtless think that all he has to do is kick off the carpet slippers and over the traces and he will immediately become the Sultan of Arabee.

My dear Mr. Shaw, there are as many lonely old men as there are old maids, and at least the ladies have their cats.

Mr. Shaw, you don't know from nothin'.

Blair Porter
East Hampton, N. Y.

middletown reviewer

Just at a time when many people have declared war on Hollywood, along comes your Mr. Andrew A. Rooney to allege that movies must be good art and good entertainment, because people line up at the box offices. I assume he includes Bank Night. Certainly he has not been reading the papers, which would indicate that something is amiss at the ticket window.

Rooney tells all about the insides of Hollywood, and alleges that writers are treated fine there. They are paid so well, he says, that in a few months they can make enough to get away from Hollywood forever. This is nice, and I hope he has made it, or will soon. It would be a shame to spoil such enthusiasm.

Anybody has a right to use the words "good" or "bad" concerning movies. However, as a critic, Mr. Rooney should not brand as "pseudo-intellectuals" people who haven't, as yet, got their blood pressure up about gorgeous Technicolor. That is trick pleading.

There are many not-so-hot books, Mr. Rooney says. He forgets that a man never has to sit through a bad book because the Missus likes it. You can throw a book out the window without losing your seat. But just try getting Momma to leave hers.

C. W. White
Muncie, Ind.

NOW PLAYING

a melting glacier?

In your July issue you carried Jon Abbot's photograph of Carole Landis (*Glamour Seeks Drama*). In describing the hubba-hubba queen, you mistakenly accredited Cecil B. De Mille as first giving her featured billing in one of his pictures. I think that you will find that *One Million B.C.* was a Hal Roach production instead. Had it been De Mille's, however, chances are we would at least know what a Pleistocene bathtub looked like!

George W. McKinney
Chapel Hill, N. C.

grace note

Glad to see that you're running more page-size cartoons, as you used to do. Those in September were particularly good. Hope you'll continue to give us more of these eye-fillers.

Frank Johnson
San Francisco, Calif.

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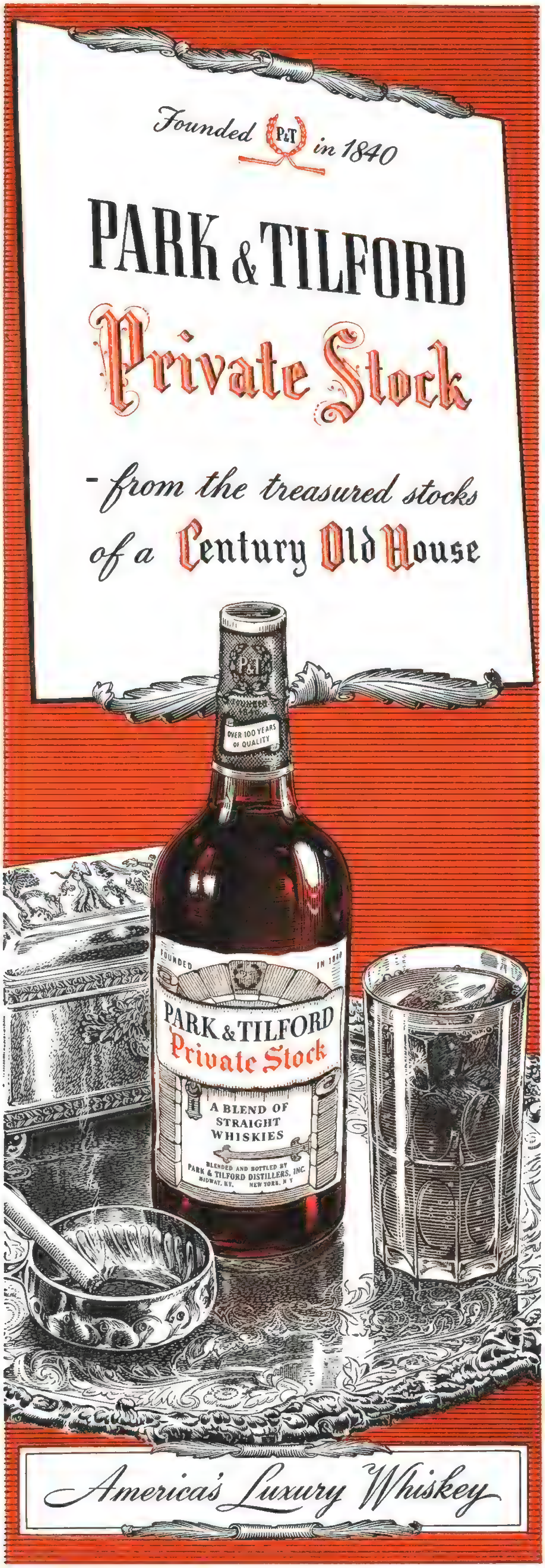

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When the Horses Laughed

Continued from page 75

team. My father drove Old Johnnie Horse and Babe on the stacker and all went well the first day until Old Johnnie Horse saw one of the horses pulling a sweep step into a large gopher hole and stumble.

That set him off.

Babe immediately joined him. The other four teams pulling the sweeps started whinnying, then, after a few minutes, broke into laughter.

Hee-hee-hee!

Haw-haw-haw!

Hearing ten horses laughing, some shrilly, some raucously, was more than enough to put the entire haying crew in stitches. The two men who were building the stack rolled off the half-completed stack, chuckling and gurgling. My father fell to the ground behind Old Johnnie Horse and Babe, entirely convulsed. The sweep drivers sat on their sweeps, holding their sides, roaring and stopping now and then to catch their breath and shout, "Did you ever see such a sight in your life?"

Horses laughing! All the horses in the hayfield laughing and the men laughing! As if that wasn't enough the horses in near-by pastures who weren't working that day heard the horses in the hayfield laughing and themselves started laughing. Horses at work in other fields heard the laughter and in turn started laughing. The sound of their laughter carried through the still summer air and soon horses ten miles, twenty miles distant were laughing. In the fields, in the pastures, in the barns, in the streets of country towns—wherever there were horses, the laughter of the horses spread. And the people who heard the laughing horses began to laugh too.

When, after a period of time, the laughter of the horses subsided and seemed about to cease, Old Johnnie Horse resumed his booming laughter and then all the other horses were at it again with even greater intensity than before. This continued off and on the rest of the day, the laughter subsiding at times and then mounting to new heights. No more haying or other field work on farms in the community and in the communities adjoining was accomplished that day. The laughing horses could do no work.

It wasn't until that evening, several hours after my father had unhitched Old Johnnie Horse and Babe from the stacker and taken them home to their stalls in the barn, that the laughter of the horses subsided and ceased entirely.

About midnight, however, Old

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Johnnie Horse must have had a dream about the occurrence because he suddenly started laughing again. The other horses in the barn joined him. Soon came the sound of laughter of horses from neighboring farms, then from distant farms. All the horses for miles around were at it again and they kept it up until it was time to start work in the morning.

When my father entered the barn in the morning he found most of the horses sweat-wet and fagged out from their laughter. Old Johnnie Horse still chuckled a little as he nibbled his oats. Haying was resumed and the horses set about their work, tired but sober. The horses pulling the sweeps plodded with their loads of hay to the stacker. My father cried, "Git up" and Old Johnnie Horse and Babe pulled the stacker rope, hoisting the loads in the air to fall upon the stack. The horses worked all morning, slowly, doggedly, without mirth.

In the afternoon one of the sweep drivers tumbled backwards off his sweep when his horse started ahead suddenly. The horses continued to pull the sweep forward, unaware that their driver had fallen off. Old Johnnie Horse witnessed this and started laughing again. Soon the other horses were at it. The haying came to a standstill. The laughter of the horses spread through all the community just as it had the day before. There was no way of stopping the laughter. The haying crew too started laughing all over again.

After the laughter had continued for several hours, Old Johnnie Horse became so tired that he lay down on the ground. He rested his chin on the ground between his two front legs and shook and shook with uncontrollable laughter. Tears streamed from the encrusted corners of his eyes and rolled down the flat sides of his face.

Old Johnnie Horse died in that position.

He died laughing about four o'clock that afternoon. His death came as a deep shock to the entire haying crew. When the laughter of the horses had ceased suddenly, my father had looked immediately at Old Johnnie Horse. The quietness of the old horse had alarmed him and when he went to him and shook him he discovered that he was dead. A veterinarian later said that he had laughed himself to death.

The horses in our community have never laughed since then. It isn't that they aren't capable of laughter but they don't have a horse like Old Johnnie Horse to start them off. As I've said, it takes a horse with a sufficient sense of humor to recognize something as being funny to start laughing. You don't find one such horse in ten thousand. ⧻

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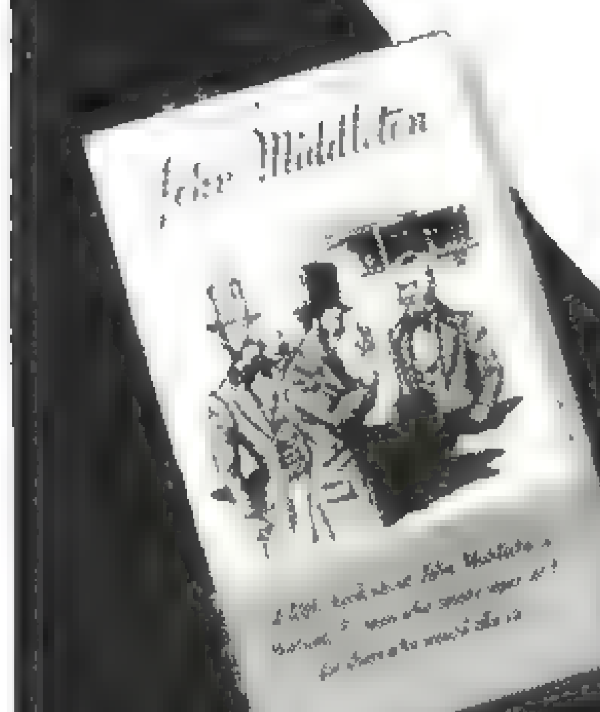

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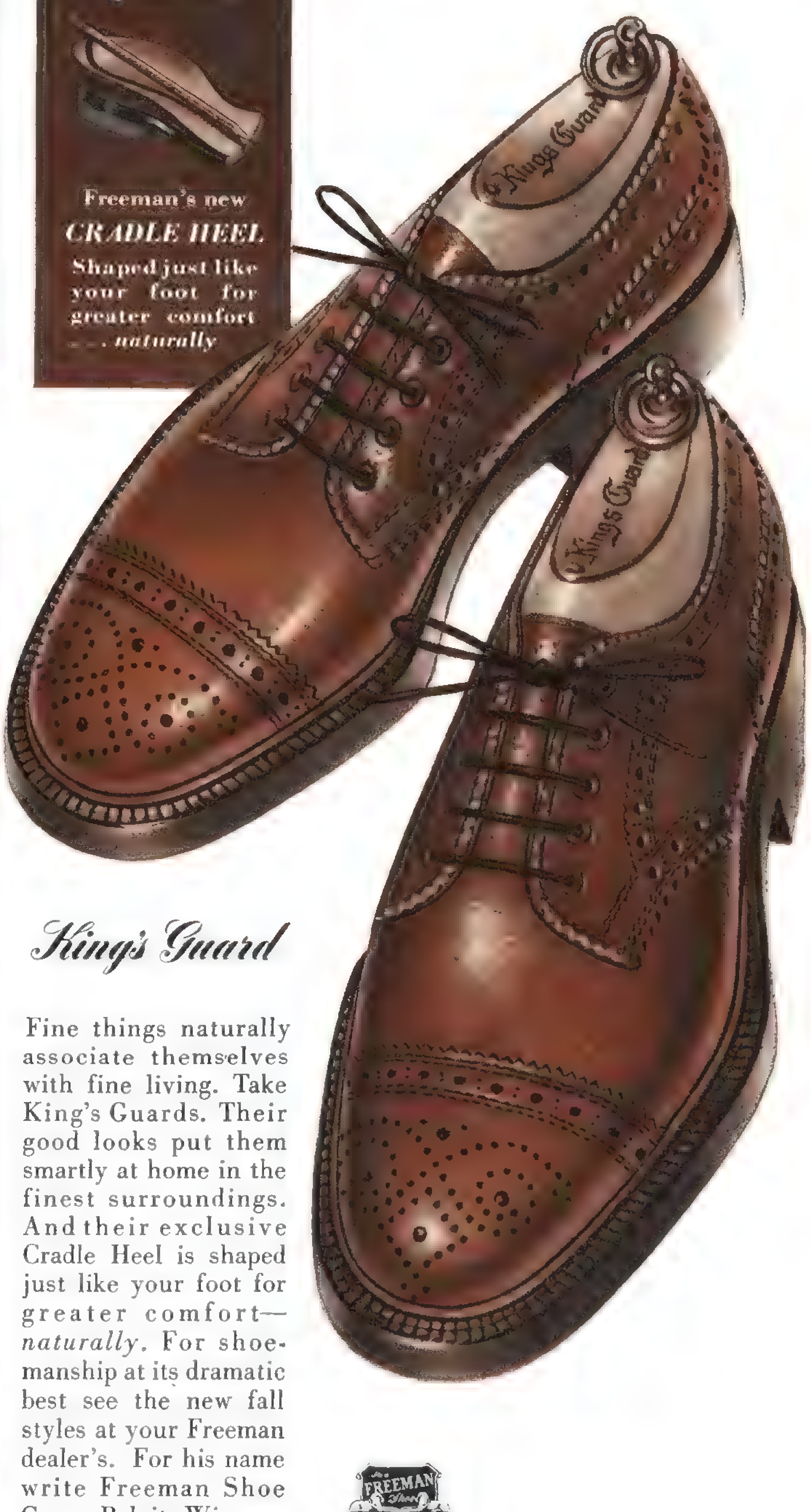

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Skirmish in Counterpoint

Continued from page 95

vision I could see the old man beating frantically. His left elbow began to twitch, and his arms rose like a bird spreading its wings. I knew then that he was going to cut his beat to one to the bar. His eyes blazed and his face was crimson. Dashieliv's game was clear now. Effortlessly he was pushing the orchestra to a breaking point, calmly ruining Von Steindl! His docility at rehearsal had been a ruse! A quick glance showed me that he was sitting there as impassive and relaxed as ever.

The baton began to cut through the speed and complexity of the rhythm, falling precisely where Dashieliv was placing his beat. We in the orchestra had better be on the end of that stick now! The old man would never forget this! I had a fleeting vision of next season's contract and of the worried Clementi. Then both were lost in a cascade of sound. Von Steindl had the tempo then, and was delivering the cues in no uncertain terms. Miraculously the bedlam in the woodwinds began to straighten out and phrases began to fit together. I felt the old man bearing down on me, as the shuttling figure was passed to the second violins. He seemed to place my fingers on the strings himself, and draw my bow at the right instant. By sheer force of his inflexible will he was bringing his orchestra through!

Before long we were in quieter waters, and I had a moment to look at Von Steindl's face. I had expected to find him in a monstrous rage. But to my immense surprise, he seemed quite complacent, a shade paler than usual. His eyes were rigid and cool. Slowly a diabolical leer spread over his features. I was at a loss to account for the grimace, but it boded no good for Dashieliv. We had played on for several bars before I suddenly recalled the passage at the end of the concerto, the passage of extreme difficulty for the piano, those several pages in which the piano part is in octaves throughout. Immediately I became certain of two things. One was that it would be humanly impossible for any pianist to play the final passage at the tempo Dashieliv had himself set. The other was that the old man intended to maintain the tempo relentlessly to the end!

I had time then to watch Dashieliv. Still unmoved, he sat playing at this appalling speed. His lips were thin, his jaws set tight. His eyes alone were afire. I was cramped in every muscle as I sat, hardly playing, waiting for the inevitable breakdown. He had not yet arrived at the octave pas-

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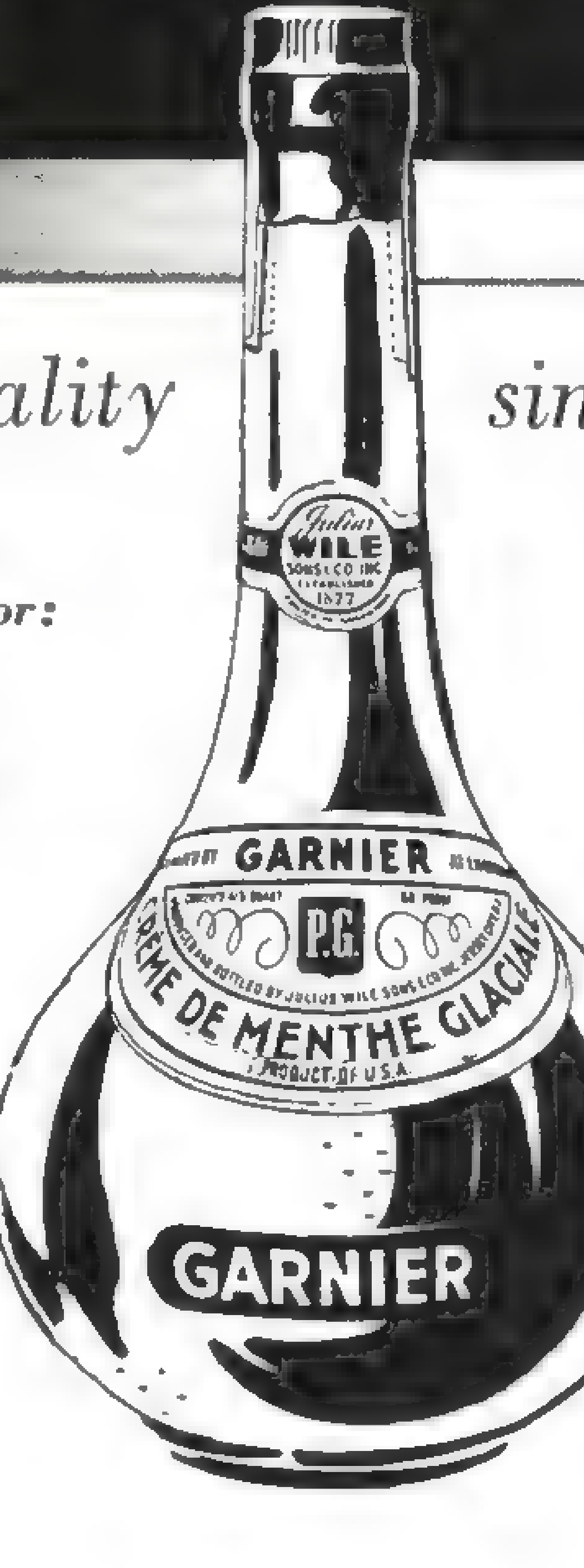
sage, but at this rate, it would be but another moment. "Here it comes!" I nearly groaned aloud. Dashieliv lurched toward the keyboard: the audience bent with him. Then his hands went everywhere over the keys at once. They struck from the wrists like tappets, precise, powerful, faster than the eye. The piano shouted and rang, as the octaves leaped from its strings in torrents. He sped through the sequences like quicksilver, and the instrument roared in an eruption of sound. Yet the succession was clean and uniform as the keys of his piano. No man had ever played with such unearthly skill! Perhaps he was playing for Mother Russia, doing the humanly impossible, as they were doing there against the invading hordes. And then, with the thunderous final bars, he brought the concerto to a magnificent end.

He had not yet released the keys of the final chord when the tumult broke down on him. The audience applauded wildly, shouted, and rose to its feet. Dashieliv stepped from the piano and bowed his head with great deliberation. He raised his face to the galleries, and then nodded again to each side of the house. His eyes carefully avoided Von Steindl, who seemed to slump against his conductor's stand, dejected and beaten. The ovation continued. The men in the orchestra had broken into applause, string players tapping their bows against the backs of their instruments. Dashieliv had left the stage, but the audience brought him back time after time. The applause rose wave upon wave, as he came forward to the foot of the stage once again. Von Steindl still stood unmoved, his cold, beaten eyes gazing sightlessly ahead of him. But slowly something began to move in that dull stare, and a spark of admiration for Dashieliv's tremendous artistry leaped to life. Between bows the Russian stole a glance at his dejected enemy. I began to wonder whether he liked the way the old man had handled the orchestra. My curiosity didn't have time to grow. In three quick strides, Dashieliv was at Von Steindl's side. Wonder of miracles! They were wringing each other's hands like long lost brothers! Now they stood shoulder to shoulder, facing the audience. Their heads bowed together to acknowledge a new furor of acclaim—and to hide a tear that had grown in the old man's eye.

From the way Clementi's face glowed, I knew that inside of him he was playing the eighth note of his unfinished scale. And then I saw the vision of next season's contract settle firmly on the music stand before me.

Mr. Jensen, manager of the orchestra, stood in the wing, stroking his hands together contentedly. #

GARNIER
LIQUEURS



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The Duck and I

Continued from page 114

numb and breathless. This is zero hour. Off to the east, pale light climbs the sky.

"Quaaaack, quack, quack, quack."

"You see?" your partner whispers. "Boy, oh boy!"

You grasp your call and answer. Your pulse races.

Harrumph! Bang! Bang! Whang! Whang! Barrumph!

Pellets *whoosh* through the reeds above you. A tremendous barrage has burst on every side. You're surrounded.

Both of you sprawl flat, cringing in the bottom of the boat. "It wasn't a duck," he moans. "It was somebody calling a duck."

"Are WE ducks?" you snarl.

Suddenly he rolls onto his side, fires off across the water. Silence. Utter silence. More of same.

The light comes up swiftly. Timidly, both of you sit up. The sun breaks through. The shifting wind warms. You scan the entire horizon. Not a feather is showing, not even so much as a blackbird. You slowly rise, poking your head over the tops of the reeds. Surrounding you are many human heads, doing the same, scanning the same blank horizon.

"Did you get him?" someone yells.

"Get who?" you growl angrily. "You pretty damn near got us!"

Your partner is nudging your knee. Weakly, he says, "I got him." He points to the open water. Floating among the decoys is a half-grown coot! As the Southerners say, a lousy mud hen! Dead.

You sit down. You and your partner look at each other, then look quickly away, fidgeting. At least there's one thing for which to be thankful. The breeze is getting really warm.

Or did you speak too soon? The sun comes out. Blazing hot. The wind dies. Water, calm as glass, stretches before you for miles.

Know what those black specks are, yonder, riding the smooth surface a thousand-odd yards away? They're ducks. Rafts of d-u-c-k-s! Thousands. Do they get up and fly? Nope. They sit there and quack. All day. Do they drift nearer? Nope. They drift further away.

Noon comes. You two have discussed everything there is to discuss. You've been silent for two hours. Flies light on your face in herds. Mosquitoes bore holes in you. You and your partner hate each other. Ever see such a repulsive guy as HE is?

You munch a soggy sandwich. If you could only get that long underwear off. You slowly roast out the long afternoon, your head

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splitting, eyes on fire. Now and then a wedge of ducks comes in from the fields. Low? Nope, about a thousand yards high. Do they look at your decoys, listen to your call? Nope. They sail down to join their buddies, way out yonder.

You sit. And sit. And sit. Evening, and the dark coming down. Ducks winging over, high, high, high. At last you begin the wet, tedious job of picking up the decoys. Your partner fishes his sodden mud hen from the water, holds it up glumly, looks it over. "Fifteen years ago," he mumbles. "What shooting we had!"

You HATE him. You don't answer. You think of the car, down to the runningboards in the mud. HIS fault, that was. Definitely. Time you get it out, it's nearly midnight. The wrecker, which you got by walking two miles to a telephone, drives away. Silently, the two of you head home.

You look at the little coot, there on the floor. Some figures pass across your mind. New equipment, purchased this year, the tip to the farmer, bill for the wrecker, lost time at work. So on and on. Split between you, that coot represents exactly one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Lying right there, that bunch of mussed feathers, is a hundred and twenty-five bucks worth of coot!

And when you get home? Well, nobody greets you, because nobody at your house is speaking to you. Guys don't hunt ducks at midnight. You tell that tale about the car to somebody more gullible than your own folks!

Lying on the kitchen table is a package with a note pinned to it. You open the package. Four beautiful big mallards greet your eyes. "Hey, boys," the note says. "Did I have shooting today! Had my limit of these in two hours!" It's signed, "Joe."

Your partner pulls out the rye bottle, stares silently at it.Empty. You lay the coot beside the big mallards. Both of you sit down, head in hands, squishing the water in your boots between your toes.

"I hate ducks," he sighs.

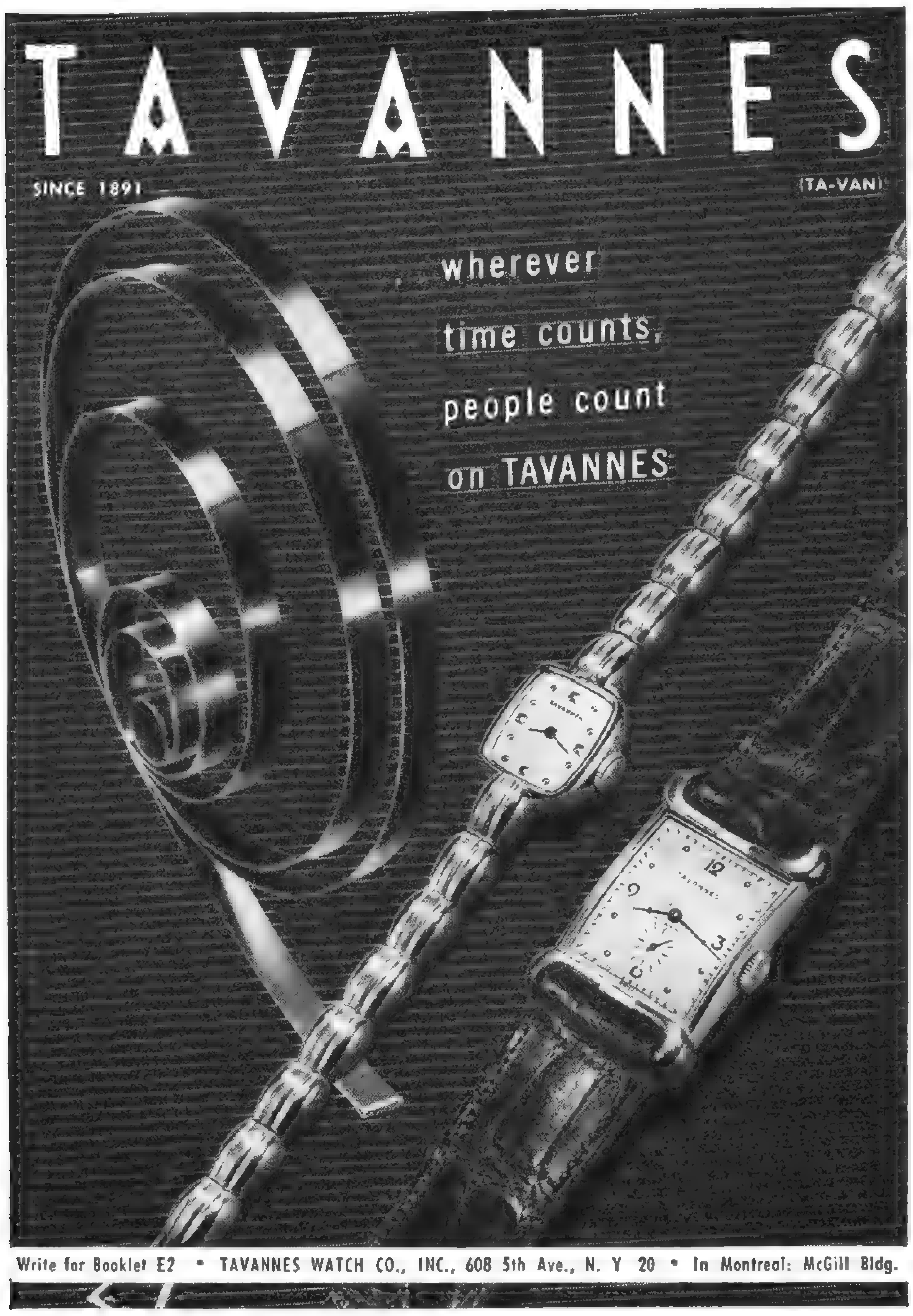
"Me too," you murmur.

"And next year we'll go with Joe." He sounds like he may cry. "And there won't be one blasted duck within a hundred miles of that pothole!"

So all right. I hate ducks, too. Like poison I hate 'em. And I'm sad. You see, I gave that farmer twenty-five bucks, too. Next year I'll bet ten he'll charge both of us double that. And will I balk? No, I'll pay it, sucker that I am. If I don't, sure as anything, the shooting will be terrific, and I'll miss it!

Oh yes, never fear, we'll both be there. Maybe next year will be better—maybe even like that morning fifteen years ago.

Maybe. ###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Empress Theodora

Continued from page 77

by his thumbs and tortured until he died. To avoid similar unpleasantness, Theodora departed with the Arab chieftain of a passing caravan.

The Arab was a passionate man. Riding in the broiling sun all day on a camel did not amuse her, but at night they camped and the Arab made love to her. She found him not unattractive, but by the time they reached Alexandria she had decided that nothing that involved riding camelback was worth it.

She had no trouble finding another admirer to finance her room and board. But the little crow's feet were beginning to show around her eyes. The competition was younger and a good deal dewier.

Theodora grew restless again and started back to Byzantium. In Antioch she met a Holy Man and was converted. This was the turning point in her life. Later when she was again dancing in the chorus in the capital, she met a stocky, balding fortyish man who fell in love with her at first glance. But this was a different Theodora. She showed little interest. That only made the gentleman love her more.

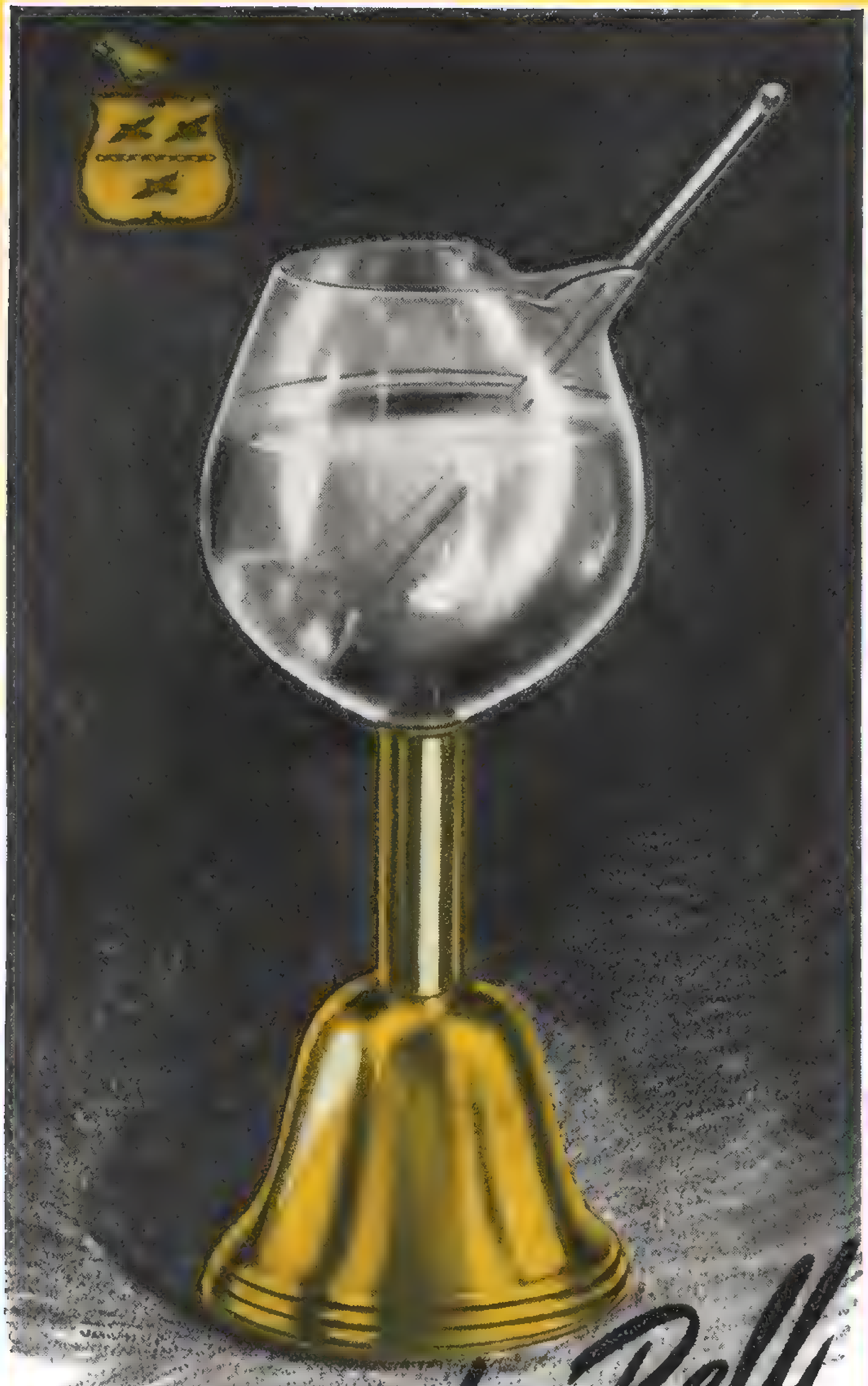
Perhaps she was only being a smart girl. She was not unaware that her beau was Justinian, the Empire's political Golden Boy. When she finally agreed to move into the palace, Justinian was talking marriage.

His mother, however, remained unenchanted with her son's choice. She said that they would never marry while she was alive and had a law passed forbidding royalty to marry theatrical people.

Theodora said nothing. In time Mama expired. Her law was repealed and Justinian and his lady were married in an impressive church ceremony. The reformers were present and bowed as low as anyone.

Justin, the Emperor, was getting old. Justinian was the real ruler of Rome. And everyone knew that Theodora was the ruler of Justinian.

She was no longer particularly interested in sex, but she found it useful. Power interested her more. No citizen was free from her hand. She arranged marriages and divorces on a whim, exiled too successful politicians and generals and sent critics to their death with a nod. She built elaborate underground torture chambers with secret entrances and thousands of citizens disappeared into them and were never seen again. It was said that skilled torturers had been imported from China, men who were masters of the most scientific methods of mak-



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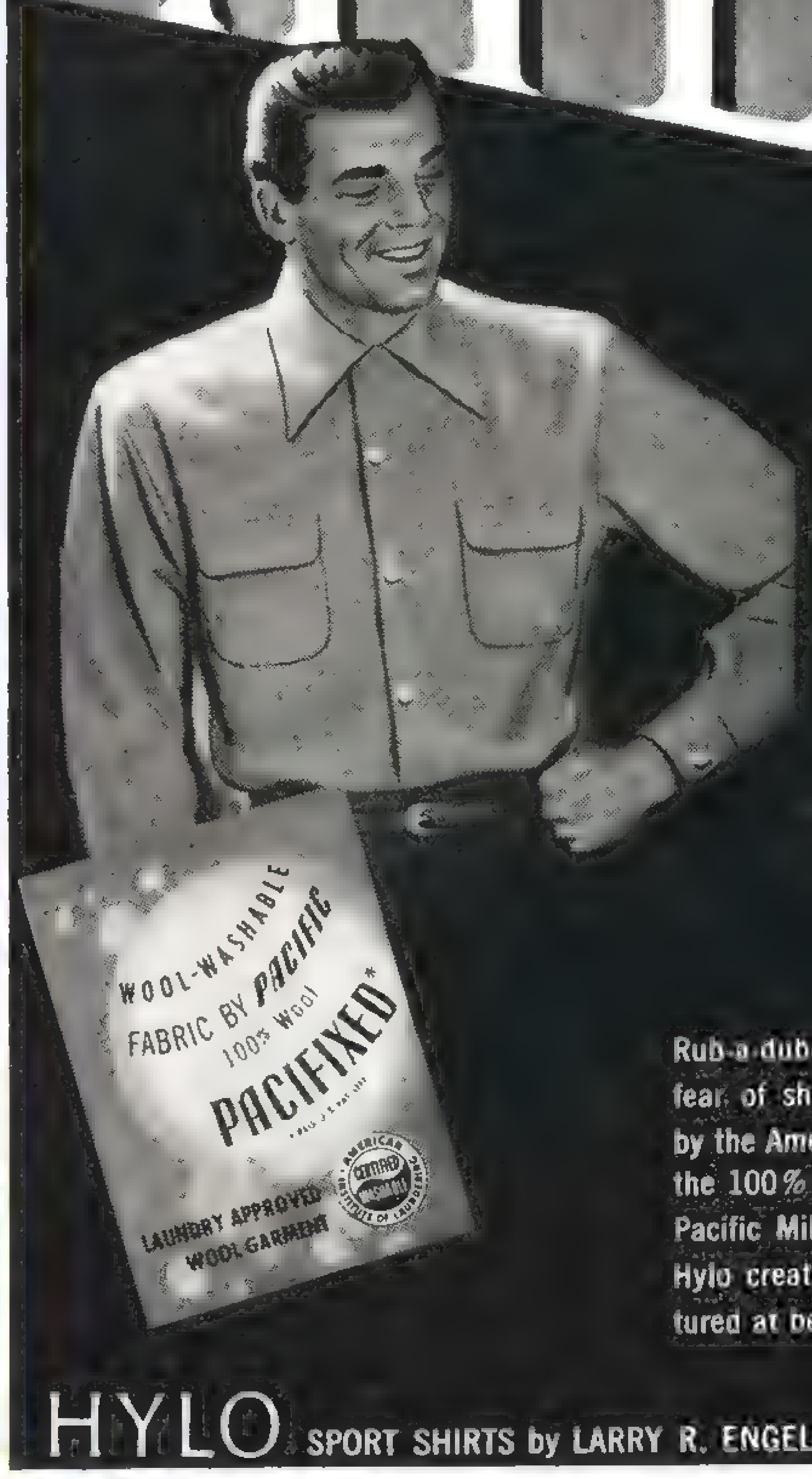

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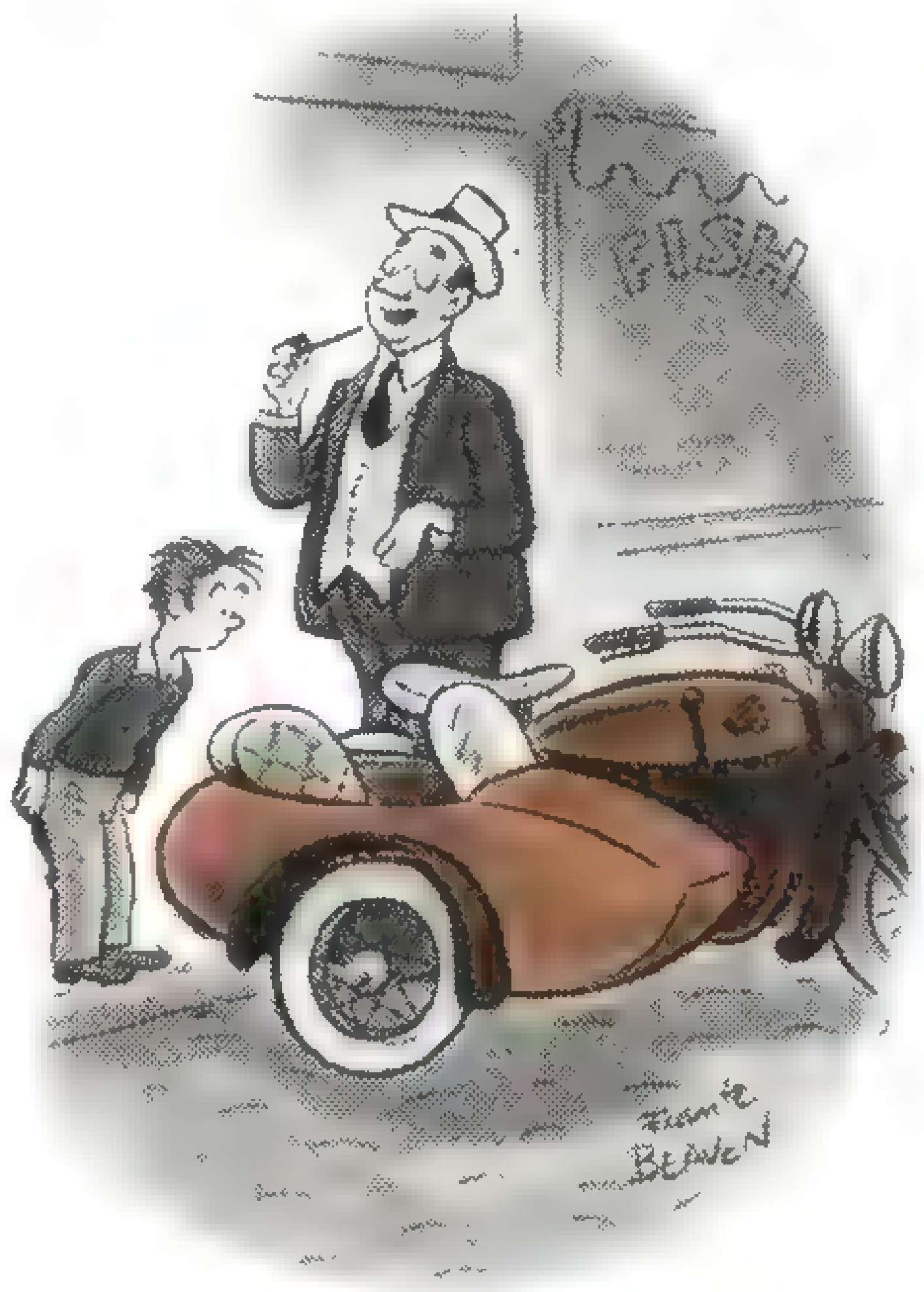
ing death excruciatingly painful.

After Justin died and Justinian became Emperor, Theodora indulged in her taste for oriental pomp. The custom of prostration was introduced into the court and anyone who had an audience with the Empress was forced to crawl from the door to the throne on his hands and knees.

But her main concern was the Empire. Now that it belonged to her she wanted to polish its tarnished reputation. Armies were sent to retake Africa from the Vandals and Italy from the Goths in order to please her.



"That was before your time, son!"

With her enemies she was ruthless. Fat and worldly John of Cappadocia, chancellor of the exchequer, threatened her power. She whispered to Justinian and without warning Fat John's house and possessions were seized, his head shaved, and he was dressed in rags and shipped to Egypt.

A handsome young retainer named Arobindus caught Theodora's fancy and she invited him to her apartment. He was in love with another woman and reckless. He declined the invitation. Shortly he disappeared into the underground chambers.

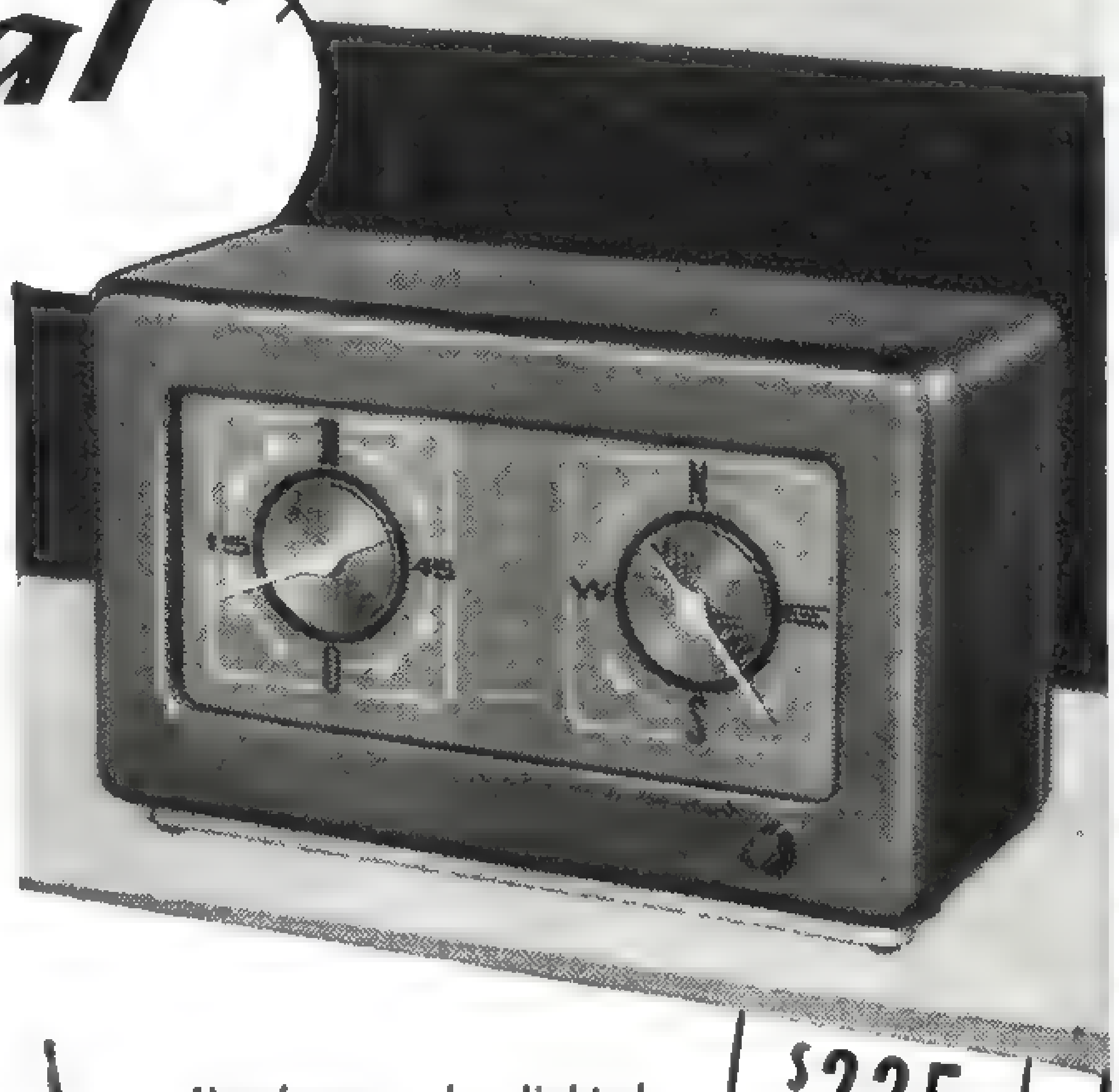
This was the only public scandal to touch Theodora's life after she became Empress. It was not that she had lost interest in boys. It was just that she had become more discreet. She had finally gotten around to being a lady.

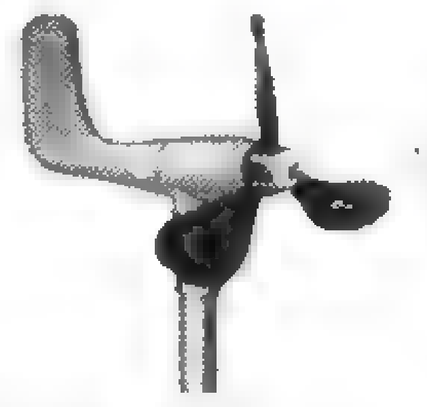
First, she ordered all the brothels in the town closed. This came as a surprise to her old roommates, but she said she was doing it for their own good. Then she established a home for wayward girls at an isolated spot and invited the girls to live there at the state's expense.

Most of the girls were not interested. This so annoyed Theodora that she arbitrarily selected five hundred girls and had them sent to the home under guard. After a few months of living in virtue they were reported to be hurling themselves off the parapets at a merry rate.

Theodora was a little disap-

Continued on page 194





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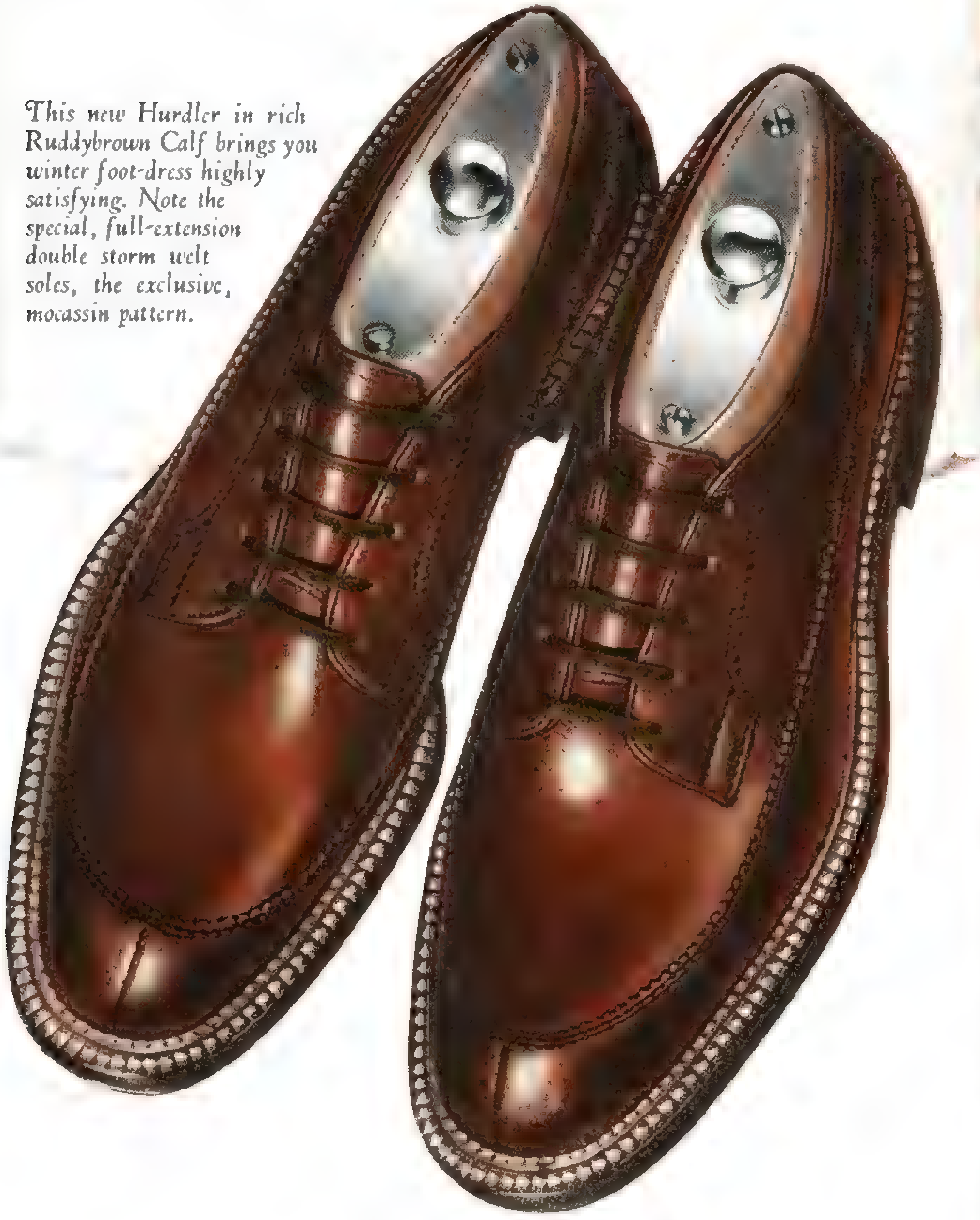

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Empress Theodora

Continued from page 193

pointed in them. Which was nothing compared to the way they felt about her. In fact by 532 neither she nor her husband would have hit the jack pot in a popularity contest. When they appeared at the arena they were hissed. Justinian made a polite speech saying he would try to do better and the customers began to walk out on him. Even the chariot races didn't bring them back.

That night there was rioting in the streets and the angry citizens had set fire to a fourth of the city. Justinian was making plans for a quick exit. The only trouble was that all of his advisers wanted to leave too, and there weren't enough ships.

In the arena the rebels were already celebrating the election of a new Emperor.

When Theodora got to Justinian's room the boys were drawing straws to see who could beat it and who had to stay. What she said, history has neglected to record. But she forgot for a moment that she was an Empress and a lady. She told her husband and his friends quite plainly what she thought of them. Then she dispatched the palace guard to the arena through a secret entrance. They surprised the rebels and slaughtered thirty thousand of them.

WEIGHT & FORTUNE

That ended the revolt. It also left no lingering doubt as to who was running the Empire.

There was no longer any necessity for Theodora to rule from her boudoir.

When she died in 548 her embalmed body was placed in a gold bed in the palace banquet hall.

The Pope came from Rome to speak at her funeral.

Everyone acted just as if she had been a great lady. Even the reformers—who were still reformers.

Which only proves that it is all right for a little girl to accept a gift from a strange man—provided the gift happens to be the Roman Empire. ##

Continued from page 77

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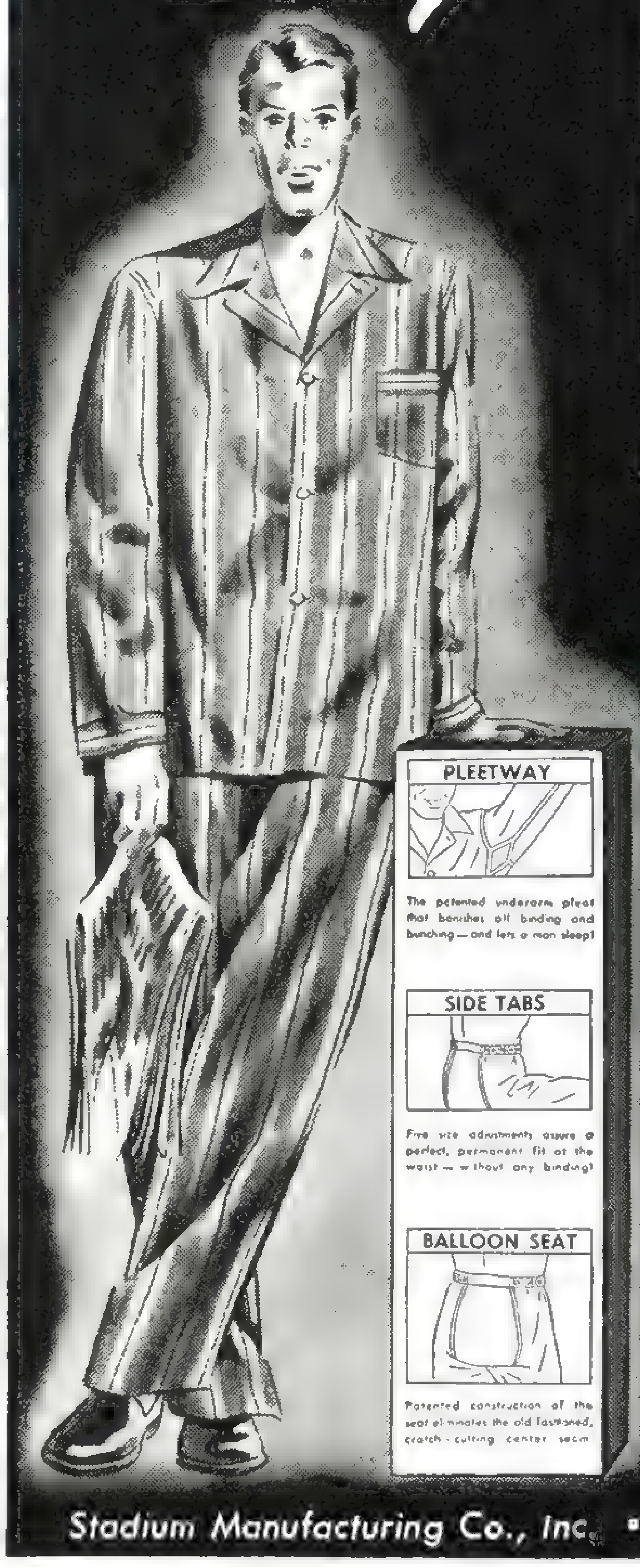

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Ambassador to the Human Race

Continued from page 84

the entire native population into paroxysms of delight.

It was a happy thing that put Field Marshal Scoff against the colorful background of India and China. He certainly did not fit any conventional pattern; he never had. We didn't know much about him, because in that league you do not ask leading questions. He came from West Virginia, and his family was supposed to be wealthy. He had flown and instructed movie stars, and had barnstormed around the United States after his release from the Air Corps. Then Mexico, South America, and England. In one session around the Assamese fires he casually dropped the item that he was married to a famous radio singer. We depreciated the information with considerable rudeness, but a few days later a story in the New York *Mirror* said that she was divorcing Jimmy to marry a Hollywood writer.

I suppose the Field Marshal was a mercenary, but I drove him to Chabua three times when he was trying to get his commission activated. It would have meant an 80 per cent reduction in salary for the same work, but they turned him down because of age. After that turndown he flew the Hump sixteen hours a day as a form of picketing the Army high command.

Knowing Jimmy Scoff was like trying to tiptoe cautiously over a series of small land mines. It was an extension into the unorthodox, and the more mildly lunatic revolved around him like fascinated satellites. One memorable afternoon I saw him officially declare war on the Dutch, after a taxi accident on Chowringee Road. The perplexed Dutch general was peering out from the wreckage of his car, lost in a throng of tall Sikhs and cheering wallahs as Scoff announced that war was declared, as of right now. And for the general to so inform his government. The traffic jam of rickshas, garis, taxis, and admiring natives finally got so great that Scoff was carried to a forensic peak. After misquoting the Gettysburg Address with fine fervor, he switched to broken Urdu and declared that India itself, henceforward, was freed. On this note of Atlantic Charterism we went on our way with Scoff breathing heavily and bowing from our open carriage. The enchanted citizenry followed us for blocks.

Jimmy had a college education, but no concrete beliefs except in the omnipotence of laughter. He would go, with unshod feet, into the Indian temples and stand there in the ancient gloom, but I have no idea what he thought. He could never understand the food

Continued on page 196

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Ambassador to the Human Race

Continued from page 195

offerings that were set out so plentifully when people were starving by the thousands, but that was simple practicality. In 1943, when the pitifully emaciated dead littered the streets of all Bengal and the smell of death was everywhere, Scoff cultivated the only real antipathy I ever knew him to hold. It was typical. He had an abiding hatred of the sacred cattle that browsed through the shops and streets, and he used to shunt the sleek bovines around in our company jeeps. Every time he passed a privileged animal, his face would stiffen with anger.

Scoff occasionally got patriotic, but it was a hard thing to detect. When General Stilwell was trying to take Myitkyina, that able officer's air supply became endangered because of pilot fatigue. Since CNAC was flying off the same field as his troop-carrier squadrons, we knew about the dangerous situation. Technically, it was none of our business. We flew supplies across the Hump, our personnel was employed by the Chinese government, and we had civilian status. The disturbing factor was that the dead at Myitkyina were largely American. Therefore we offered our services and resources to the commanding general of the troop-carrier squadrons. This offer was made without consulting the pilots, and it was my job to see if they were amenable to the extra work.

It was just before dawn when I drove up to the pilots' bungalow, and nobody was awake but Scoff. He listened, puffing out his cheeks judiciously. He asked how much money, and I said below union rates. No pay at all. He looked irritated, whistled, and said that was a hell of a pay cut. It was. (China National pilots make over $10,000 a year; some go up to $18,000.) What would be the cargo? Arms and ammunition, medical supplies and food. Was it bad at Myitkyina? Well, there were Nip machine gunners and snipers working on the runway; one of the snipers had nailed an Army nurse as she stepped off a hospital ship. The chunky pilot muttered something unintelligible and stalked out of the room.

There were eighty-three pilots sleeping upstairs. Scoff's passage among them was impressive; he pawed under the shroudlike mosquito nets and rudely jostled them awake. His spiel was bitter and accusing, and during it he referred to me frequently as that "big-hearted bastard." He insisted that even if American soldiers were being slaughtered for lack of supplies and Army nurses were being killed as they knelt beside the

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wounded, he didn't intend to stick his gangling neck out for nothing. It was preposterous, he shouted. A strange airport, bad runway, no radio. As the initial shock wore off, the pilots so abruptly snatched from sleep began to remonstrate with him. Slowly he allowed himself to be talked into the position that everybody ought to go down anyway. A good portion of the sleepers had flown under Chennault with the A.V.G., and they merely grunted, with sulphuric clarity, that if Scoff woke them up again before the planes were loaded for Myitkyina, he would get his jaw broken. So, gloomily predicting that they were all a lot of suckers, he walked down to the dining room.

"Everybody wants to go," he announced, as if that were an incredible thing, and when I laughed he viewed me with mild surprise.

Toward the end Jimmy Scoff knew he was going to kill himself. He told me so. Not in dismay, but with a pilot's calculating eye. It was on a night in August, 1944, over a drink. He had finished his flight time for the week, and in the course of our summation of things generally, he said, "One of these nights, when the thunderheads get real bad, you'll be making your routine radio checks and I won't answer. Don't let it bother you . . ." I replied lamely that no man could tell, exactly, and he laughed. The jackals were howling outside in the tea gardens. "Don't bury me and don't cry over me," he said, "because I enjoyed every minute of it and I hate a sad face..."

He did, too.

Jimmy's dead now, and we didn't bury him. We didn't even find him. He flew off one night in bad weather, and that was the last we ever heard. It happens often on the Himalayan route, but the mountains took a toll that night. They caught a fragment of something irrepressible; when they fanged up and got the Field Marshal they struck a blow at the human race, for his laughter and his warm friendliness and his prodigal way of life were things that mankind needs badly in these days of little mirth. #

Continued from page 84

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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Allen Saalburg: Descriptive Artist

Continued from page 93

screens, bandboxes, paintings on velvet, a rich field for the artist who can distinguish the good and the durable from the shoddy and the imitative. Mere primitivism is not the object; the sometime ineptness of our early designers must at least have the charm of honesty, the elegance of simplicity, the forthrightness of the functional. Saalburg finds good designing, simplicity of concept and honest presentation in the work of many anonymous forebears.

His father was an artist and he has an illustrious painter brother, Leslie. The two boys received inspiration and guidance from the father, who made a game of it by setting the youngsters off against each other. Saalburg père was also a cartoonist and a printer and the boys learned elements of craft and usage which are better than dull hours in the museums. Cartooning will hurt no artist. It will, if he properly comprehends it as a medium, teach him the necessity for brevity and incision. Perhaps it was this background which fruited in Allen's recent series of portraits in which no human being appears but in which personalities emerge as sharply delineated as in the caricatures, tender, gay and understanding, of Daumier. These are Saalburg's portraits of rooms, an exhilarating series done, some on commission, some merely because he wanted to, in the homes of famous people. In quick, perceptive notations, ostensibly realistic but actually interpretive and editorial, he records a famous person's famous drawing room with nobody in it. When he has done it, it is as much a portrait of his patron as it is of his patron's taste in interior decoration.

Saalburg works almost entirely in gouache, which is one of the most challenging media in the painter's repertory. What you put down on paper takes on a quality of permanency, so that the hand and intention must be sure before you commit yourself to paper.

An artist whose whole development has been the setting up of a series of obstacles which then must be demolished will not balk at the limitations of medium or the demands of commission. Thus Saalburg, a commercial artist, scenic designer, muralist, portraitist of rooms, and most recently a silk-screen technician, may be expected to continue his search for the bigger and better challenge while externalizing himself coolly, tastefully, objectively. After the orators in frames it is as pleasant to have his subdued conversational self opposite you in the sitting room as it is his detached and civilized statements in paint. ⧻

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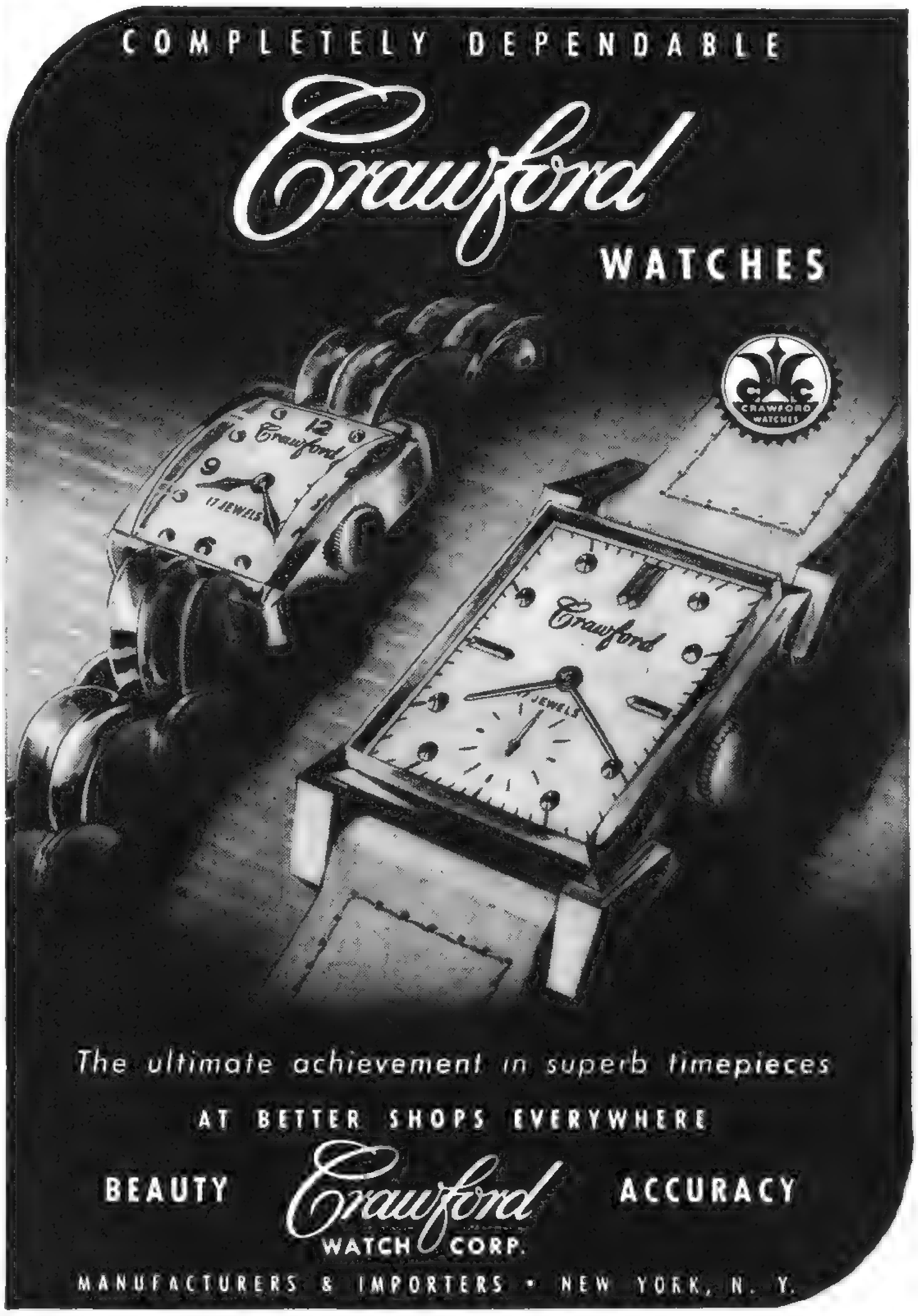
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The Best of Relations

Continued from page 113

teria will ruin employee relations. Why, they might even go out on strike. And what about Miss Jones, Boss; getting her all the way out here from wherever she comes from and then giving her the heave-ho in two days?"

The Old Man's eyebrows go up. "Miss Jones, huh? So that's it. Listen, Willie, Miss Jones will get another job, don't worry about her. But we close the cafeteria tonight. Another day like we had yesterday and today and we'd have to close down the whole plant."

"Has the Sunday paper arrived yet, dear?"

I sink back in my chair. The Old Man telephones Warren Dewey, tells him about my report and orders him to contact Miss Jones at once. As the personnel manager, Dewey has to tell Hilda she is all washed up—for doing too good a job.

The next morning every bulletin board in the factory carries a notice to the effect that the cafeteria is closed beginning at once.

I meet Warren Dewey in one of the corridors. He is wearing his usual smirk.

"You're a brave guy," he says, "going around without a bodyguard. There's a rumor that you're responsible for closing the cafeteria."

"And who spread that one?"

"Well," says Dewey lightly, "the Old Man told me, I told Hilda—you know how those things get around."

My right fist itches to stop that smirk. But I realize that the rumor is a legitimate one.

"Of course," says Dewey, "I told Hilda you were only doing your duty, but she's hard to convince." He pats my shoulder. "But I'll try again tonight, Bill, when we're out together having supper."

I realize I am a changed man. Here is Warren Dewey needling me, with his arm on my shoulder. And I do not break his arm. In-

Continued on page 200

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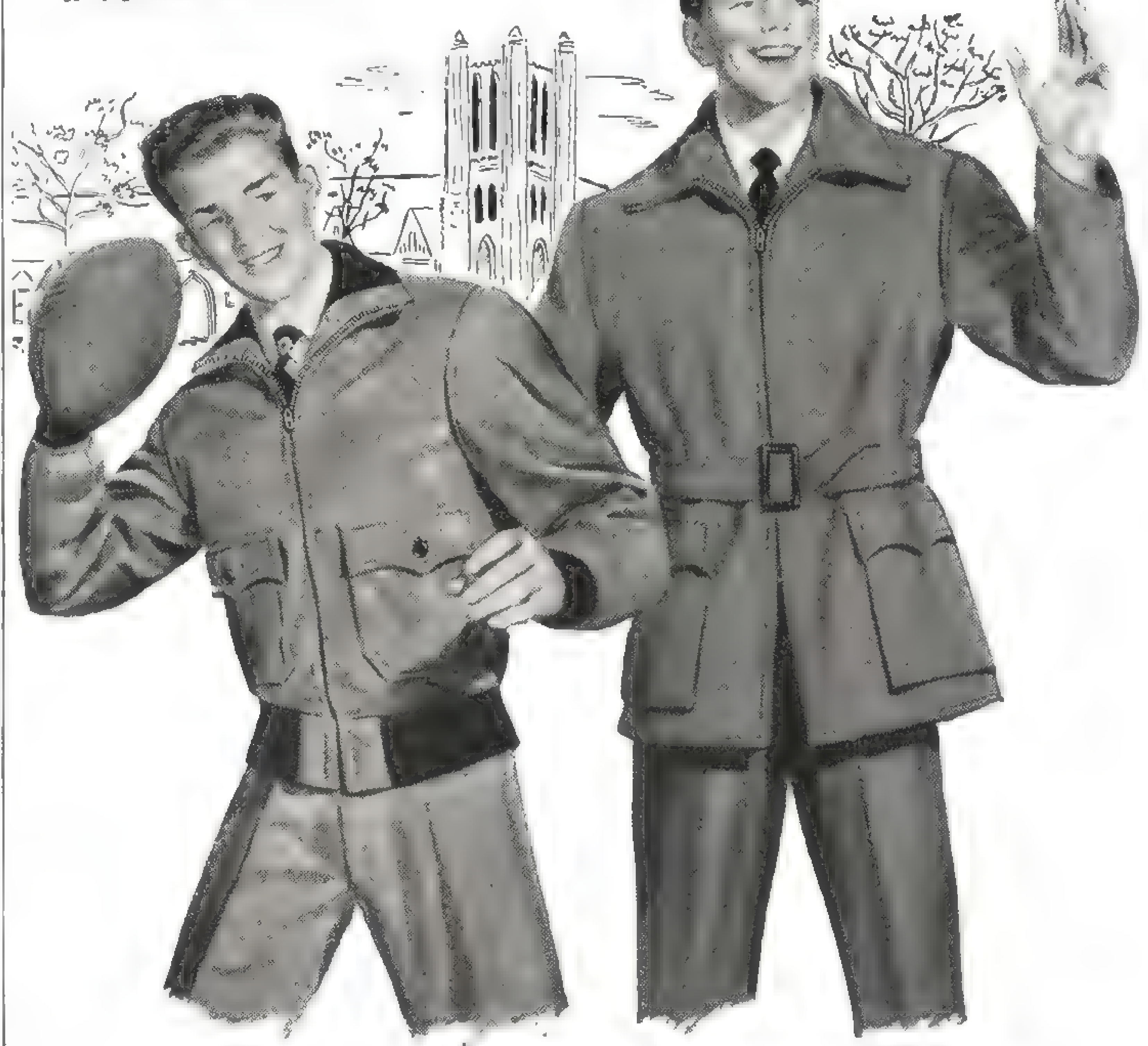
The Calgary, leather Jacket lined with rayon. Knit cuffs and waist band. With smart-looking convertible turtle-neck collar. In a choice of attractive shades of Brown.



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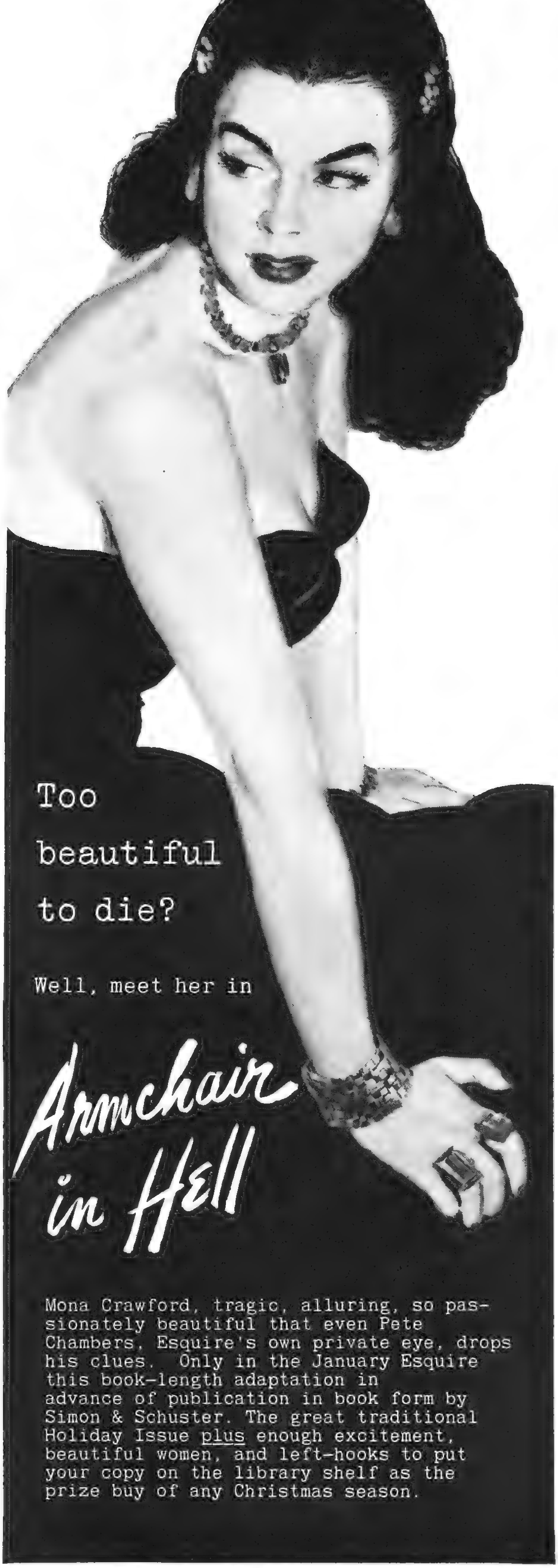

Too beautiful to die?

Well, meet her in

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Mona Crawford, tragic, alluring, so passionately beautiful that even Pete Chambers, Esquire's own private eye, drops his clues. Only in the January Esquire this book-length adaptation in advance of publication in book form by Simon & Schuster. The great traditional Holiday Issue plus enough excitement, beautiful women, and left-hooks to put your copy on the library shelf as the prize buy of any Christmas season.

The Best of Relations

Continued from page 199

stead I simply place both hands on his shoulders in what looks like a friendly gesture.

"Did you say supper, Warren? Something tells me you're wrong, Warren. I don't think that you will be taking Hilda out to supper tonight."

I separate myself from Dewey, rush down to the cafeteria and see Hilda standing by the cash register, counting money. She is alone.

"Hilda," I bellow, "I want you to break your date with Warren Dewey tonight."

She sniffs and goes back to her counting. It's all I can do to keep from throwing my arms around her. She slams the till shut and starts to walk away. I do throw my arms around her. She struggles.

"Let me go, you idiot," she yelps. "What right have you to tell me not to go out with Warren Dewey?"

"Hilda," I say, "come peacefully or I carry you."

So I carry her. Through the cafeteria and down the corridor, and all the while she is kicking and screaming and people think I am kidnapping her, but I explain that I am rushing her to the nurse's room as she is having an attack of quabulation, a word I coin on the spur of the moment. I take her to the little booth by the switchboard which contains the microphone for the public-address system.

I plop her down in the chair by the microphone, sit on her to hold her, switch on the microphone and make a speech.

"Mamouth workers, this is Bill Skinner speaking. I have some good news for you. That notice you read on the bulletin boards about closing the cafeteria—well, something was left off. It is true that the cafeteria is being closed for lunch. But effective immediately and permanently the cafeteria will be opened evenings for supper, not only for you, but for your wives, mothers, fathers and kids."

Although the booth is soundproof, the cheers that come through from the factory are louder than the noise of four hundred and forty fire engines. I get up from Hilda's lap. She has a look on her face that is nothing short of hero worship. No, I'm wrong. It's love. She offers me her hand. Do I take it? Of course not. I'm no dope. I kiss her and this time I am sharing that parachute feeling.

In the middle of the third kiss the Old Man comes in. He has an expression I have never before seen on his face—a smile. #

Continued from page 113

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The Fighting Giants

Continued from page 105

and Owen, a brainy player and a good judge of men, was asked for advice in picking a new coach by the brothers John and Wellington Mara, who own the team but who have never played football.

Owen suggested a half-dozen likely men, any one of whom he would have been glad to play for, then let the matter drop. Sometime later he received a phone call.

"Well, Steve, we've decided on the coach."

"Fine," said Owen. "Who?"

"You." The Maras hung up before Owen could complain, as he certainly would have. In those days he wanted to play and he was afraid coaching might spoil his fun. Nevertheless he took his medicine and salary increase like a man. So fond and trusting are his relations with the Maras that he has never asked for nor been offered a contract to sign. They simply pay him off as if he were one of the family.

Owen regards his players as adult human beings who can look after themselves and are in pro football because they like to play. He imposes no training rules. He has levied a few fines but never got around to collecting them.

"My boys," he says in his twangy Oklahoma drawl, "know the value of condition. Their jobs depend on it. I don't have to tell 'em to get to bed early or anything like that. They learned all that in college."

He doesn't mind if players drink moderately, but he cautions them on the bad publicity it might entail. "One beer in the wrong place can turn into a wild binge in the next morning's papers."

One of the cardinal rules of pro football is to please the fans, but Owen often disobeys. In 1946 the Giants were leading Pittsburgh 7-0 with a few seconds to play. They had the ball on the Pitt 14 and the crowd was clamoring for Owen to put in Strong to kick a field goal. Owen refused.

"It was the one play on which we might have lost our lead," says Owen. "A place kick leaves two men unprepared for defense if the ball should be blocked and grabbed by the other team."

Owen's technique with the players is relatively gentle. He never reprimands a player during a game or even right afterward. "They are too excited and irrational. I get better results by talking it over with the player individually a couple of days later." Owen respects his players' personalities and works with each one separately, according to the man's temperament. "One man will resent it if you bawl him out before the squad. With another

Continued on page 202

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The Fighting Giants

Continued from page 201

man, that's the only way you can get him to listen and learn."

One of the really surprising things about the Giants is their owners, the Mara brothers.

They are disarmingly young and unassuming, virtually without business experience, yet they guided the Giants through the dark ages of pro football to the team's present eminence as one of the most consistently profitable properties in professional sports.

John Mara, president, pays the bills and handles most of the contractual negotiations for the team. He is the business end. Wellington, vice-president, is the head talent scout and the bridge between the players and the management. He is a smiling, talkative, extroverted man of thirty-one with thirteen years of experience behind him. His main qualifications for the job are his obsession for football and his astonishing acquaintance with the players. He can, offhand, give you the size, weight, age and record of a substitute center at Gonzaga U. in 1939. He is a walking catalogue of player information and has pulled dozens of sleepers into the Giant line-up. (A sleeper is an extraordinarily good player, usually on the team of a tiny backwoods college, who has escaped national attention, probably because his team loses games consistently.)

Wellington got his start at the age of eighteen when he recruited Tuffy Leemans, an obscure, unheralded halfback who electrified the football gentry with his performance with the College All-Stars in 1936. Wellington had spotted him long before. By reading out-of-town newspapers he had learned, for instance, that in one game Leemans gained 326 yards by running, although his team lost, 40-6. Mara entrained for George Washington U. and found Leemans on the campus. The player thought the fuzzy-cheeked youth was after an autograph, which he was—on a contract.

Wellington managed another *coup* last year by signing DeWitt Coulter, Army tackle. Coulter had flunked out of West Point and was sitting around his home in Texas collecting wires from every pro club in the country. "Don't sign a thing until you hear from us," they read; or, "We will match or improve the best offer you get." If Coulter had followed these instructions he would still be in Texas for not one made a specific offer. Mara appeared in person and rescued Coulter from his confusion by advancing him enough money to get married on.

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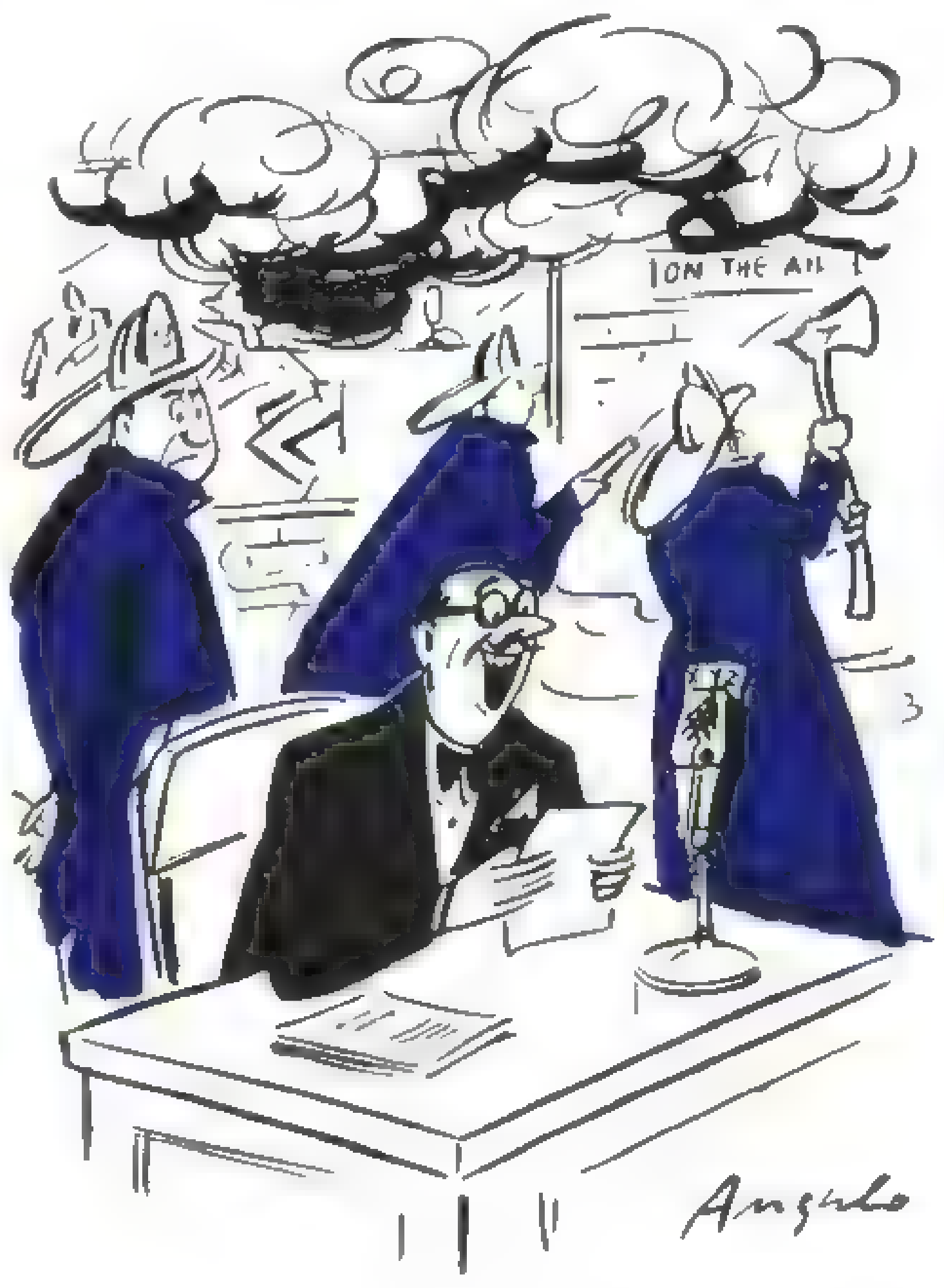
compiles a master list of 500 or 600 college seniors playing at colleges all over the country. The list is divided according to positions and schools. Then, using out-of-town papers, college publicity, hearsay, and voluntary information from college coaches, ex-Giants and friends, he begins to build a picture of each player. He learns the vital statistics, keeps track of the number of times a man starts a game, jots down any spectacular bits of play, and in general creates a dossier on each player. His thorough hunt for potential Giants takes him to college games every Saturday.



"Here's an important bulletin just handed to me!"

At last, after much weeding and further research, Wellington knows exactly which men the Giants can use when he goes to the annual player draft.

Wellington has a pretty clear idea of his ideal Giant. He is fast, big, agile and alert. Speed is primarily important, for it has no substitute. With pro backs as fast as they are, a lineman has to be able to scoot if he is going to get anywhere near them. Also he has to recover quickly in the event he is feinted off direction. Wellington has a taste for sheer size and weight to contribute power and durability. The Giant lines usually average 220 pounds.

Given these things, Mara next looks for a man's eagerness to play. If he tears all over the field and is unearthed at the bottom of pile-ups outside his own bailiwick, you can be pretty sure he likes the game. Another good sign in a man is his addiction to sports other than football. Such a player can be relied upon to stay in condition and keep his reflexes and co-ordination in tune all year. To be ready for any contingency, Wellington has acquired the habit of turning stones. He even has his eye on a basketball player (Edward Benson, Fordham) who has never played football, but might become a superb passer.

Another quality indispensable

Continued on page 204

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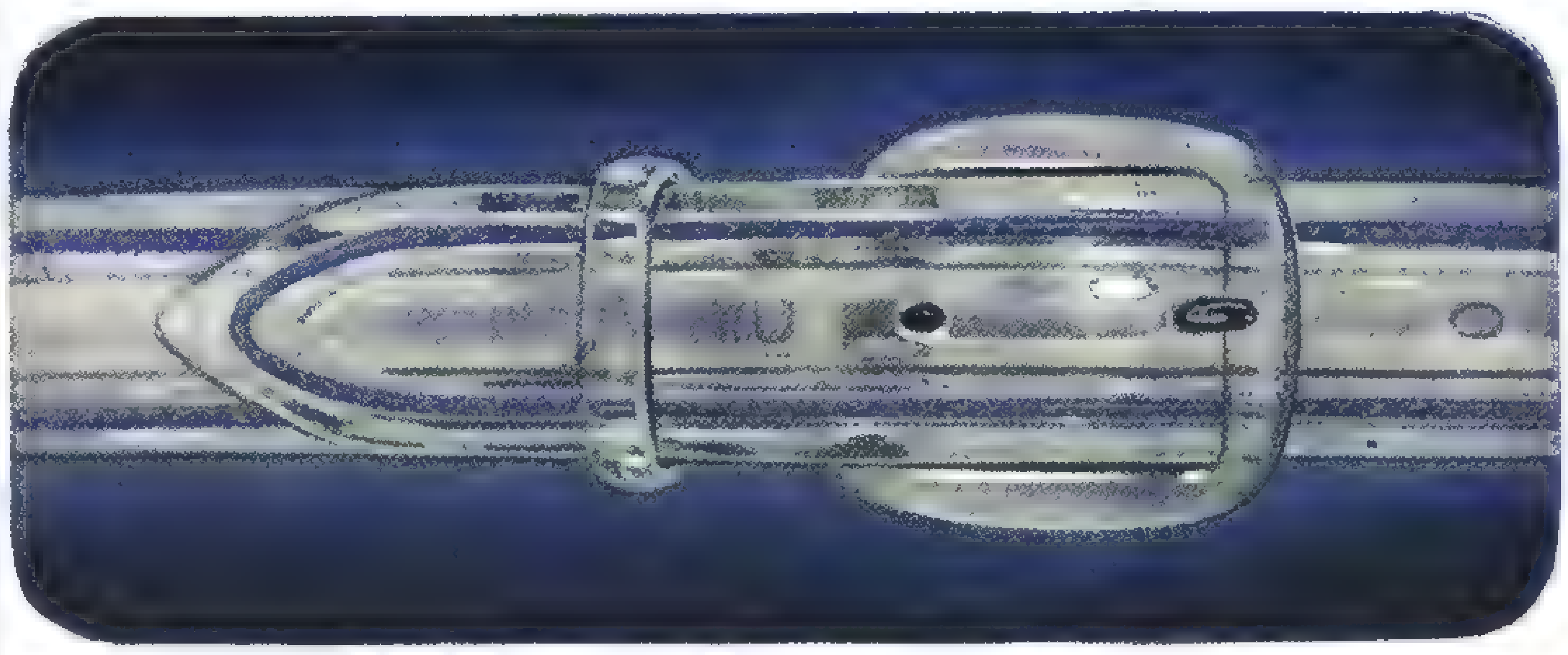

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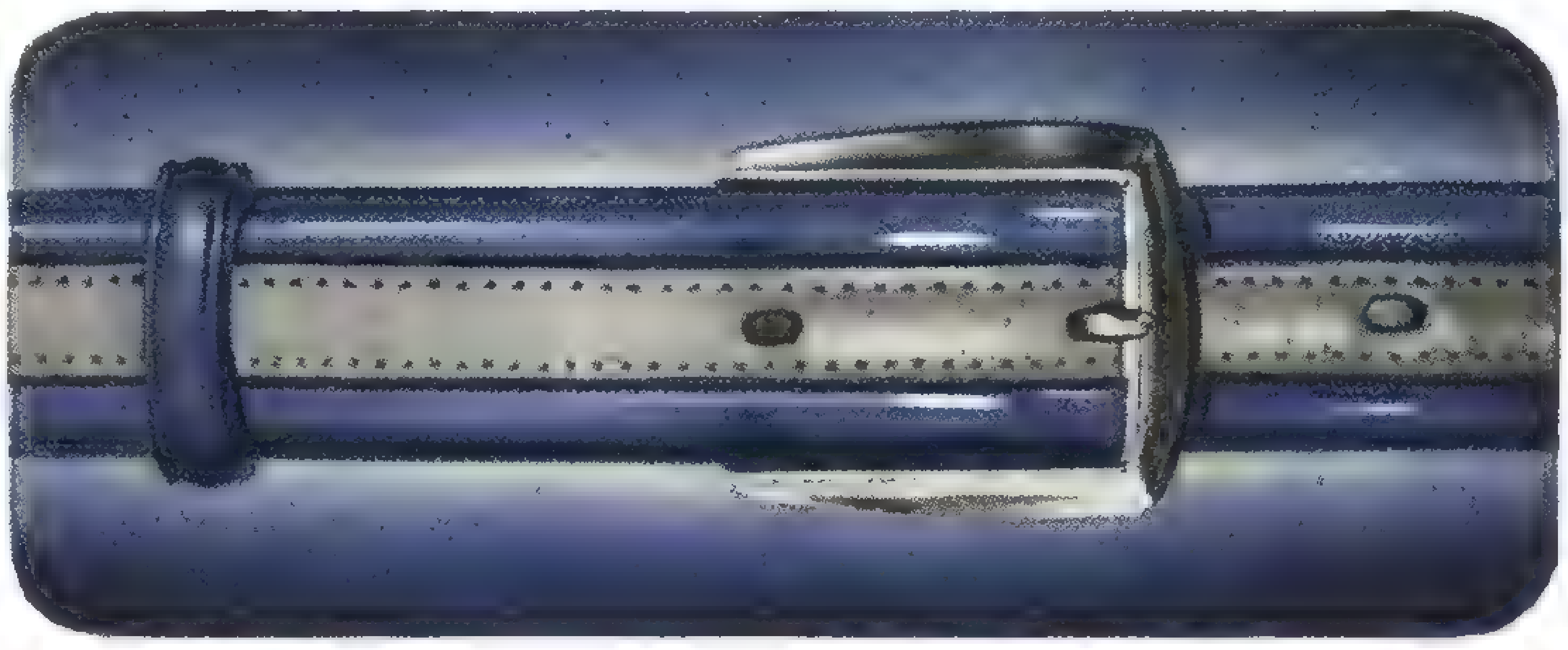

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The Fighting Giants

Continued from page 203

to a good Giant is football instinct, a term Wellington uses to mean a high blend of feeling and brains in all matters pigskin. Hank Soar, one of the top Giant backs on defense, illustrates this admirably. Soar's off-the-field conversation would make Clifton Fadiman wince. Yet in a game Soar has a subtle sense that enables him to diagnose and break up plays that baffle football connoisseurs of the highest I.Q.s.

John, slightly older and less spectacular than Wellington, is known for his policy of treating the players right. Pro football is often viewed as a sort of profit-hungry ogre that beats, batters, starves, and otherwise maltreats players. There are numerous examples to support this opinion, but the Mara slate is notably clean. By giving a little extra here, showing a little charity there, the Giants have achieved a reputation including and beyond salaries that inspires eight out of ten job-hunting players to report to them first before looking elsewhere.

The players know, for example, about Leland Shaffer, a back, who broke his kneecap in preseason practice and received full pay all season, although he was unable to play a game. They know about Leemans, with his concussion, who wanted to play but was restrained by the Maras in his own interests despite the fact that Leemans in the line-up meant thousands of extra ticket sales. They also know about the jobs the Giant management has secured for the players in the brokerage business, in advertising, in commerce, and in dozens of high schools and colleges as coaches.

And they know about the Maras' friends, Jim Farley, Horace Stoneham and scores of other New Yorkers of substance and worth. Knowing all this, a player enjoys a comfortable big-league flavor in the business he conducts with the management. That's another thing the fans appreciate; the Giants have always been big-leaguers in everything they do.

Long ago the Maras discovered that stunts don't go over in New York. They tried bands, cheerleaders, singers, circuses, every imaginable *entr'acte* distraction. All of them flopped unless the Giants won. The Washington Redskin band is socko in the District of Columbia, but at the Polo Grounds, according to a sports writer, it provokes yawns.

Like many new businesses the Giants lost money during their formative years. In 1926 they dropped $75,000. Even today some pro teams—especially those in the new and improved All-

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American Conference—are struggling desperately to stay afloat. But the sun is shining on the Giant front office and the future seems rosily secure—as long as they keep on winning. Things are very happy compared to the late twenties when they threw around free tickets like confetti at Mardi Gras. They are even happier when you remember that the pro-football franchise cost the Maras only $2500 in 1925. Twenty years later they refused an offer of a million dollars for it.

It costs over $350,000 a year to operate the Giants. Players' salaries, now at an all-time high, take almost $250,000. For training and scouting the Maras lay out $25,000. Another $20,000 goes for publicity, $10,000 for tickets (and sellers and takers), $10,000 for equipment, $30,000 for traveling expenses, and $4000 for medical expenses. The last item may sound small until you remember that heavy injuries are covered by insurance policies which cost the Maras $12,000 annually.

Visiting teams at the Polo Grounds get a guarantee of $5000 or forty per cent of the gate. The League gets two per cent, and fifteen per cent is charged off for stadium rental. The rest is gravy.

Unless it rains.

Rain is the last remaining enemy of pro football. The consequent drop in attendance is often destructive. The Giants are battling the weather with season-ticket sales which have been selling along at 18,000 a year since 1940, with thousands being turned down for lack of satisfactory boxes. Rivalry, too, helps fight the unpredictability of inclement storms. The financial success of the Giant-Redskin game to be played in New York this December 7th was assured last June when, in addition to the hearty season-ticket sale, the Maras got a request for 10,000 seats from George Preston Marshall, Redskin owner.

In 1927 the Maras attempted to lick the weather in another way by taking out rain insurance with Lloyds of London. The premiums were so staggeringly high and good weather prevailed for so long that the Giant office began perversely to hope that it would rain. Finally they were blessed with a cloudburst that practically floated the Polo Grounds.

Monday they cheerfully reported to Lloyds that it had rained yesterday and would they please forward a check, hmm? The insurance men came back with a clause in the policy agreeing that precipitation tests were to be made in Central Park where, paradoxically, there had been only intermittent drizzles.

The Maras let the policy lapse, crossed their fingers and hoped for an unbroken string of sunny Sundays for years to come. ⵌ

Continued from page 105

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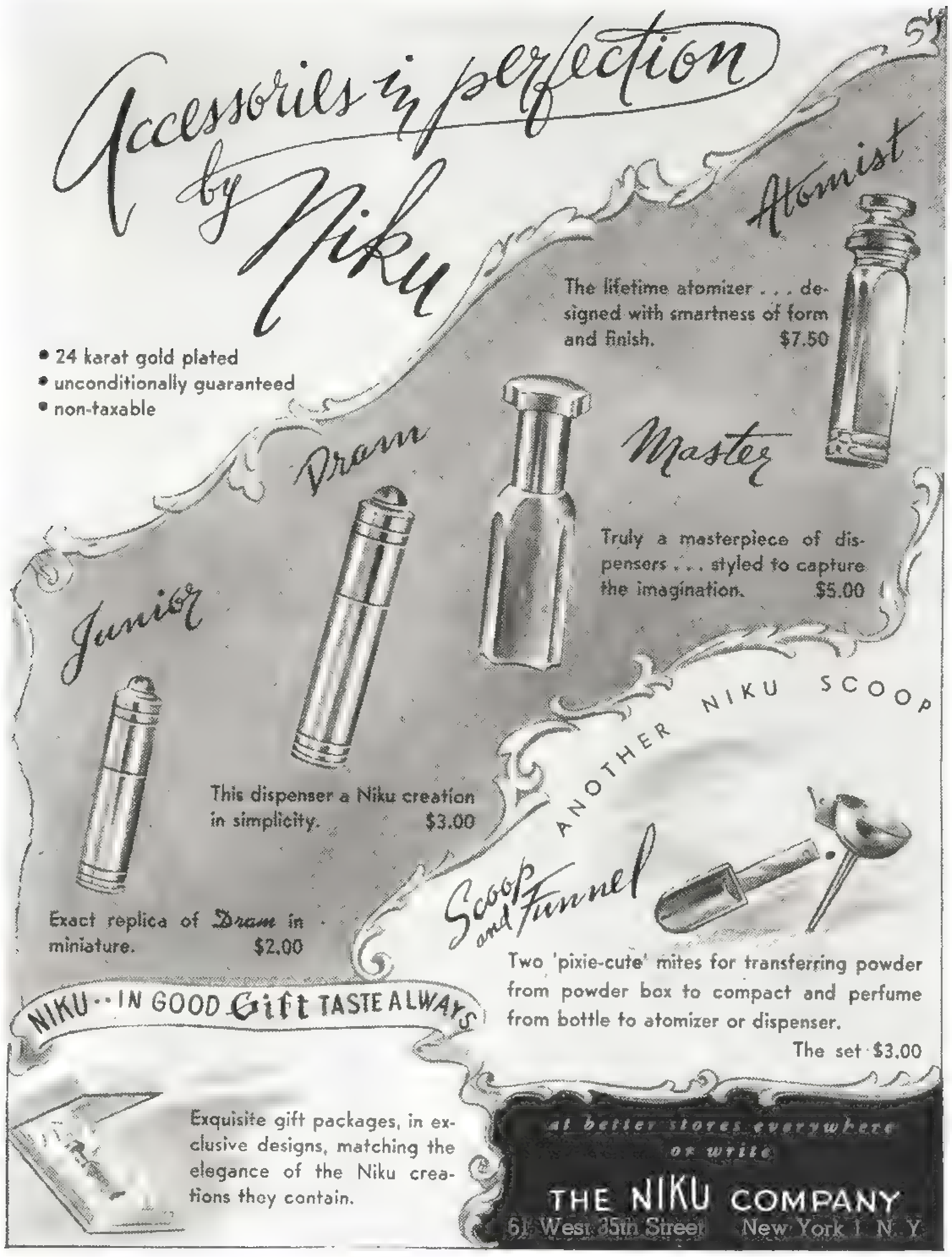
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Boxing Is Bossed by Bums

Continued from page 126

ing's underworld reached high enough to get a pass for this fighter who didn't want to fight. He was released from the Army as psychologically unfit for combat. After that he returned to highly profitable engagements in the ring. The unfortunate, exploited amateurs and preliminary boys who lacked notoriety sufficient to keep them out of combat outfits went in and got battered or killed. But either fate was an improvement over the destiny that befalls thousands of punchy kids who are discarded casualties of the ring.

Boxing had its record year of slaughter in 1946. Statistics kept by Nat Fleischer, editor of *The Ring* and boxing's foremost authority, registered fifteen deaths as the result of fights in the squared circle. Two of these deaths were of amateurs; one was a Golden Glover and the other a University of Maryland student. Yet practically nothing has been done to reduce the death toll.

Fleischer, a man of highest integrity in a sport where rectitude is uncommon, blames greed and ignorance in poor matching of fighters. He cites records of such boxers as Ernest "Cat" Robinson who lost twenty-eight consecutive fights as the sort of thing that accounts for "so many of the American boys engaged in professional pugilism becoming physical derelicts at an early age." Fleischer has persistently but futilely campaigned to have the fight game controlled by thoroughly qualified commissioners who can give enough time and brains to the job to protect the fighters and the public against the rogues who dominate the racket. He hasn't had much of a chance against politicians who make a practice of appointing kindly enthusiasts to commissions, or put onto the commissions some characters whose close association with the bums in the boxing racket disqualifies them.

The boxing racket applies all the pressure the underworld can bring to bear when it's caught in one of its crimes. Dr. Samuel R. Gerber, coroner of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, can testify that the alliance of politics and boxing is not one to favor the public interest. Dr. Gerber, inquiring into the case of Jimmy Doyle, who died after an eight-round knockout in Cleveland by Ray "Sugar" Robinson, said, "a great deal of unholy pressure has been put on me to divert this investigation." That fatal fight was a typical incident of the lack of intelligence and decency in most regions of boxing. The Robinson-Doyle fight was proposed for Chicago but Gene Kessler, Chicago *Times*

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sports editor, protested so strenuously that the prospective promoters were scared off. Kessler pointed out that it not only was an uneven match, but that Doyle had been at the point of death following a knockout by Artie Levine in a Cleveland ring in 1946.

The Chicago sports writer also recalled that Joe Triner, when chairman of the Illinois Commission, had ordered a Verne Patterson barred from Illinois rings. Triner acted on the advice of the late Dr. Frank Lagorio, the commission's physician, who said that when a fighter sustains a callous on the brain due to concussion of a knockout, another blow in the same spot will prove fatal.

"... I got the blues— blue as I can be ..."

Patterson fought in Illinois under a different commission: was kayoed in the second round.

The comparison between physical examinations given amateur and professional boxers and those that racing-board veterinarians give horses makes the shortcomings of the ring investigations shamefully conspicuous. But, after all, a horse is a valuable piece of property and some punchy kid desperate to get a fight because he knows no other way to make a living can easily be replaced in any manager's stable. All the manager has to do is pick from the horde of hopeful amateurs and nurse the kid along in what is termed—often inaccurately—the amateur contingent until the boy is capable of graduating to the professional purse class. Purses are pretty fair now, with all sports drawing large crowds. A kid who will bleed copiously or cut up the other lad always can draw a good house of citizens who cheer madly as gore's being spattered, but who frequently are notoriously ochre-tinted crybabies when anything happens to them.

Recruits for the stables of boxing's underworld are prepared for the slaughter by naïve athletic authorities in high schools and colleges and by unsophisticated ones in other amateur circles. Amateur boxing outside schools

Continued on page 208

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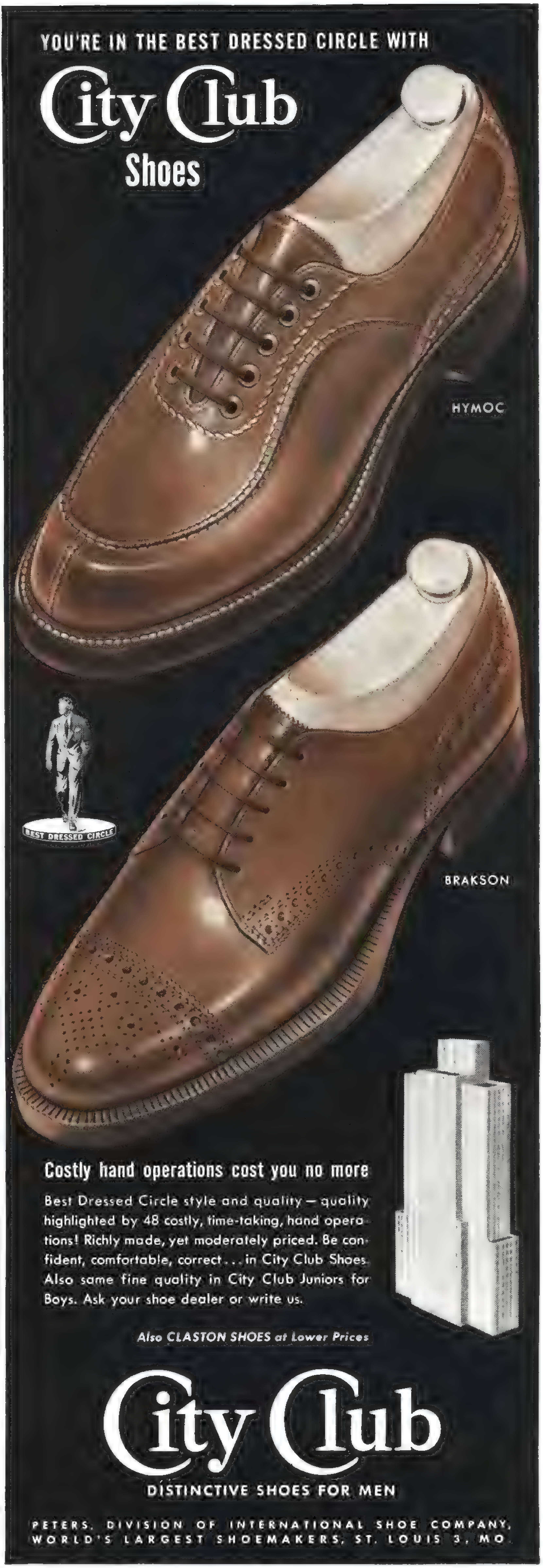

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Boxing Is Bossed by Bums

Continued from page 207

is rarely a sport in which some commercial angle doesn't figure. The crimp squads of professional boxing keep a close eye on amateurs and if a kid indicates possibilities he is recruited by a manager seeking a youngster to exploit.

The Negro amateurs generally get a better break than the white boys at the start. In metropolitan centers there are skilled Negro trainers who have plenty of time for developing their charges. The influence of Joe Louis is strong in keeping a fair percentage in good training routine.

But after the Negro kids have gone through the earlier stages of soft fights against less experienced youngsters the racket catches up with them. Their managers overmatch them and the boys usually wind up on humanity's scrap heap.

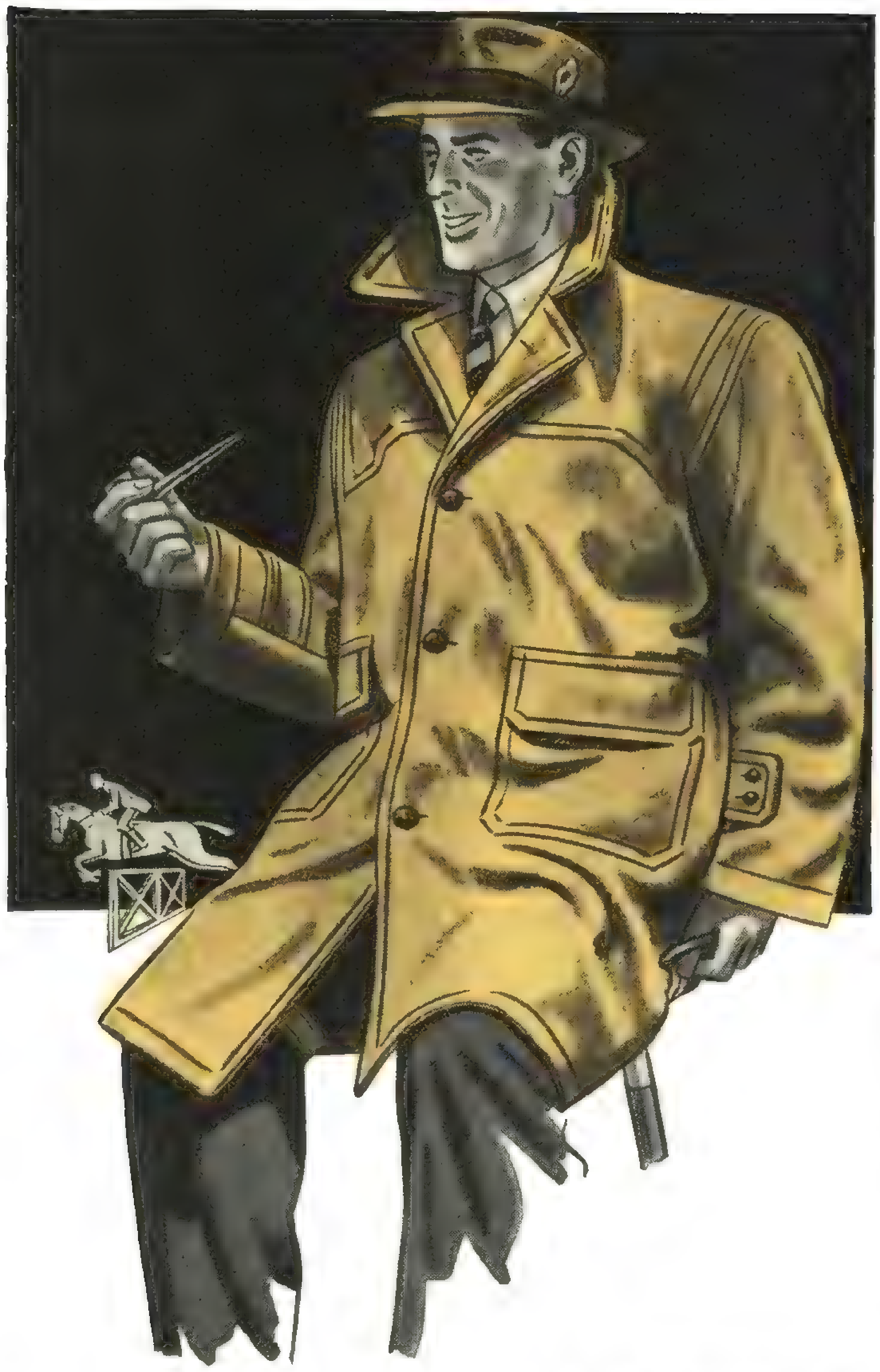
Notwithstanding the dangerous nature of boxing injuries, the sport is conducted at high schools and colleges with inexcusable lack of supervision by doctors. The artlessness of physical education authorities who have to do with school boxing is exhibited by the statement of Richard Landis of Allentown, Pennsylvania, high school, in the National Collegiate Athletic Association 1946 *Official Boxing Guide*. Landis wrote: "Up to the present time we have not had a serious injury of any nature. Even minor bruises are rare. So rare, that it has been unnecessary to employ the services of a physician."

Not employing the services of a physician to inspect youngsters engaged in a sport which has as its objective the injury of an opponent comes too close to dangerous negligence.

Only one really scientific study of amateur boxing ever was made in this country and that was the job done by a committee appointed by the president of the University of Illinois in 1938.

A report of the trustees of the university noted: "The unfortunate accidents which have occurred from time to time in boxing bouts among college students have given University officials grave concern and have raised the question whether boxing as a sports activity should be continued." The commission, which investigated boxing in universities, consisted of H. E. Kenney, assistant professor of physical education for men and head wrestling coach; Dr. H. C. Gebhart, assistant professor of hygiene and medical adviser for men, and Dr. E. A. Thacker, associate in hygiene and medical adviser for men.

A comprehensive survey was made by questionnaire, letter and poll. Expert medical opinion was



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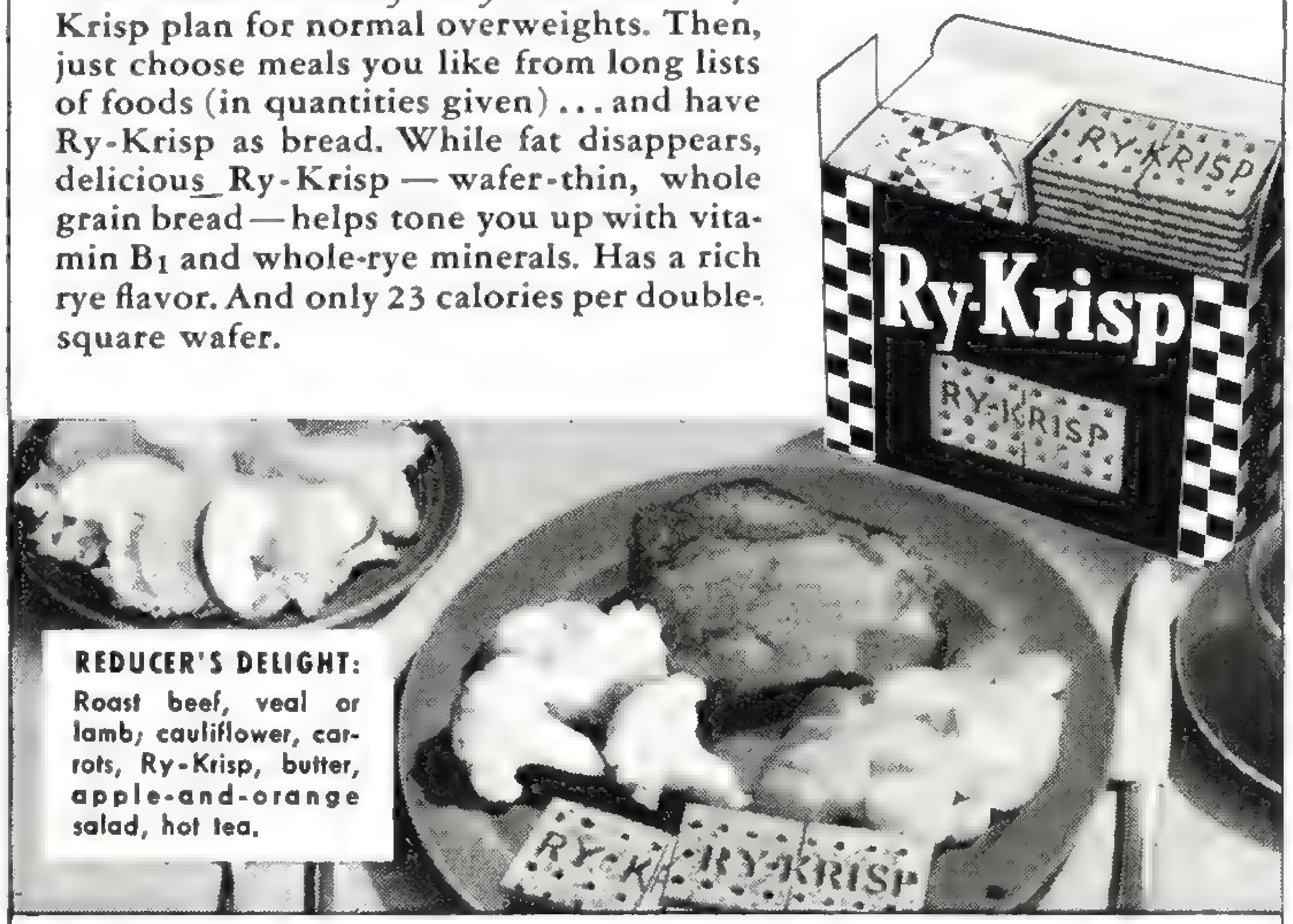

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secured. Here is the summary:

"First: The objective of all offensive maneuvers in boxing is to injure an opponent. The more efficiently an offensive is executed, the greater the injury incurred.

"Second: The type of injuries most common are insidious in nature and in many cases are not recognized by either participants or coaches. The effects of head blows are cumulative and are not recognized in early stages. Knockouts are not recorded as injuries in this sport.

"Third: Contests of intramural or intercollegiate nature are impossible to control; hence the dangers of ill-effects to participate outweigh the values of the competition.

"Fourth: Instructional classes in boxing are not particularly dangerous, but it is impossible to justify teaching an activity and at the same time to advise students against participation in the activity taught."

The bushwah of boxing was coldly and competently evaluated in this study. The physical development of boxing is excelled by numerous other sports. And the second most frequent argument advanced in favor of boxing, self-defense, was appraised in this manner: "Self-defense from what? The day is gone when we are called upon to defend our honor in this so-called 'manly' fashion. From 'stick-up' men? What chance is there of attempting a straight right on a man whose index finger is twitching on the trigger of a gun?"

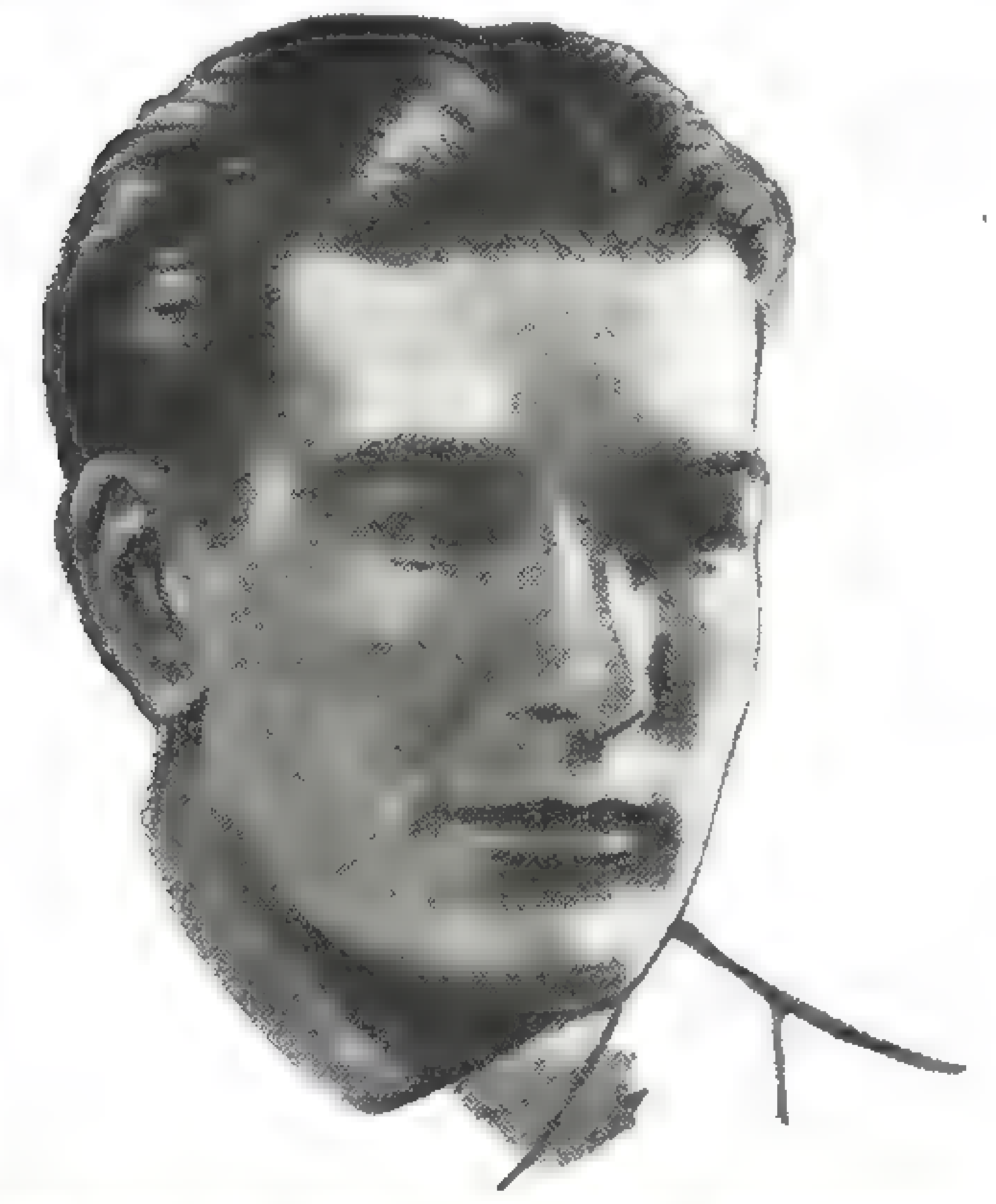
Numerous cases of "punch drunkenness" and amnesia from head injuries were reported by colleges participating in the survey.

Universities, high schools and other amateur bodies haven't carried on the University of Illinois investigation into boxing injuries, although comparison of *The Ring* statistics for 1946 with the 1946 survey of football fatalities made by the Eastwood committee for the American Football Coaches' Association and the Football Rules committee of the NCAA discloses that boxing fatalities are eleven times greater than football deaths on a comparative basis of number of participants in the two sports.

Football is doing its intelligent, honest best to reduce casualties. But all boxing is doing about its fatalities and its unnumbered pitiable army of professional and amateur punchy casualties is talk. The conscienceless bums who in reality boss boxing don't mind what happens to the kids. The bums sit in safety, reap their profits and echo the old line of the belligerent second, "Go ahead, kid, and slug it out with him; he ain't hurting us."

But boxing will be hurt unless it cleans itself up, quick and plenty. #

Continued from page 126



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Wall Street—Simplified

Continued from page 87

his club head back carefully thrice before essaying the horrid test of hitting the ball. Ozzie, figuratively speaking, drew the club head back three times and then handed his brassie back to the caddy.

"Listen, Helen," he said earnestly, "let's take up stocks now. I think that with your temperament you are going to like stocks better. Stocks are also called shares, because when you buy them you are really buying a 'share' in that business. You become a sort of partner and your fortunes rise or fall with the . . ."

"You mean I can become a partner in the phone company, or in Macy's, or Tiffany's?"

"That's it," cried Ozzie eagerly. "Actually there is little publicly owned stock in Tiffany's but you can buy plenty in the other two. Or in Republic Steel or The Bankers Trust."

"As a partner could I hire myself for a nice job?"

"Now, don't be silly, Helen. There are thousands of stockholders, so . . ."

"Well, could I just tell them a thing or two that would improve their service and . . ."

"You could write a letter to the proper department."

"I can do that right now and all I have to buy is a stamp. What can I really do as a 'partner in the enterprise'?"

Ozzie contemplated this for a moment. "You can attend the annual stockholders' meetings."

"Are they fun?" asked Helen.

Although Ozzie had been married to his wife almost five years he could never tell if she were kidding him. He stared at her closely. What he saw is what anyone can see by going to the Louvre and staring closely at the Mona Lisa—a beautiful woman with a peculiar expression on her face.

"Listen, Helen," he said, "we seem to be getting a little off of the subject. The chief attraction that a common stock has over a preferred stock, or a bond, is that there is just no limit to the amount of money you *might* make from a stock."

"Why, Ozzie, that's perfectly lovely! How is it done?"

"For example, if your papa had just had the good sense when you were a girl to buy some of the original General Motors stock for you, why by this time you'd be worth, holy smoke, why . . ."

Helen's eyes were now shining with a delicate mixture of love and avarice. "Oh, Ozzie, go on —how much would I have?"

"Oh, I couldn't figure it, there have been so many split-ups of

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the stock. Just let's say you would be as rich as you are beautiful."

"Oh, yes, lets. You're a darling, that's what you are. And you're smart too. How do you get to know all these things, Ozzie?"

Ozzie, glancing at the wall mirror, noticed for the first time that if he got a nice haircut he would look a good deal like a rising young banker. "Shucks," he said, "a fellow in business has to know these things."

Helen took on the look of an opium smoker whose pipe is drawing nicely. "Oh," she wailed, "why wasn't dear papa as bright as you are, Ozzie? Just think—Park Avenue, mink, a smart maid named Fleurette. I would give Fleurette all my pearl necklaces as soon as they became shabby. I've always felt great wealth would never spoil the Real Me."

"I'm sure it wouldn't have," said Ozzie with deep sincerity. "And if you had only owned that stock, I would have sold it out for you about a year and a half ago when the market was at its peak."

"When was it that papa made his revolting error by not buying the stock?"

"About nineteen-fifteen," said Ozzie innocently.

The delicate barometer that all experienced husbands carry around somewhere inside of them indicated that there had been a swift change in the weather.

"J. Ralston Osbert," his wife said: "I'll just tell you something that I have suspected ever since I met you, and now I know that I am right. From our very first date, six months before we were married, you never believed me about my age. Don't ask me how I knew, but you always thought I was a liar about that. Little things told me. And now—why in the year nineteen-fifreen . . ."

The rest was a precise mathematical demonstration, and there was quite a lot of it, that in the year nineteen-fifteen Helen was not a girl, or a little bit of a girl, or even as yet conceived. Ozzie tried to reply to this ridiculous broadside, but changed his mind. He dialed the telephone. Helen was only beginning.

"Wilbur?" he asked. "This is Ozzie. I have just explained about investments to Helen in a clear, simple, understandable way. It has taken less than one hour. It seems that Helen does not resemble a sophomore class in economics at Amherst. Perhaps, Wilbur, from my viewpoint, it is just as well that she doesn't. But I can't pay you the ten bucks until after the first of next month. Good-bye, Wilbur."

He hung up gently, and said, "Helen, how about us stultifying ourselves with the double feature at the Orpheum?"

She said she would love to. ⵌ

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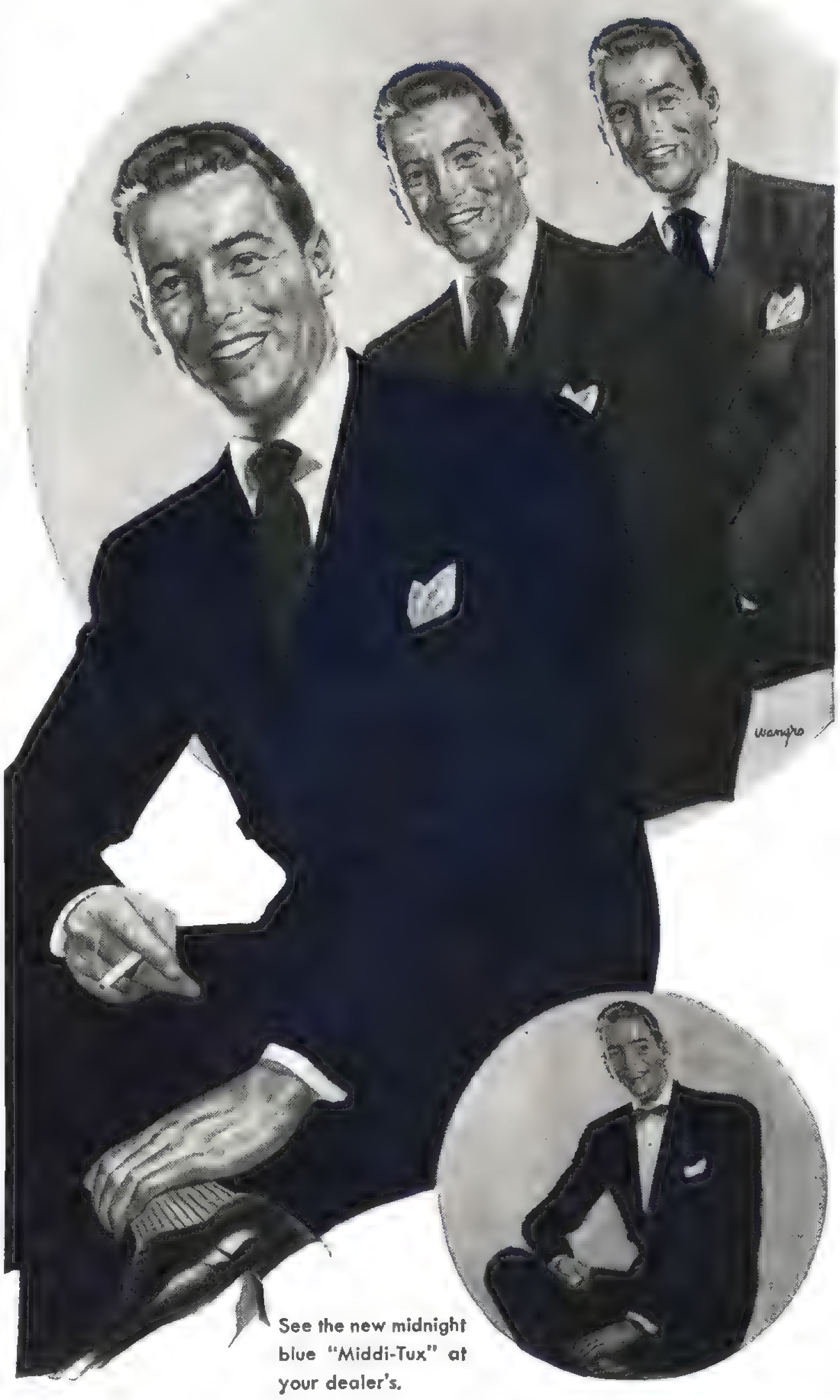

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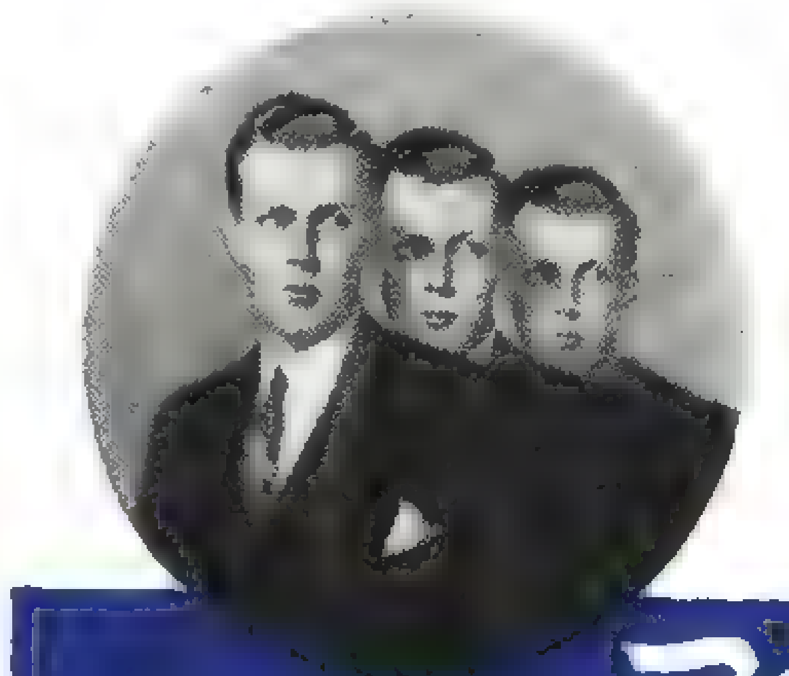

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Should Kramer Be Tamer?

Continued from page 88

of my forehand, so they didn't play it much," he explains. "When they did, I always slapped the ball straight down the line to their backhand. They never realized that this was all I *could* do with a ball in my forehand corner; they didn't suspect that if I'd tried to play it cross-court I would have sailed it into the backstop. But just think: if anybody had ever found out that he didn't have to guard against a cross-court forehand from me, he could have come up to the net and murdered me."

Fortunately for Kramer, nobody could get to him long enough to find and exploit his weakness. By charging the net constantly, volleying instead of driving, keeping his opponent forever off balance, Kramer stampeded through the Davis Cup matches last year without the loss of a single set and lost but one set at Forest Hills. He only dropped one at Wimbledon this summer. Not since the days when Donald Budge ruled tennis has anyone dominated amateur play so completely.

So there was little apparent reason for it when Kramer, as soon as he arrived home from the victorious Davis Cup raid into Australia, began paying $5 an hour out of his own pocket to take lessons from Bobby Harmon, a Los Angeles tennis instructor, three mornings a week, for four months. What they were doing was quite simple: Harmon was rifling the ball into Kramer's forehand corner, and Kramer was belting it back to Harmon's forehand corner. They sometimes kept the ball in play for five minutes continuously, always hitting wide and deep to each other's forehand.

Such a Spartan regime for a world champ who already has enough weapons to overpower everybody in the field might seem silly—were it not for the fact that Kramer has been looking ahead for more than a year to the time when he must meet an opponent more formidable than anyone who has confronted him: Bobby Riggs, the world's professional champion.

Ever since he won the national title at Forest Hills in September of 1946, Kramer apparently has been laying plans to turn pro in about October of 1947. "All this past year, in the Davis Cup play and Wimbledon and Forest Hills, I've known that if I could win them all, and finish up undefeated this September, I'd stand to make $100,000 the next year," Kramer recently told a friend. "That's a lot of money to have at stake in a few tennis matches."

Only the unlikely event of injury or defeat could cause Kramer to postpone his apostasy into professionalism for another year. But both he and Riggs have long been certain that sooner or later Kramer, as the world's amateur champ, would move undefeated into the play-for-pay ranks to face Riggs,

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When that series begins, Kramer will be up against a cunning strategist who knows how to probe for every weakness, and exploit it to the utmost. Riggs, who lives in Los Angeles and plays almost daily at the Los Angeles Tennis Club when not on tour, as does Kramer, has been studying his rival in every Southern California match for the past year. By now he presumably knows the tiniest flaws in Kramer's game and temperament. Kramer is as familiar with Riggs' style. Every day at the Tennis Club the two men have watched each other warily, silently analyzing and planning. It is a common thing for the top pros and amateurs to play each other in friendly informal matches on the Tennis Club courts—all except Riggs and Kramer. In all the time they have worked out simultaneously at the Club, Riggs and Kramer have never once stepped onto a singles court together.

"Bobby is a player without a weakness," Kramer tells his friends. "The only way to beat him is to outhit him. And that's exactly what I'm going to do."

Although there are many players who can hit harder than Riggs, no one in the pro field can beat him. Budge, mightiest hitter of his day, was outmaneuvered by Riggs in their cross-country series. The wispy, lightweight little pro champ plays "patball tennis," as many of his detractors contemptuously characterize it. But he makes patball tennis a winning weapon. His lobs, drop shots, delicate spins and exact placements land where his opponent will find them most awkward to handle. He covers court like a flash and keeps getting the ball back, no matter where his opponent drives it. After interminable rallies the other man usually makes an error and loses the point.

When Kramer comes to the net, he already has the point half won with a forcing drive. But Riggs can't hit hard enough for this. He darts to the net behind a soft drive, and depends solely on his accuracy and catlike agility to win the point. Thus it will be bludgeon against rapier, cannoneer against sharpshooter, when Kramer tackles Riggs.

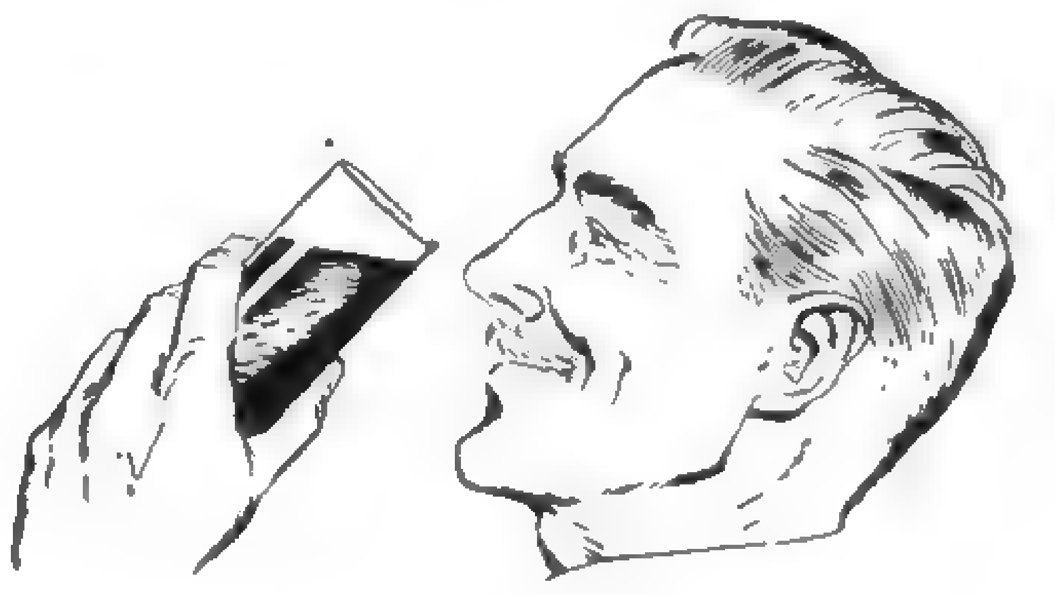
Riggs is a great master of psychological warfare. If Kramer's nerves aren't strung taut to the screaming point when he gets in there with Riggs, it won't be for lack of trying by Riggs.

The redheaded Budge was completely demoralized before little Bobby finished with him. Long before their series began, Riggs was pecking at his opponent-to-be with sly remarks designed to work him into a rage. Budge never in his life wanted to beat anybody as badly as he wanted to beat Riggs. Finally Riggs taunted Budge into betting heavily with him on the outcome of the first few matches. This was probably Budge's psychological downfall, because he has never been a bet-

Continued on page 214

a wee bit **smoother**

a wee bit **mellower**



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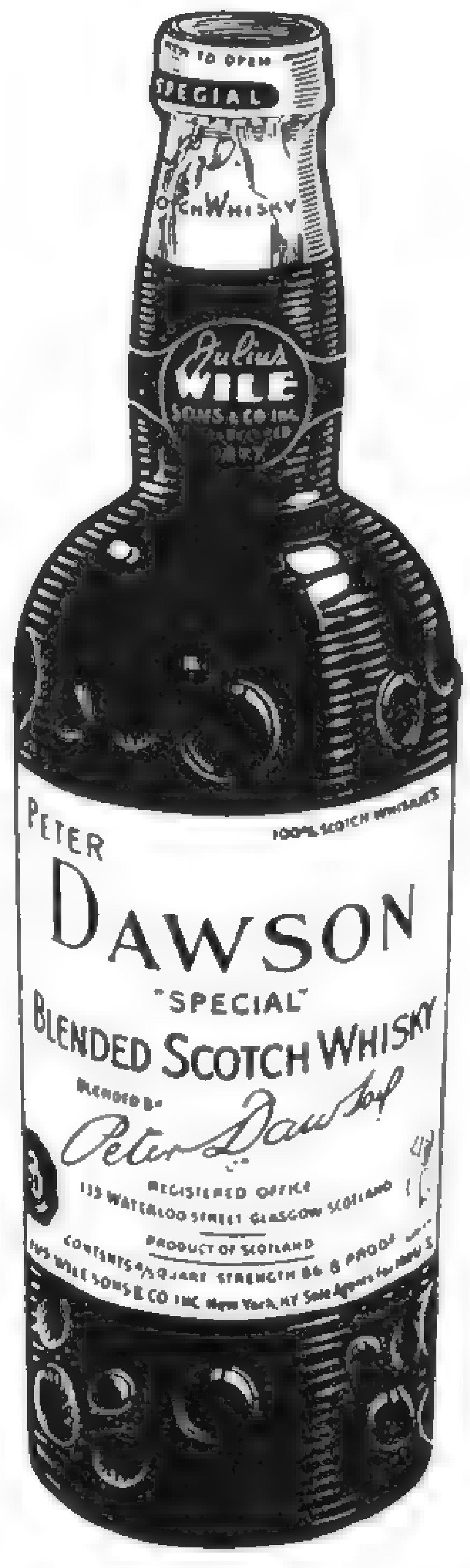
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Should Kramer Be Tamer?

Continued from page 213

ting man, and the realization that thousands of dollars of his own money were riding on every set put his blood pressure sky-high. He lost match after match to Riggs. "Don made most of the good shots, and all the bad ones, in those matches," is the way Kramer sums it up. "That's typical of everybody who tangles with Bobby."

The series proved so one-sided that the public began to lose interest. Then suddenly there was a strange reversal of form, and Riggs began losing to Budge in close, spectacular matches. Box-office receipts picked up. Finally Budge was within two matches of evening the score, and seemed to be regaining his old-time dash and smash. At that point Riggs blandly suggested, "Don, how about a little side bet of a thousand bucks on our match tonight? Or, if you like, I'll bet a grand at even money that I beat you in a majority of the matches left to play."

Budge, flustered and humiliated, did not cover. Whether he did or didn't, he was a thoroughly beaten man, as Riggs well knew. If he did put up the money, the financial anxieties would ruin his game. If he didn't the shame of admitting that he hadn't sufficient confidence in himself to back it with cash would destroy his self-respect.

"I just hope Bobby tries that cat-and-mouse stuff with me," Kramer growls. "He'll get plenty of chances to bet. I wonder what he'll say if I walk up to him with $5000 in my hand, just before the first match, and ask him to cover it at even odds."

This would seem to indicate that Kramer not only is certain he can win, but also is planning a few psychological abrasions of his own. Some of his friends are already working on Riggs. Pancho Segura takes delight in telling Riggs repeatedly, "Ah, how lucky for you that you are not an amateur! You would not rate among the first six. But just wait until you meet Kramer. He will clean your clock for you."

Kramer chuckles when he hears about this. "Bobby doesn't realize he's being kidded. Pancho makes him wild. You know, Bobby is a cocky little cuss, and he hates like poison to think that anyone doesn't believe he's the greatest player alive."

It remains to be seen, however, whether Kramer can conquer Riggs in a war of nerves. Kramer is a bluff and warmhearted boy, but he has a streak of temper. Although it has been virtually invisible in recent years, it probably is still there. Long ago, as a junior player, he became so exasperated that he threw his racket over the fence in two different matches, and once he walked off the court in a dudgeon when repeated foot faults were called against him.

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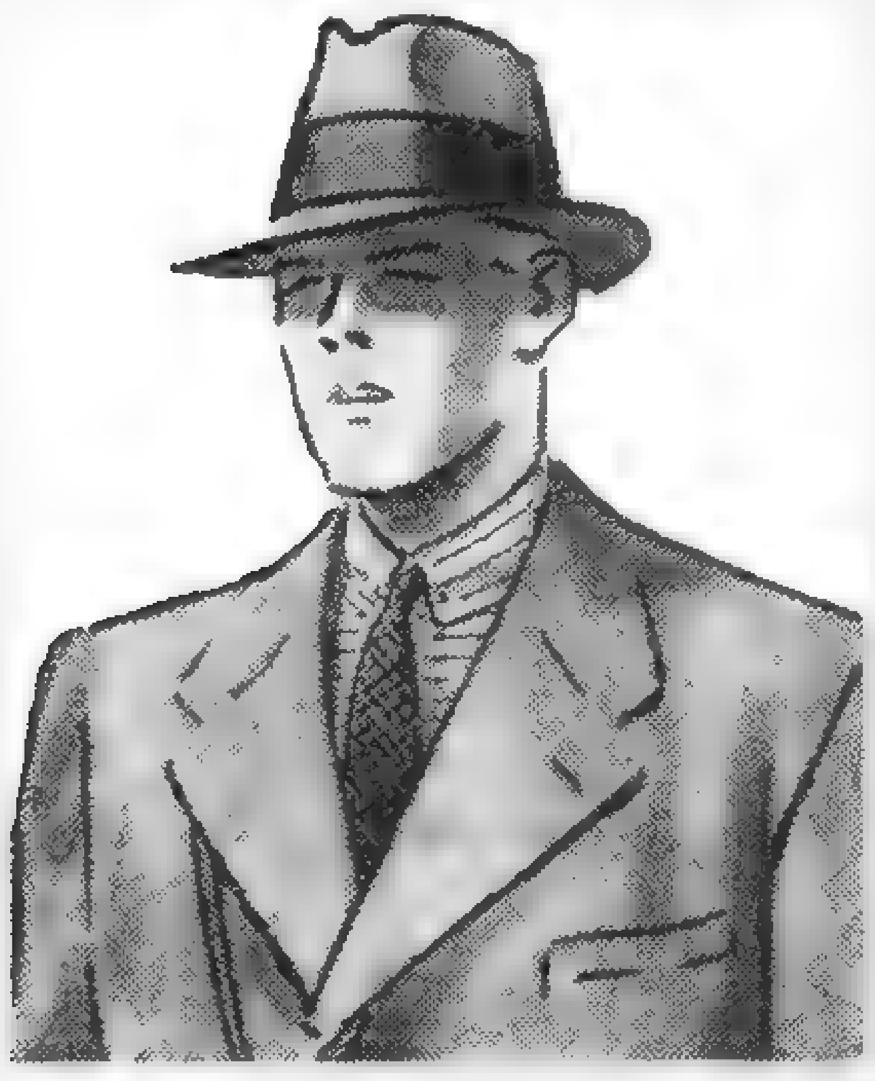

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to the surface in the heat of a big match with Riggs. "If somebody else could make Kramer throw his racket over the fence," Riggs is said to have remarked recently, "I can do it, too."

Riggs knows how to torture an impatient opponent. The delays which can keep cropping up in a Riggs match are wonderfully varied: repeated lengthy pauses to get a drink or adjust a belt or mop off a face; interminable arguments with linesmen and referee; broken shoelaces; lost tennis rackets; stray wisps of paper which must be picked up and removed from the court; balls which somehow get kicked into far corners and must be retrieved by ball boys before the next point can be played; gradual increases in the length of time required to walk to the base line and into position for resumption of play.

If an opponent's attention wanders, a quick serve by Riggs is likely to catch him unprepared. And if the opponent protests, Riggs probably will accuse him of stalling, and the ensuing debate may convert his stomach into a kettle of lava.

"Kramer is the kind of guy who tries to blast his man off the court in ten minutes flat," explains one of the wiseacres at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. "He's in as much of a hurry to get it over as if he had to catch a train. Well, just wait till you see what Riggs does about that! Why, he'll have poor Kramer's innards strung tighter than Kate Smith's corset. The guy will be bubbling and boiling, frothing and fermenting until it'll take a superhuman effort to keep his hat from blowing smack off the top of his head. I'll lay 9 to 5 that Kramer cuts his throat before he finishes that series with Riggs."

Kramer professes not be to worried. "I'll be ready with a few tricks of my own," he says. "If he tries to stall me, I'll make the crowd laugh him off the court."

Kramer's friends agree that he has enough command of himself to resist vivisection even by such a diabolical needler as Riggs. After all, they point out, Kramer has not so much as frowned at a linesman in years. He gets along famously with autograph hounds and stuffed shirts and promoters. He devotes endless hours to giving free demonstrations at high schools, working out with promising juniors, lecturing before tennis clubs, posing for pictures, attending banquets, giving interviews. "No" is the hardest of all words for him to pronounce. "Does this sound like an impatient man?" ask Kramer's friends.

Kramer may be the rashest desperado of all time in his style of play, but he is no hothead, according to his acquaintances. Whether or not his game needs taming, his character doesn't, they insist. "If anybody wants to bet with you on that Riggs series, grab all the Riggs money you can get," is their tip. "When Jack gets on the court with him, Riggs is the lad who's going to get tamed." ⧺

Continued from page 88

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Bermuda— Peaceful Islands

Continued from page 111

ing guest houses, you'd better disabuse yourself of any prejudices developed in the musty living rooms of "tourist-rooms-to-rent" places in the States. Chief difference between a hotel and a guest house in Bermuda is that the latter is usually smaller, and has no bar or dancing.

Largest and generally lushest hotel is the Belmont Manor, which features excellent cooking, an eighteen-hole golf course, tennis, badminton, a Grecian swimming pool, dancing on the Cedar Court. Rates run between $12 and $24 per day, single, with meals.

Near by and under the same management is the smaller Inverurie. Its Marine Terrace is a water-sports center by day and a dining and dancing pavilion at night. Guests have golf privileges at the Belmont course. Day and night tennis (floodlights) in the Inverurie gardens. Rates: $9.50 to $23 per person daily, with meals.

Overlooking the most historic settlement in the islands—seventeenth-century St. George's—is the St. George Hotel, a complete resort with its own golf course, pool, beach and dancing. Rates: $10 to $20 per person daily, A. P.

Another favorite hotel is the Eagle's Nest, atop Mt. Langton, overlooking Hamilton. Rates from $12 to $16 daily, per person, A. P.

Up on the northern tip of Somerset, one of the loveliest of Bermuda's parishes, is Cambridge Beaches, a cottage colony with a series of small private beaches. Guests choose their beach according to weather conditions; to windward when it's warm, or sheltered during the winter. The cottages rent for $14 to $20 per person daily, with meals.

One of the most interesting new hotel developments is the Reefs. Modeled after modern cabaña-colony hotels which are proving so popular in California and Mexico, it is to be a self-contained resort on the southwest shore of the islands with its own beach club, deep-sea fishing fleet, bicycles, night club and restaurant. Rates run about $20 per person daily, A. P.

The Pink Beach Colony Club in Tucker's Town features luxurious cottages with living-dining room, two bedrooms and two baths, telephone and radio. It's designed for occupancy by the month, season or year. Rental is on the European Plan, with guests having their choice of dining in their own cottages or in the main clubhouse. Rates had not been fixed at the time of writing.

Guest-house rates average between $7 and $20 per person daily, with meals. Many guest houses are considered at least as "smart" as the better hotels.

If you prefer your accommodations without meals, your best bet is to stay at a private home, which usually offers bed and breakfast, or at one of the commercial hotels

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in Hamilton which offer European-Plan accommodations. These hotels include the New Windsor, Imperial, and American House, with single rates ranging between $3 and $5 daily. Rates at private homes average about the same, but they usually include breakfast.

Where to eat: Even though your accommodations might be American Plan, you'll probably have a few meals out. You'll be away from your hotel, sight-seeing in other parts of the island, at least a few days. And you'll want to try some of Bermuda's best-known restaurants. Luncheon prices are fairly steep, generally around three dollars for steak or lobster; and dinners run about the same. It's a good idea to make reservations.

First on our list of restaurants is Waterlot Inn, near the Gibb's Hill lighthouse in Southampton. It's run by Claudia Darrell, grand old lady of the islands, though she might conk you with one of her most precious antiques if she heard you call her that. She mothered the United States Navy during the war, and she's still beloved by the men at the Navy Base. Her steaks are wonderful, but her conversation is even better. Related to everybody on the islands, she knows all about the colony, will tell you about it if she likes you.

Tom Moore's House, in Hamilton Parish, was the home of the Irish poet during his Bermuda sojourn. Even if you don't know his work, you'll still appreciate the clawless lobsters which they'll spear in the pond outside and broil to your order.

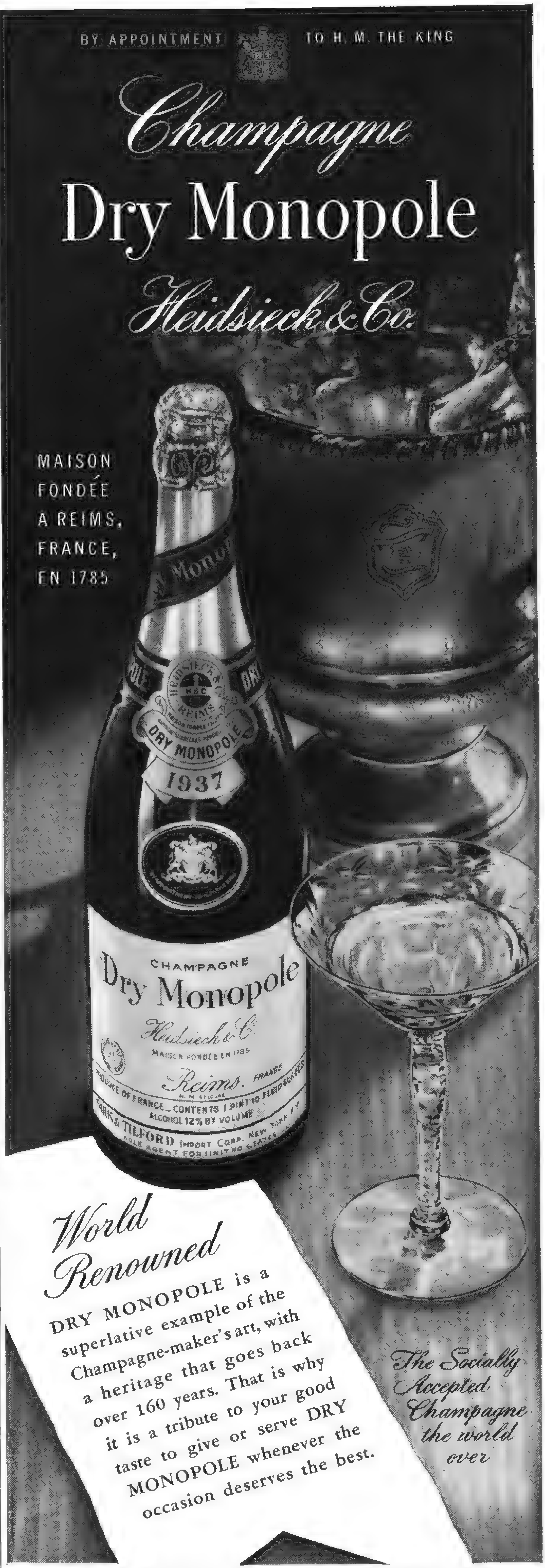
Other favorite roadside restaurants include the Plantation and the Angel's Grotto. All the previously mentioned hotels are good bets for lunch or dinner. The Eagle's Nest is noted for its Sunday night buffet suppers. In Hamilton, the Ace of Clubs and the New Windsor are popular.

What to buy: Bermuda would be a wonderful place for shopping even if all it had to offer was the fact that the time-dishonored custom of bargaining does not here prevail. In Bermuda the merchant figures a fair price for his goods, then marks that price plainly, and that's what you'll pay.

United States citizens visiting Bermuda are allowed to bring into the States $100 worth of purchases, duty-free. Included in this allowance is one gallon of liquor. Scotch whisky was still rather sparse in the shops when we visited Bermuda, but good buys were obtainable in American and Canadian whiskeys. (American whiskey is cheaper in Bermuda than at home because the duties are less than domestic taxes in the States.) Best deal is to buy an assorted gallon of five fifths "in bond" at about $12.50 to $20.00 a gallon. The case is delivered right to your plane or boat.

Some British woolens are on sale by the yard, and you can pick up good-looking sports jackets and slacks. The stores were selling a few handsome Chinese camel's hair polo coats at about

Continued on page 218



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Bermuda—Peaceful Islands

Continued from page 217

$120 while we were there; also good buys in reversible topcoats. We saw beautiful hand-knitted Shetland sweaters on sale for about $11.50. You might also want to buy Scotch-plaid mufflers or Argyle socks.

In the female department, you'll find French perfumes on sale for appreciably less than you'd pay for them at home. Also, Bermuda has its own factory producing fine perfumes. Fine cashmere sweaters make good presents for your wife and/or girl friend; and so do doeskin gloves, sports jackets, and salad bowls and other knickknacks carved from cedar.

When to go: In Bermuda we've cycled bareheaded in July and swum happily in mid-February. The colony's climate is semi-tropical, which means it is warm, but not prostrating in summer (and the evenings are always cool). You'll find fine sports weather prevailing through the winter—if you don't expect to go swimming every day, but are content to cycle, golf, ride and play tennis.

Bermuda is truly an all-season vacation resort. Average year-round temperature is 70 degrees. August is the hottest month, with an average temperature of 80.2 degrees; February is coldest, with a 62.7 degree average. There is no rainy season. Peak of the colony's tourist season comes at Easter, when the lilies are in bloom and the weather generally is perfect for all sports. Equally good is the autumn weather. Winter is fine, provided you don't come down all set to enjoy the tropics. Cool, almost constant breezes make the summer more pleasant than in nonresort areas of the States. Then, too, in the summer women vacationists heavily outnumber men, and you can really have a time.

What to wear: Your wardrobe will depend pretty much on when you go there. A lightweight raincoat is a "must" throughout the year, as sudden showers can come up at any time. Very much in the British tradition, Bermudians wear sports jacket and slacks combinations throughout the day, even for business. In the winter you'll want these in medium weight—lightweight for summer. You'll also need a topcoat some winter evenings. You'll spend most of your summer days in shorts and sports shirts or T-shirts. Shorts are worn knee length, in the British manner, with long wool golf hose. Palm beach suitings will be most comfortable for your more dressy occasions, and a white jacket always looks good at night. White linens and seersuckers are also good for summer daytime wear. Don't worry about dressing for dinner or dancing.

How to get there: To try something different in flying, we went down to Baltimore to make the

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trip in one of BOAC's (British Overseas Airways Corporation) Boeing flying boats. With a sixty-passenger capacity, the four-engined ships are the largest commercial passenger planes in use at the time of writing. The interiors are more like a modern five-room apartment than an airplane, and you've got room to hike around and stretch your legs a bit. A five-course luncheon is served en route, on tables set up pretty much as in a railroad diner. It was the most luxurious flight we'd ever taken.

Beginning this fall, BOAC expects to introduce its new Bermuda-type thirty-passenger flying boats into the run. The new ships will feature a cocktail lounge in their double-decker layout. The new aircraft is expected to cut one hour off BOAC's present running time, which is five and one-half hours from Baltimore to Bermuda, and approximately a half-hour longer for the return trip.

Pan American's Constellation Clippers seem to have cut the Bermuda trip almost to the vanishing point. Taking off from the Bermuda airport, you're at La Guardia Field less than three hours later. Pan American also has a Boston to Bermuda run.

Colonial Airlines are running DC-4s to Bermuda from New York and Washington—eight flights weekly from New York and two from the capitol.

Round-trip fares are the same, either from Baltimore, Washington, New York or Boston—$126 plus 15 per cent Federal tax, making a total of $144.90.

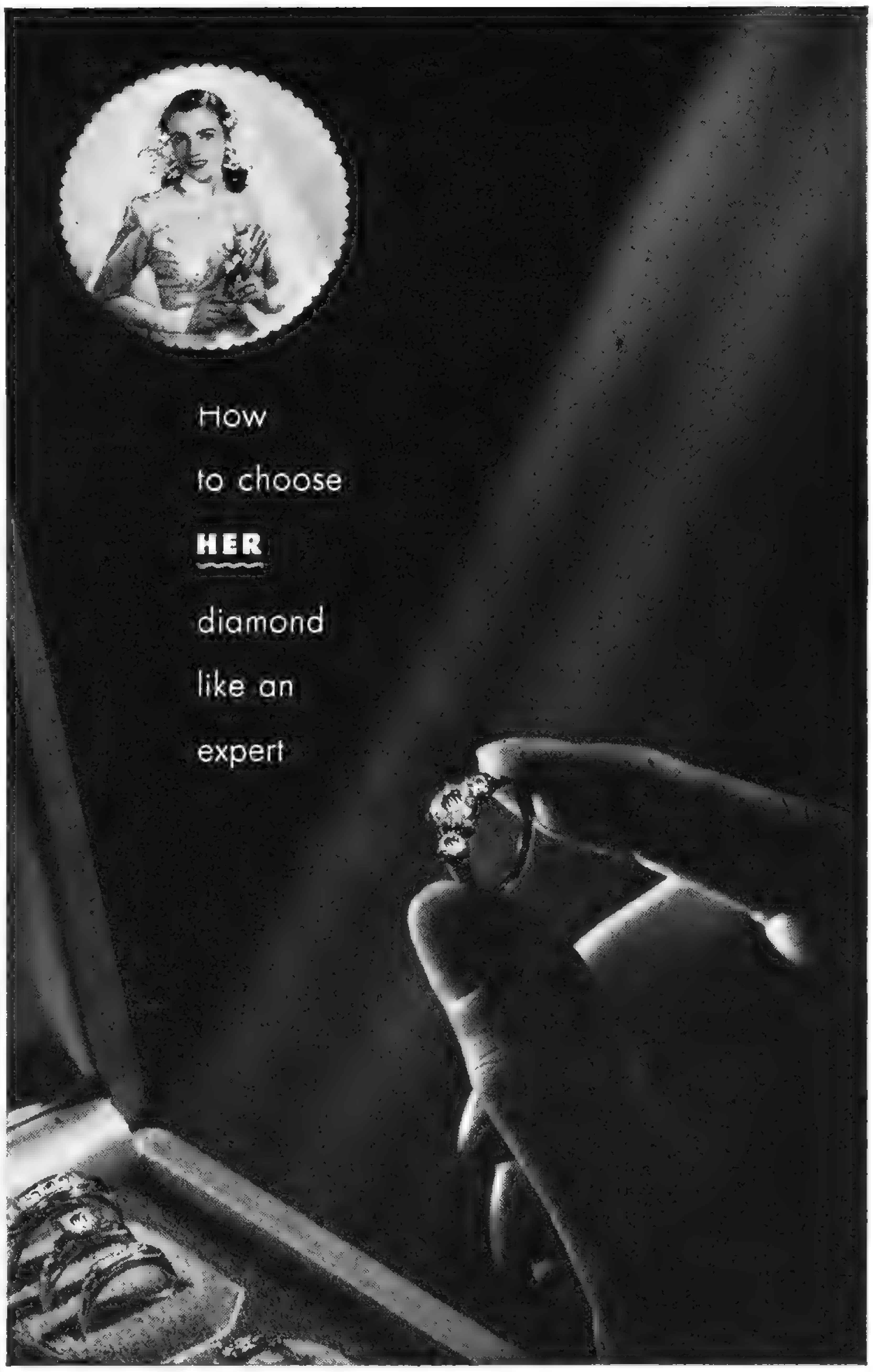
If you prefer to go to Bermuda by boat, you have the twice-monthly sailings of the Furness Lines' *Fort Amherst* and *Fort Townshend*, charging $90 and up round trip, plus the 15 per cent tax. The trip from New York takes two and a half days each way.

Red tape has been cut to the minimum for United States visitors. All you need is some sort of proof of American citizenship.

What it will cost: By choosing your accommodations carefully, you can just about write your own ticket on expenses. Figure out approximately how much you want to spend for your Bermuda vacation. Subtract from that the cost of your round-trip plane or boat ticket and the amount you want to spend on gifts. Divide the remainder by the number of days you wish to spend in Bermuda, and you have left the average amount you'll be able to spend daily. Find the American Plan accommodations that most nearly approach that figure—leaving a reasonable margin for incidentals—and you're all set.

Remember that you can figure things quite well on a dollar basis, even though Bermuda operates on the British currency system. In fact, colony shopkeepers have grown accustomed to handling American money, and United States and Bermuda currency is used interchangeably. So you won't even have to change your American money. ###

Continued from page 111



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* So do the ladies
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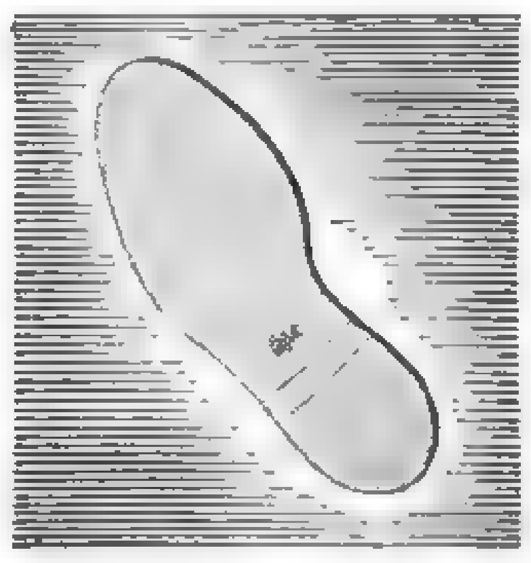

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Cellini of the Assembly Line

Continued from page 102

came home. Back in the United States, he set up shop on Sunset Strip in Hollywood. Several of his cars already cruised the streets there as effective advertisements of his work. These were $24,000 Rolls-Royces owned by Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Jack Warner and Joe Schenck, with bodies by Darrin.

In Hollywood Darrin caught on in a hurry. He bought thirty Packard chassis, built special bodies on them and sold them for $6000 each. All were convertibles. They had individual bucket seats, windshield frames of solid bronze, cowl and side panels of cast aluminum. They were upholstered in chrome leather that resembled saddle leather, and the instrument panels were topped with leather crash pads in case a sudden stop should bounce a startled passenger against the dashboard.

Clark Gable was Darrin's first Sunset Strip customer. It took four months to finish his car and he came to the shop almost every day to watch the progress of the job and buy a round of beer for Darrin's twenty workmen. When the car finally was delivered he told Darrin: "Dutch, if I charged you for all the time I've spent here at the rate the studio pays me, you'd owe me $200,000."

But the combination of Gable in an underslung car with cutaway doors was too much for the actor's peace of mind. Every time he stopped for a traffic light, breathless girls tried to clamber aboard. He sold the car back to Darrin after using it only three months.

Errol Flynn bought a car with a special gadget. The seat next to the driver folded back to a 150-degree angle, so that he could rest comfortably in it when someone else took the wheel.

In contrast to his name and to his usual roles, Donald Meek bought the most extreme car that Darrin ever built. It was an $8500 job and, with its over-all length of 200 inches, its 90-inch bonnet or hood, and its 56-inch height, it was probably the lowest, longest and most exaggerated automobile in the world. One of the Packards, it was a midnight blue, two-door, four-passenger sport roadster, and it had a hard top. The forward section of the top was movable, sliding into the rear half to make the car a victoria, open in front.

Darrin ascribes his own attainments to the fact that he has not only designed automobiles, but has engineered and sold them. He got his engineering training in a practical way, starting with the boyhood summers that he worked in the New York shop of his father's firm, D. H. Darrin & Company. The elder Darrin was an inventor who designed a self-operating elevator and also the automatic devices for the handsome old bronze traffic towers

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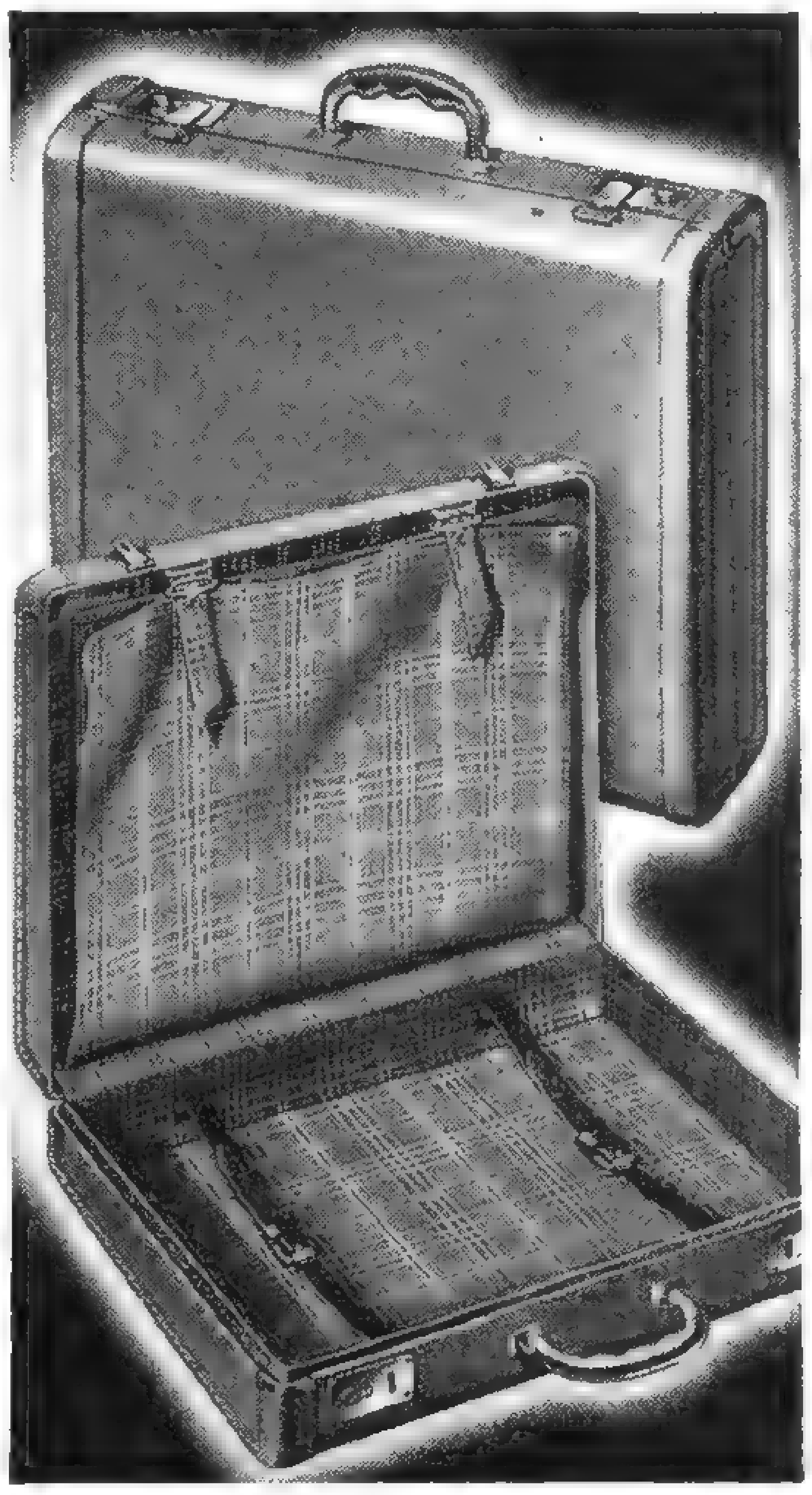

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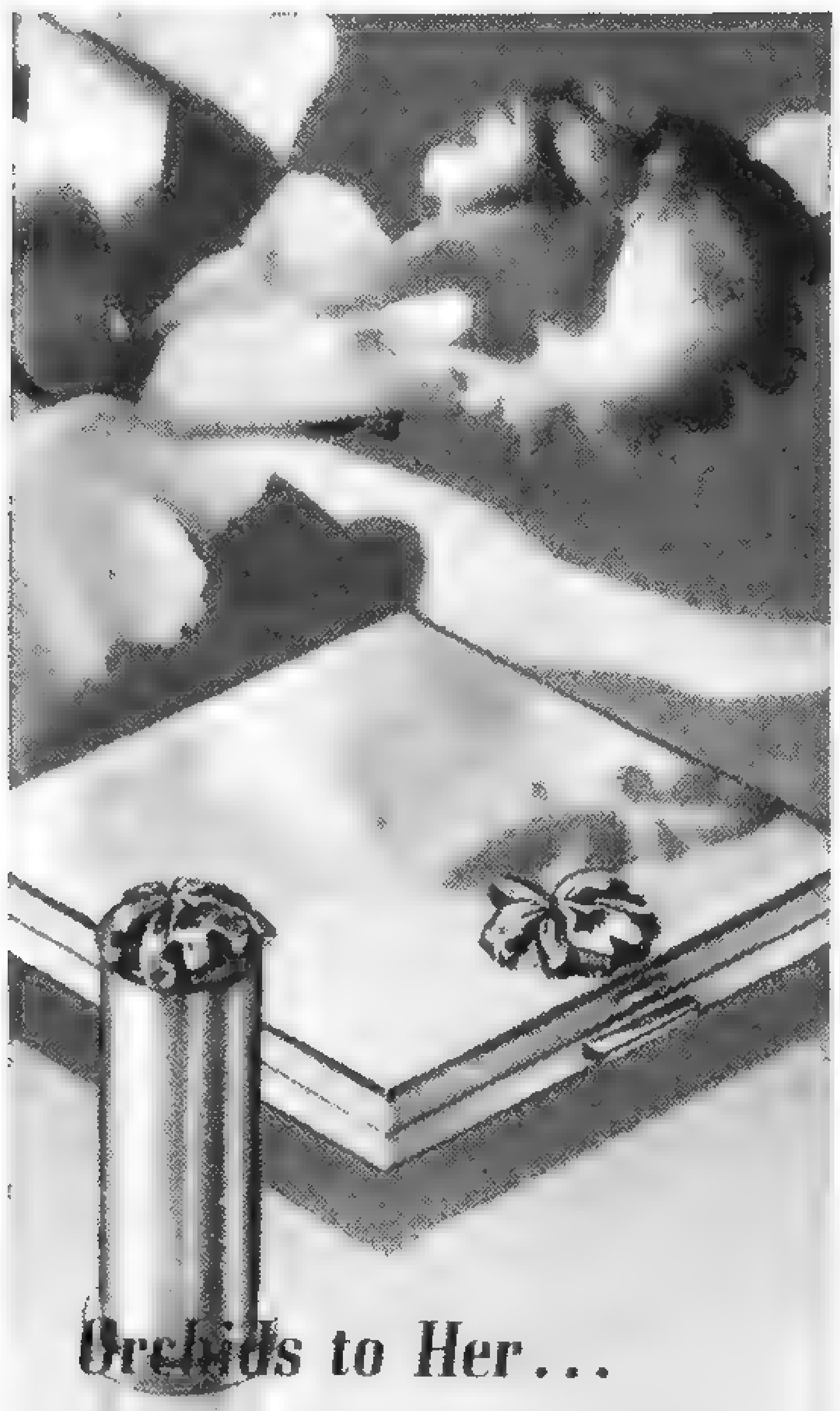

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Dutch got his first job outside the family business when he was eighteen, going to work for Westinghouse as a sales engineer. He flew in the first World War as an observer in the French and American air forces, and when the war ended tried his hand at a succession of jobs. He dabbled briefly in an early air-transport operation, then turned to Wall Street, and after a few months in which he sold $1,000,000 worth of bonds, took his commissions into the automobile business as a stake.

He and Tom Hibbard, another designer, went to France as agents for the LeBaron Company, which had been organized by several young body builders. Soon, however, they set out on their own. They went to the Minerva company in Antwerp and asked for the agency for France.

"But it is absurd," the Belgians protested. "We have not sold two Minervas in all of France in ten years."

Darrin had an idea that would sell Minervas. The price of the Minerva at New York was $13,000. He would sell Minervas in Paris to Americans overseas for extended sojourns; they would use their Minervas in Europe and bring them home, with duty exemptions on used property, at a far lower cost than the New York price.

The Belgians congratulated him on his plan, but said it would ruin their New York agent. Darrin offered to keep his original price up to a level which would get the used Minerva into New York at not less than $11,000, which was no more than a reasonable saving on a used vehicle. The Belgians agreed, provided he would post a $20,000 bond to guarantee maintenance of price level.

Darrin and Hibbard had nothing like that sum, but they had another plan. The Paris automobile show of 1922 was just about to open. They rushed to Paris, prepared engineering sketches of special bodies they would mount on the Minerva chassis, and hired an artist to draw the finished car in colors.

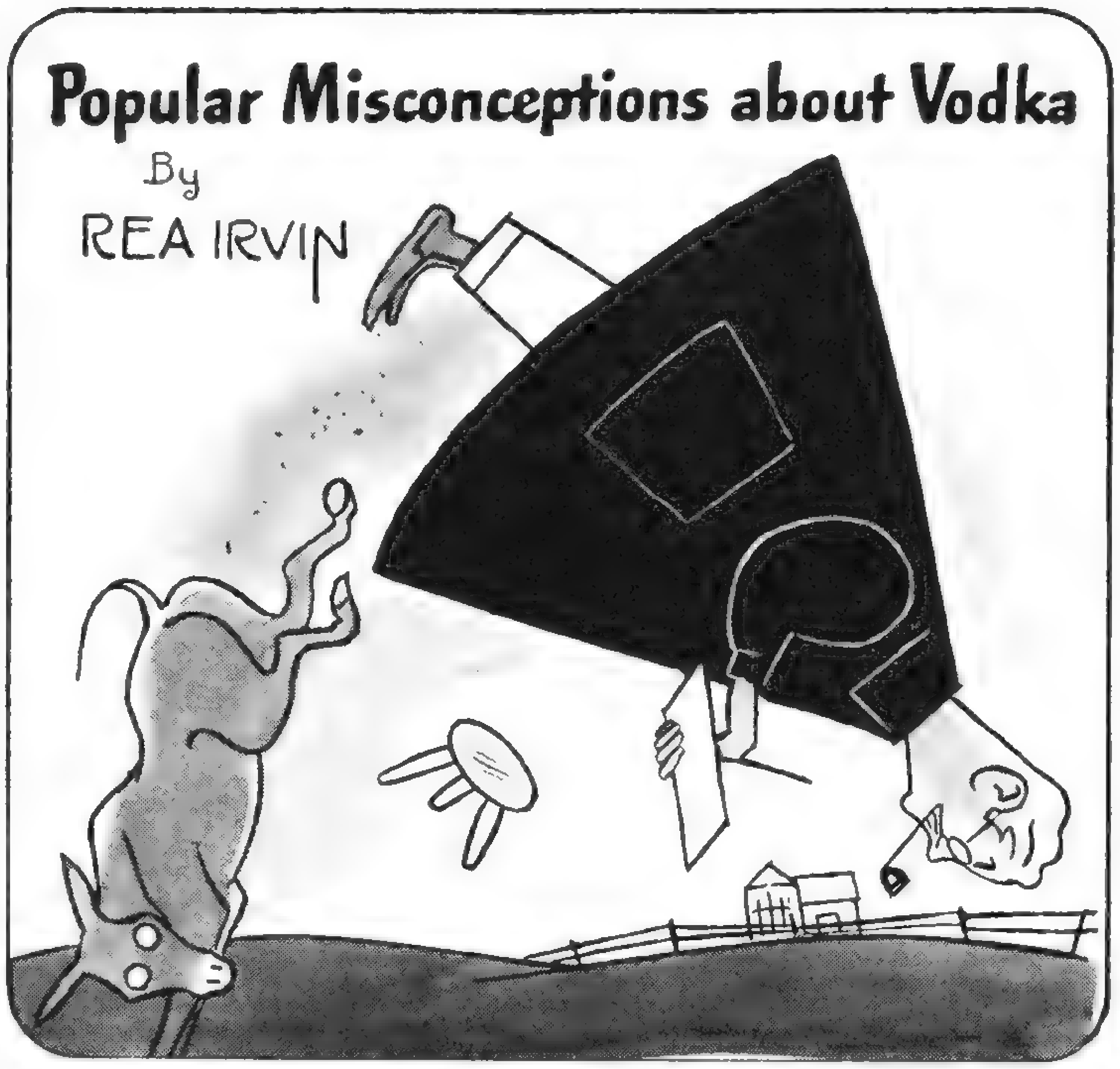
When the show opened at the Grand Palais, they took space and set up a stand, "Minerve de Paris, Minerve de France." They didn't have a car on display, but Darrin was undismayed. Picking his way among the throngs gazing at a sleek Hispano or a rich Renault, Darrin, whose face is as American as the Stars and Stripes, would hitch onto a countryman and say: "Beautiful car, isn't it? But have you seen those Minervas? Come on over when you get away from here."

Many accepted the invitation. When the first day ended Darrin and Hibbard, with nothing but their sketches on display, had orders for twenty Minervas, at $8400 each. They also had $40,000 cash, representing a $2000 deposit on each car, with half the balance

Continued on page 222

Popular Misconceptions about Vodka

By REA IRVIN



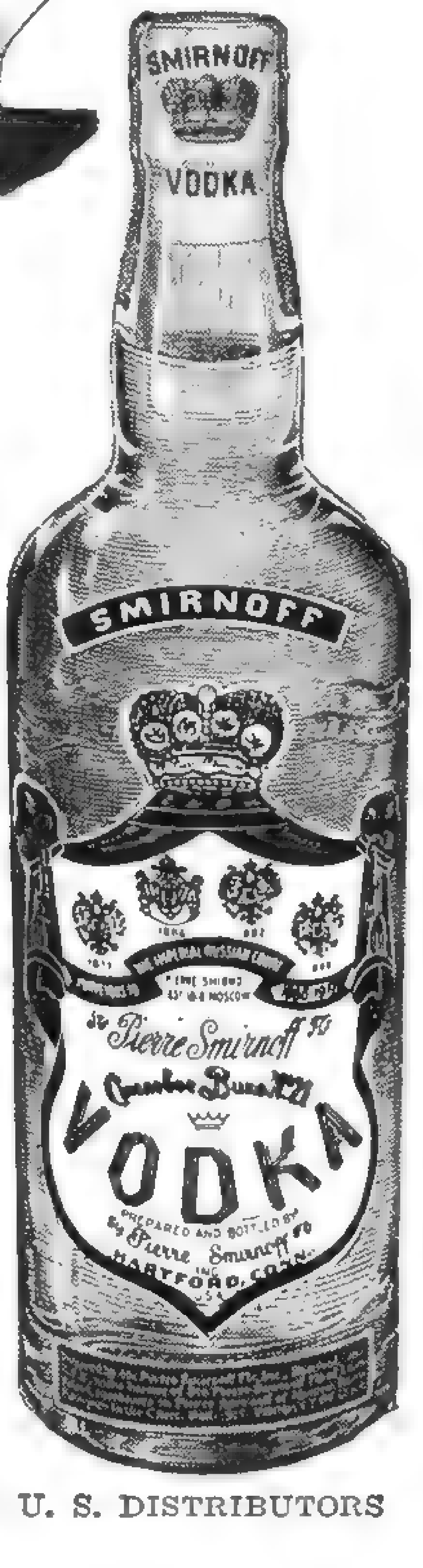
I had always heard that vodka had the kick of a mule, so when a friend gave me a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka recently, I was a bit apprehensive. He set me at ease, by pointing to the label.

"Look," he said, "it's 80 proof—that means it's less potent than Scotch, which is over 86 proof. Smirnoff also makes 100 proof vodka—but even *that's* no stronger than bonded whiskey!"

I expected it to taste like fire! But to my surprise, I found Smirnoff Vodka is amazingly delicate and smooth! Smirnoff is made by an exclusive process that takes out the bite!

My final surprise came when I learned that Smirnoff *isn't* just for drinking straight. It's also delicious in mixed drinks—blends perfectly with fruit juices, ginger ale or colas.

Here I am drinking a Smirnoff Cola made with Smirnoff Vodka It's Delicious!
REA IRVIN



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OMEGA AUTOMATIC

Just as after World War I, progressive men switched from the pocket-watch to the more convenient wrist-watch, so today men are switching to the new self-winding automatics. Particularly to the OMEGA AUTOMATIC which has these singular advantages: It is the thinnest self-winding watch made. Superb in its styling. Incomparable in its mechanical precision.

Illustrated: Omega Automatic in 14K gold-filled case, $71.50, including tax. Also available with 14K gold case.

Both models available at a slightly higher price with sweep second hand for special use of medical and research men. At fine jewelers everywhere. Other Omega models for men and women from $60.

OMEGA

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Cellini of the Assembly Line

Continued from page 221

to be paid on delivery of the chassis and the remainder on delivery of the finished car. At that show of business genius the Minerva company withdrew its demand for a $20,000 bond and gave the two young Americans the agency on faith. Within two years the firm of Hibbard & Darrin, with showrooms at 15 Rue de Berri, was the most expensive body builder in the world.

The business grew to 150 custom-built cars a year. In 1928 they sold out and Darrin took a French banker as a partner and formed the firm of Fernandez & Darrin. He had a contract to design for Barker, which put his nameplate on his cars beside their own ancient crest. He was on retainer as a consulting engineer for Rolls-Royce, General Motors, Dodge, Mercedes, Studebaker, Armstrong-Siddeley, Minerva, Stutz, Renault, Citröen. He had 300 workmen in the Puteaux shop. He rented Baron Robert de Rothschild's mansion in the Avenue de Friedland as a studio and from his hand-carved desk beneath a million-franc mural he directed painters and sculptors toiling at models of Darrin bodies in every stately chamber. His promotional sense was perfect for his price range. The late E. Berry Wall, the elegant expatriate, came frequently to his showroom to "try out" a car. Darrin would have a salesman drive him to the racecourse at Longchamps. Wall never bought a car, but the advertising was priceless. Another excellent promotion was the Concours d'Élégance Femina, the Paris fashion show for which Darrin built one car each year. Clad in a matching ensemble from a world-famous dressmaking establishment, the mademoiselle who rode in the Darrin automobile was a formidable entry.

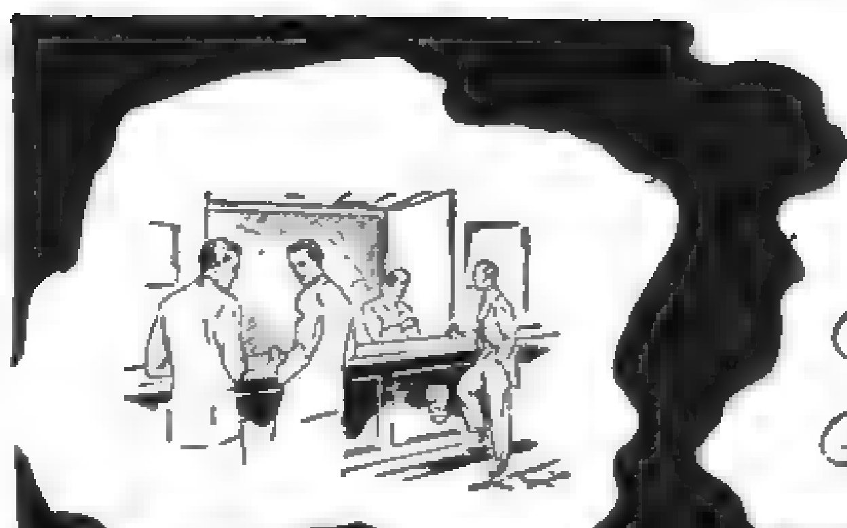
For all the chichi of his Paris operation Darrin, intellectually, never took off the coveralls of a practical engineer. He never sketched off a fantasy and left a production man to try to work it out in the shop.

"You can't design anything in an automobile unless you've already visualized the building and engineered it in your mind," Darrin says. "When I design a car I have to design the whole thing, the doors, the seats, the bonnet and everything else, with a view to how it can be put into production. It has to be practical."

Darrin thinks the average American's taste in cars is the best in the world.

"When an American buys a car," he says, "it has to fit, and that means it has to fit his family. It has to be fitting, and that means that when he drives down to the bank in it, it doesn't look like he's living beyond his means. And it has to be cut like Bond Street." #

Continued from page 102



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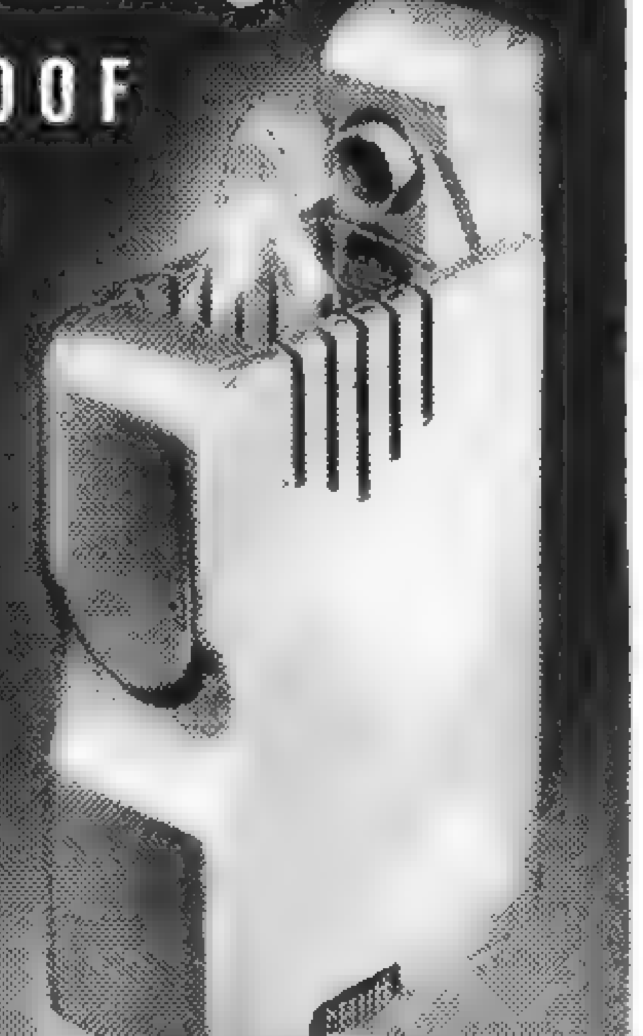

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"CALIFORNIAN*"

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*The mellow felt, with saddle stitched band and edge, does something very special for your whole appearance. Available in every desirable color.

$10

Ask to see the "Californian," and its $7.50 version "The Beverly Hills" in any good store.

PARAGON HAT CO., CHICAGO 10

Crime Without Punishment

Continued from page 125

me a list of calls, none of them important. "The last," he went on, "was at six-twenty to Bradley Thomas. Do you want it?"

"No," I said. "How about the cab driver?"

"She didn't leave the apartment until a quarter of five and she took a cab to the Rainbow, the bar I met you in yesterday."

"I've got it," I said. "Tomorrow you'll get a report of her going out with a guy; it'll be me. I'll call you again."

Afterwards I phoned for reservations at Rocco's, a night club in the country-club district. At a quarter to eight I took a cab to the Westbridge. Gail's was a large, expensively furnished apartment. She was dressed in a white evening gown, her soft blonde hair swept up on the top of her head, and the smile she gave me made me hate what I was trying to do.

"Did you break your date?" I asked.

"Yes, you're an old friend from the Coast," she smiled. "I simply had to go with you."

At Rocco's we ate and danced and met Bradley Thomas, a tall, pleasant guy, slightly greying at the temples. We left before midnight; Gail didn't forget her purse. I opened the door of her apartment for her.

"Come in for a nightcap?" she asked.

"I don't think I'd better," I said. And then, suddenly, she was in my arms and I was kissing her, the lovely fragrance of her perfume drugging my senses.

"Come in, Duke," she whispered. "Darling, darling, come in."

I kissed her and held her tightly. I wanted her. Ever since I'd seen her in the Rainbow it had been like that, a lingering wanting inside me. But I didn't go in. I went back to my hotel and wired the old man to replace me.

The old man arrived by chartered plane at ten the next morning and woke me up.

"What's the meaning of this wire?" he stormed, waving the yellow form in my face. "What's happened to you? I thought you were making progress. Well?"

I sat on the edge of the bed. "I want off the case," I said. "I'm not getting anyplace."

He studied me a long time, then he said: "We've found two jewel cases that might fit the picture, both of them in Santa Barbara last year, both in two weeks. They got away with a $40,000 pearl necklace and a diamond pendant worth about the same. Could have been inside jobs; one of them was for sure, and in the other there was a window open, but no prints or jimmy marks or footprints."

"So?"

"Both jobs pulled during parties and a Mrs. Grace Raymond was at both parties. We recovered everything through a Denver fence for twenty-five grand. Mrs. Ray-

Continued on page 224

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ESQUIRE BUILDING • CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

Crime Without Punishment

Continued from page 223

mond had been in town two weeks before the first job and was registered at the Santa Barbara Hotel."

"Description?"

"No. There wasn't anything against her. Servants were suspected. San Francisco hasn't been able to find anything on a Gail Rivers."

"And they won't," I told him. "Are you going to relieve me?"

"No."

The old man and I had breakfast together downstairs, but I didn't talk to him about the case. After breakfast I left him at the hotel and walked over to the Westbridge. The maid, a girl about eighteen or twenty, answered the door and told me Mrs. Rivers was in. I went into the living room. Gail was wearing lounging pajamas, her hair down around her shoulders again. She smiled up at me from the couch, a special smile, inviting me closer. I sat down and kissed her and she slid her arms around me.

"Have you come to arrest me, Duke?" she asked.

"I'm not . . ."

"You're a detective," she said. "You were with James Healy in the Rainbow the day you borrowed $10 from me."

"How do you know?"

"I . . . I saw you with him. Duke, I didn't take . . ."

"Don't lie to me, Gail," I said. "I know how you worked it and I know who your partner is."

Her eyes searched mine as she drew her head back from my shoulder, but her arms still held me. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," I told her. "I haven't any proof. I wanted out of the case, but my boss said no. All I can do is keep on digging. It won't be like last time, Gail. You'll be watched and you won't be allowed to disappear."

"Last time?"

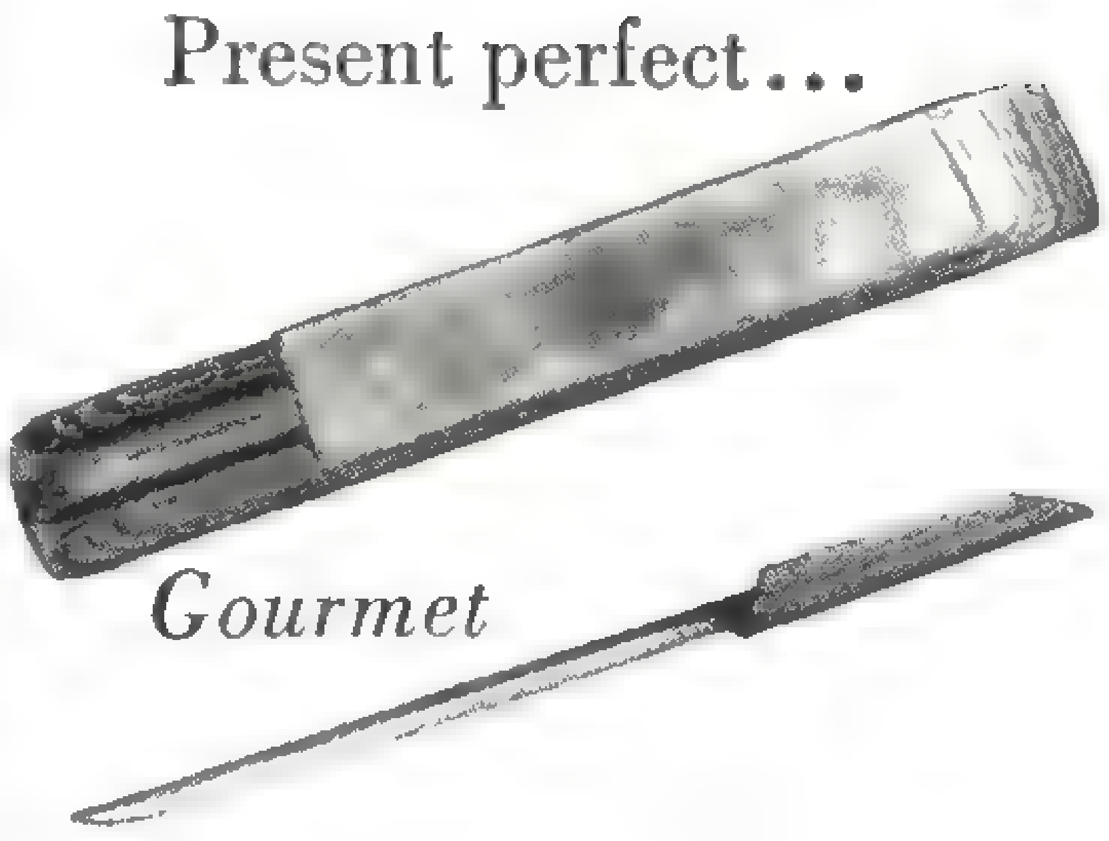
"Santa Barbara," I said. "And they'll trace back from there until they get the whole story. You're washed up in this place."

She unwound her arms and lay back against the pillows. "There's no proof anyplace, Duke."

I left without looking at her again and went to the Rainbow and sat at Gail's usual table. The waiter with the scar brought me my drink. As soon as he left I wrapped my handkerchief around the glass, poured the drink out onto the floor and pocketed the glass. I left a bill on the table and went over to the police station.

The cop at the desk let me in to see the chief and he arranged to get the prints from the glass. Then I went back to the hotel and met the old man.

"I've done all I can," I said. I told him about the glass. "When you get the prints I've got a hunch you'll find the waiter is wanted for jewel thefts someplace. We



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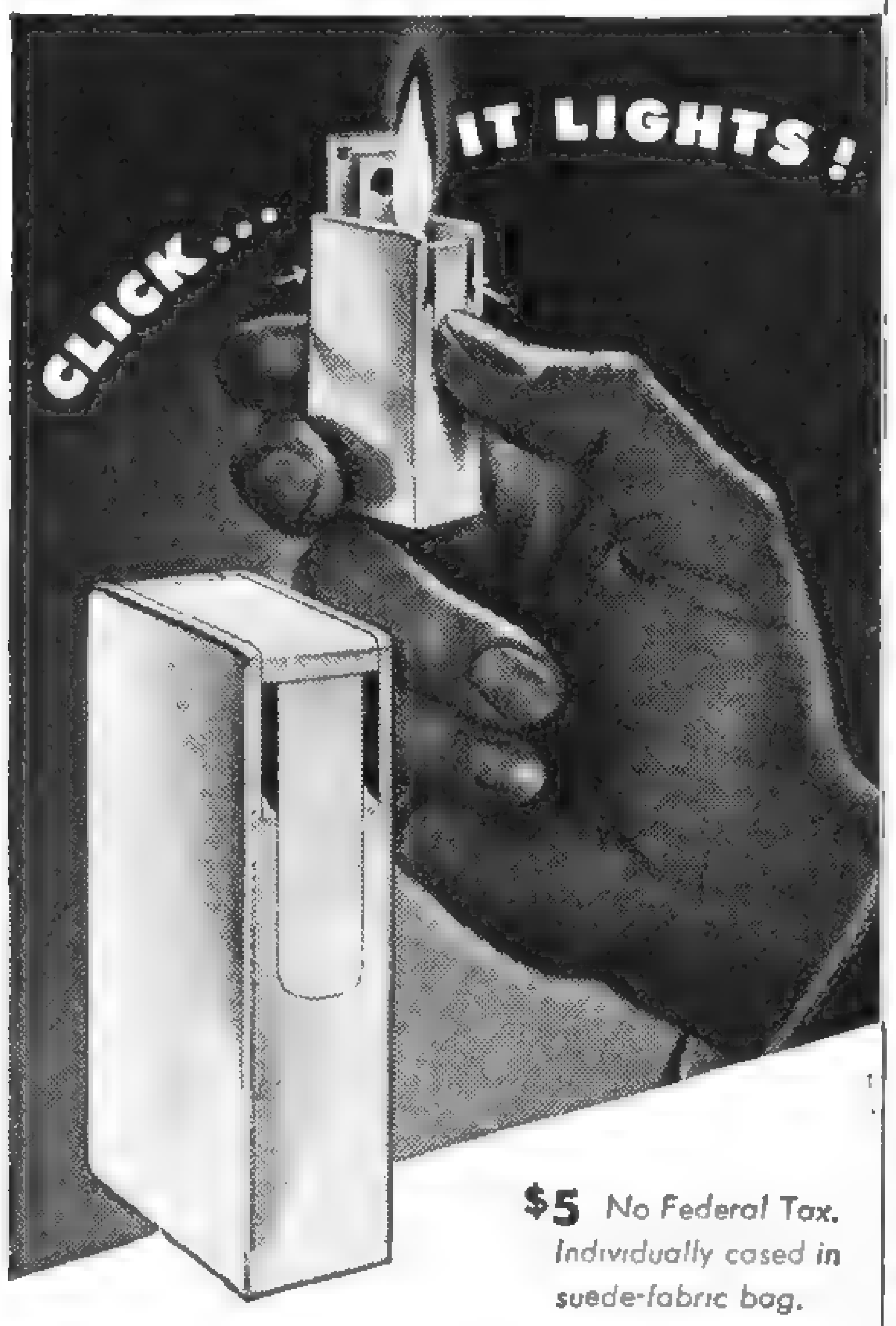

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can't stick any of these jobs on them; they've been too slick. The woman lifted the jewels all right and passed them to the waiter by leaving her purse at the Rainbow, with the stuff in it and maybe a note. He took the ice and maybe left her a note and had the bag returned so there was no contact between them to check. I'm sure he's wanted someplace; his face seems familiar to me."

"You guessing on this?"

"Mostly. I was looking for a contact and it seemed to be in that bar and she sort of tipped her hand. She sent the waiter for cigarettes and when he came back with them she didn't tip him. It was a wrong note, but it really didn't register until she told me she knew I was a detective. She said she'd seen me in the Rainbow with Healy, and she couldn't have. But the waiter saw us together."

I didn't tell him she took the smokes with her and left the bag, which was another wrong note.

The old man assigned me to another case, in Boston, and I left on an evening train without seeing Gail again. But I heard that the prints tallied and they checked the waiter as one Charlie Walsh for some work he'd done in San Francisco. He didn't crack or mention the woman so they shipped him out to the Coast and he went up for ten. They tried to tie him to the Santa Barbara deals, but all they proved was that he'd worked as a waiter at the Silver Lounge there during the time the thefts took place. The jobs they jugged him on were catwork and they figured he was solo on them.

The blonde married Bradley Thomas about a month after Charlie took the rap. Healy sent me a clipping and a picture from the newspapers and the next time I was in San Francisco I showed it to Tommy Loper, the *Examiner*'s night-life boy; he thought the woman looked like a Georgie Roberts who used to work the hat-check booth at the Cellar.

"She was cool and quiet and older than most of the girls around," he said. "I don't think she ever made a police blotter. Charlie Walsh used to be in and out of the place a lot."

The case is marked "unfinished" in our files. When Charlie Walsh gets out he'll lead us to the stuff and he'll lead us back to the blonde, too. And when that happens I'm going to be busy someplace else. I still feel the same way about her and she'd know it. Just like she knew I wouldn't open her bag even when I was sure the diamond watch was in there. I could have pinned it on her then and I didn't and I'd have to play it that way again because when I close my eyes I still see her hair like straw under a hot sun, light and fine, with tiny whisps blowing across her face. And I still remember the tawny sleekness of her and her lovely perfume.

I'm not going back, so for me there'll never be a finished file for it. The only ending is where I put the period. Here. ###

Continued from page 125

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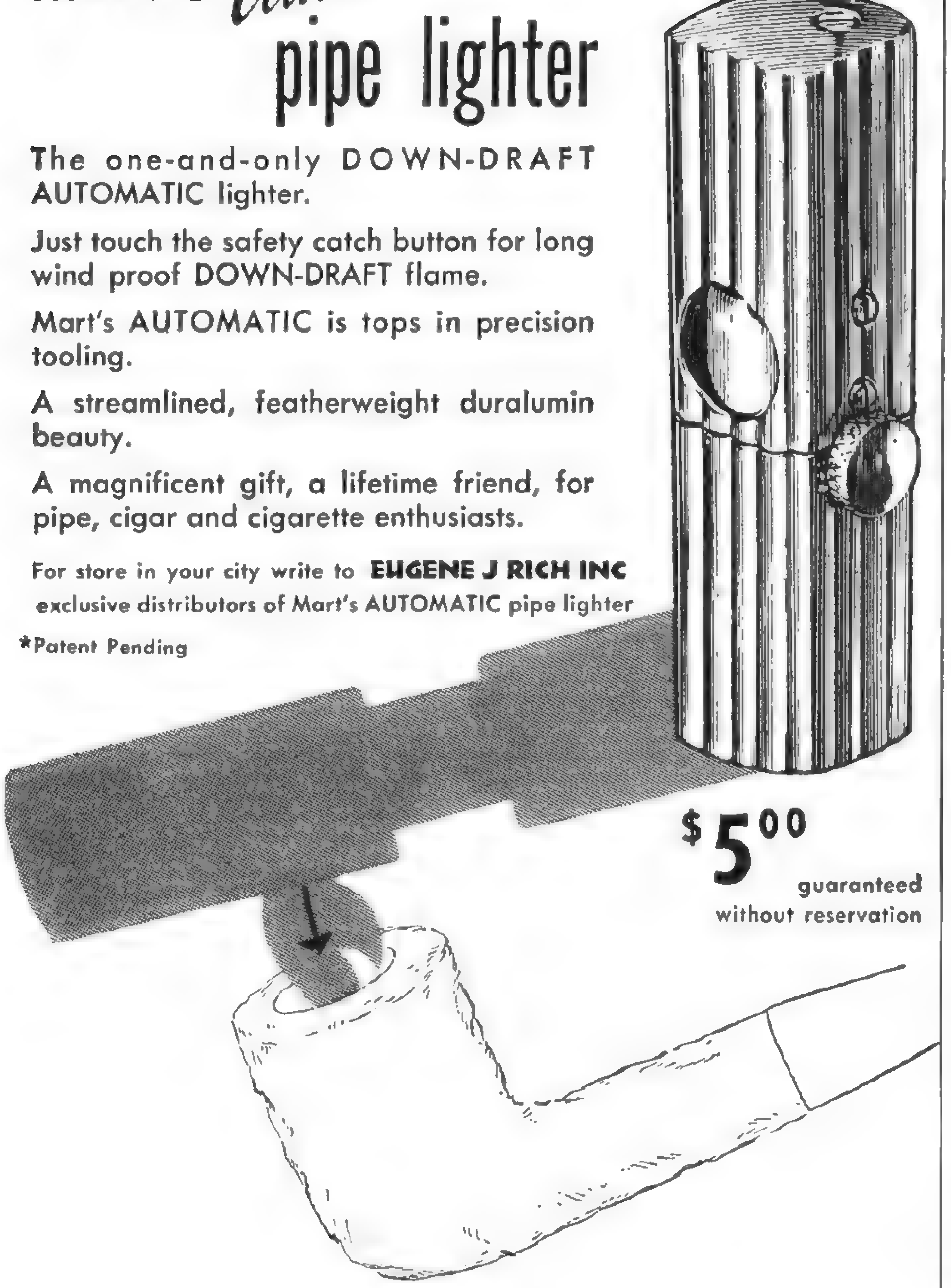

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The Foot of the Cliff

Continued from page 71

his robe from the chair and crossed the back beach to the car. Behind him Marion called, "All right, but we'd rather stay, wouldn't we, Charley?"

The boy answered shyly, "It's mighty nice out here."

He was tired of the whole routine then, of her tricks and the way the boy was falling in line, and he turned sharply and said, "Stay here. I'll take a taxi," and tossed Marion the car keys. He went out on the asphalt street and flagged down a taxi, gave the driver the address, and leaned back in the seat. He wondered if he should start drinking now or wait until dark. He was utterly weary with everything he saw or heard or smelled in this moment; and most of all he was both afraid and sorry for the boy. He did not like this thing and he was trying to think of a way to stop it.

He slept three hours after lunch and awoke with a thick tongue and a slight headache; it was almost four o'clock and they had not returned. He lay on the bed, feeling the first evening wind across his bare chest, wondering where they would be, not caring much, just hoping that the boy was strong enough to fight his way clear. He got up and stripped, feeling his stomach and chest, and went under the shower; it was a good hour to get up, four o'clock, perfect to start drinking before dinner, during dinner, and the remainder of the night.

The yard boy came to explain that the señora and señor had gone to Pie de La Questa and would not be home for dinner. Shane said, "*Muchas gracias,*" and came from the shower to dry himself roughly on the big green towel. Marion was moving fast with this one. On the road to the beach north of the town where the waves broke thirty feet high and swimming was prohibited, it was impossible to sit and hear their thunder without feeling something warm for the person beside you. He knew then that he had to talk with the boy when they returned, and he warned himself to stay sober enough to do a good job. It would be so easy, he thought, if he didn't like the boy.

In the patio he was not sure of his sobriety when the car turned into the drive and parked along the darkened line of silent autos under the palm trees. He could hear Marion laughing and talking, the words muffled and shredded by the wind and the distance, and then Charley laughed and Shane knew the boy had kissed her, and turned away toward the patio. He had counted on this. When Charley ran lightly across the patio, Shane turned his shoulders and head, and called, "Charley, come on over."

The boy stopped running and Shane heard him cough in sur-

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prise, and then his voice, young and strong, said, "Is that you, Mr. Shane?"

"Have a nightcap with me," Shane said. "Come on, Charley. I won't bite you."

The boy shuffled his feet awkwardly and waited for Shane to speak. Shane said, "Sit down, Charley. You're here for a rest. Remember?"

The boy laughed shakily. "Yes, sir," he said. "I'll have a drink with you."

"Good time tonight?" Shane said.

"It was swell," Charley said. "I watched the divers and we danced on the patio, and everyone seemed so doggone happy."

"How are you coming, Charley?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Shane?" the boy asked.

"With Marion," Shane said agreeably. "Relax, Charley. I've gone through this a dozen times with a dozen guys like you. You know that, don't you, Charley?"

And then he could see it was useless, the boy was gone all the way and nothing could alter his idea of her at this late moment. He waited for the boy to speak, and after drinking slowly from his glass, the boy said, "I don't believe that, Mr. Shane. I'm not trying to do anything, sir. She's been wonderful to me down here, nicer than anyone I ever knew."

"She does it beautifully," Shane said soberly. "I agree with you, Charley, in every way. But you don't know." The brandy was hitting him now, thickening his tongue and blurring his words. He got up and rubbed the back of his neck, trying to focus his eyes. He said thickly, "Know the best thing for you to do, Charley?"

"What?" the boy asked.

"Go home," Shane said. "Get out of here, for your own good. I like you, Charley. I don't like many people and I like you. Get out of here."

"I think I'd better go to bed," the boy said sharply. "Good night, Mr. Shane, and thanks for the drink."

As he stood silently and watched Charley walk rapidly away he knew it was much too late to stop this thing. It was started as all the others had begun, only this time she was playing with a good boy. The thought made him completely angry at his own helplessness, and he corked the brandy bottle and followed an angling course across the patio to his cabaña.

She was lying on her bed, reading the paper. "Aren't you drunk enough to sleep?" she asked.

"Not exactly," Shane said.

"That's fine. We can talk tonight instead of morning."

This was a new angle, and he wondered what she was thinking now. He said, "I'd like to do a little talking myself. Why don't you start?"

"Thank you," she said. "I'll make this brief. I want a divorce."

Shane leaned against the wall

Continued on page 228

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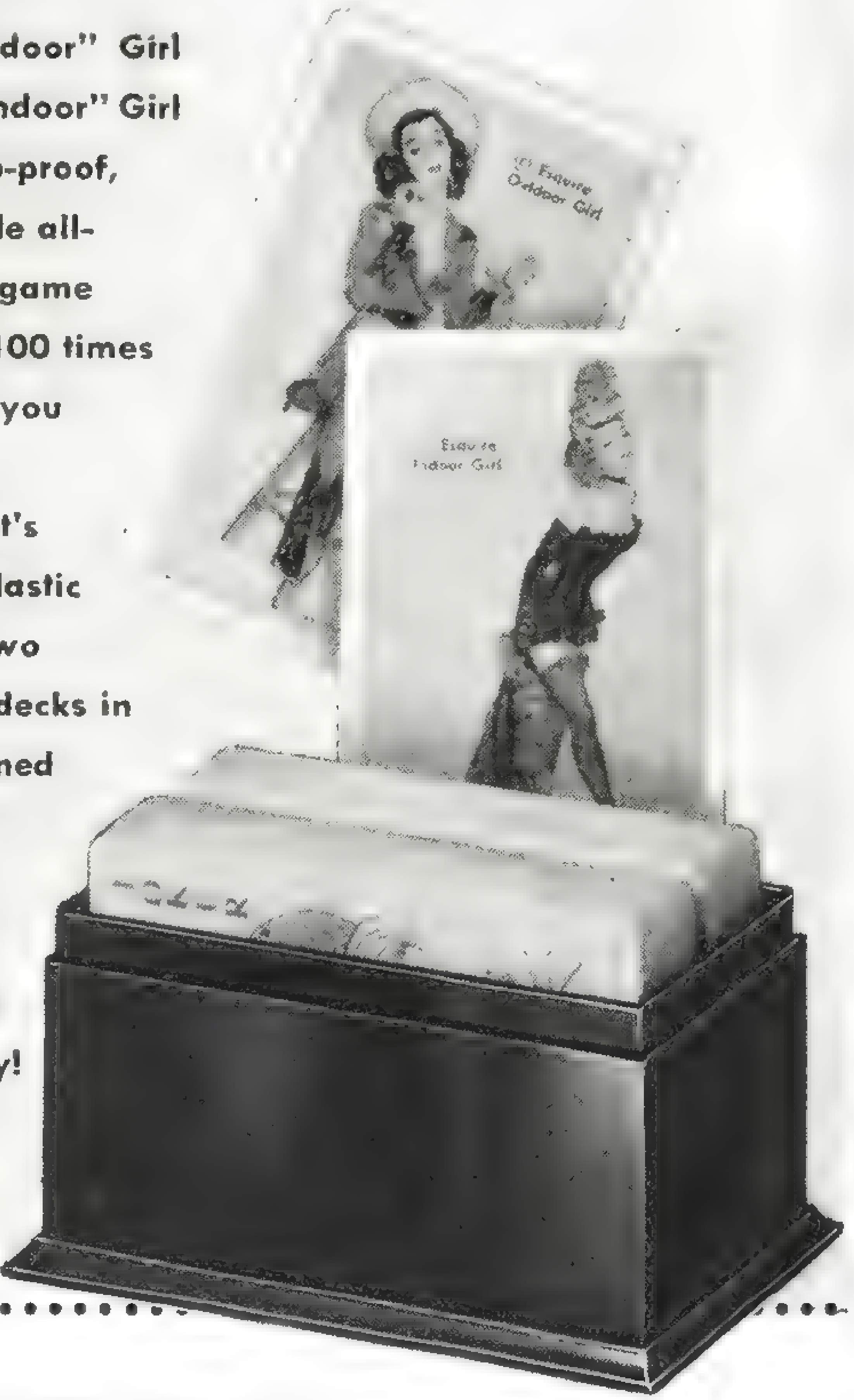

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The Foot of the Cliff

Continued from page 227

and said: "I thought that was coming."

"Good. I'll be frank with you, Mike, and I've always been—I'm tired of you and you're tired of me. Let's stop it."

"After me," Shane said, "what will it be?"

"If you want to know, I'm thinking of marrying Charley. He's . . ."

"I know," Shane said quickly. "He's the first decent kid you've ever met and you want to see how it feels being with somebody like him. And to that I say no."

"You say no! Listen, Mike, you don't have a damned thing to say."

She had thrust it at him sooner than he expected, and against her decision he had nothing to say, nothing to protect the boy. He wanted to think for a long time, all night if he needed it, and work his feeling out of his heart until it stood plain before him. Talking more now would only make it worse and certainly wouldn't bring them to any agreement.

"All right," he said. "No use talking. I'll see you in the morning."

He went through the connecting door and sat on the bed, the light bright over his head. The thoughts came fast, pouring one over the other, piling up in a disorderly stack at his feet and hitting him viciously with their impact.

He could hear her stepping about, hanging clothing and drinking a glass of water, then turning off her bed lamp and turning restlessly in the bed; and he wondered how she could approach sleep so easily with the weight of the years behind her.

He thought of the boy and the future waiting for the boy if Marion got the divorce. He tried to picture it. Charley was one of those young men who had grown up through the boom times and the tough times in some little town through the central belt of their country, tasting the flavors of life as all boys should have them, growing up solid and straight and good in his heart. Charley went to war and came home. He was older now and wiser, but not wise enough to understand this world of Marion's. If this boy married her and went into the deep water of that life it was all gone, all the good life and the future the boy might have if he went home and picked up the past.

Shane thought about Marion then, and he knew that someday she would show her age and all her meanness and cruelty. If the boy was with her then, it would leave a permanent scar on his life. Shane thought it all out and then for one short moment he had a clean feeling that approached nobility of the soul. He hadn't thought about such things for eight years; it was closely akin to the sensation he

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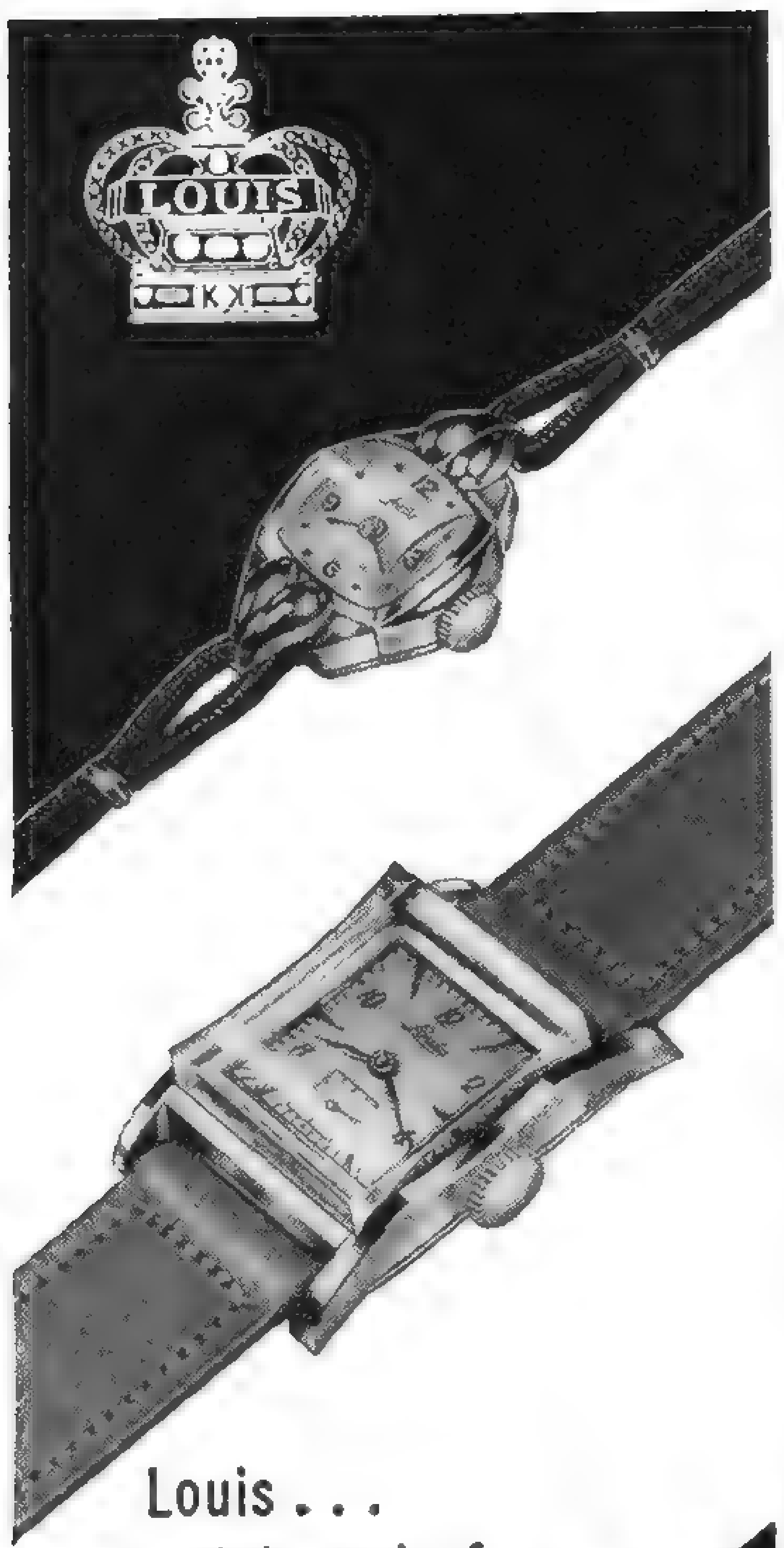

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had always experienced after a hard football game, that feeling of tired success, of clean play, of winning against fair odds and other men who, like himself, had played the game to win but played it fair. He had missed this feeling and now, weaving the thread of the past together, he made the decision.

She called through the door, "Go to bed, Mike, or shut off your light. It bothers me."

He got up and gave the door a push, not answering, and turned to the bed. He was planning it now and the way it lay before him, it was the best thing he could do and by far the finest way out.

He sat through the night unsleeping, and at dawn he showered and shaved and changed into fresh clothing, white trousers and a yellow short-sleeved shirt. He let himself out the side door and caught a passing taxi into the town. He got off on the plaza and turned up the street that passed the cathedral to the barbershop. He sat quietly in the chair while the barber trimmed his hair with the hand clippers and shaved his neck. It was exactly eight o'clock when he returned. He crossed from the plaza to the high-walled side street where the *turista* stores were located across from the pink-adobed post-office building, and stood in the shade of the post-office awning, waiting for what he was sure would come.

She drove around the corner, the top down, at exactly nine o'clock and, as he had expected, she was alone. She saw him and pulled over to the curb and smiled.

"I wondered about you," she said. "What are you doing downtown?"

"Haircut," Shane said. "Friend of mine told me they were shooting some scenes at Pie de La Questa today and I thought I'd take a taxi out and watch. I figured you'd need the car."

"Movies," she said. "How long do you want to stay?"

"Hour," Shane said. "I'll see you."

He knew she was remembering the young Mexican leading man they had met in the city a week before, and how the young man had told her his company was coming to Acapulco on location for the picture. The young man had smiled and Marion had smiled, as she was smiling now.

"Jump in," she said. "I'll drive out for an hour."

"Thanks," Shane said dryly. "It'll save me taxi fare. I might need the money."

"You might at that."

Marion drove skillfully along the road leading north from town, the road blasted from solid rock along the cliffs. When they rounded the old tunnel that had caved in and could see below them, along the flat land, the far-stretching white sand line and whiter bursts of breaking waves that marked the beach, Shane said, "Stop a minute, will you? I've always liked this view."

The road was highest here and

Continued on page 230

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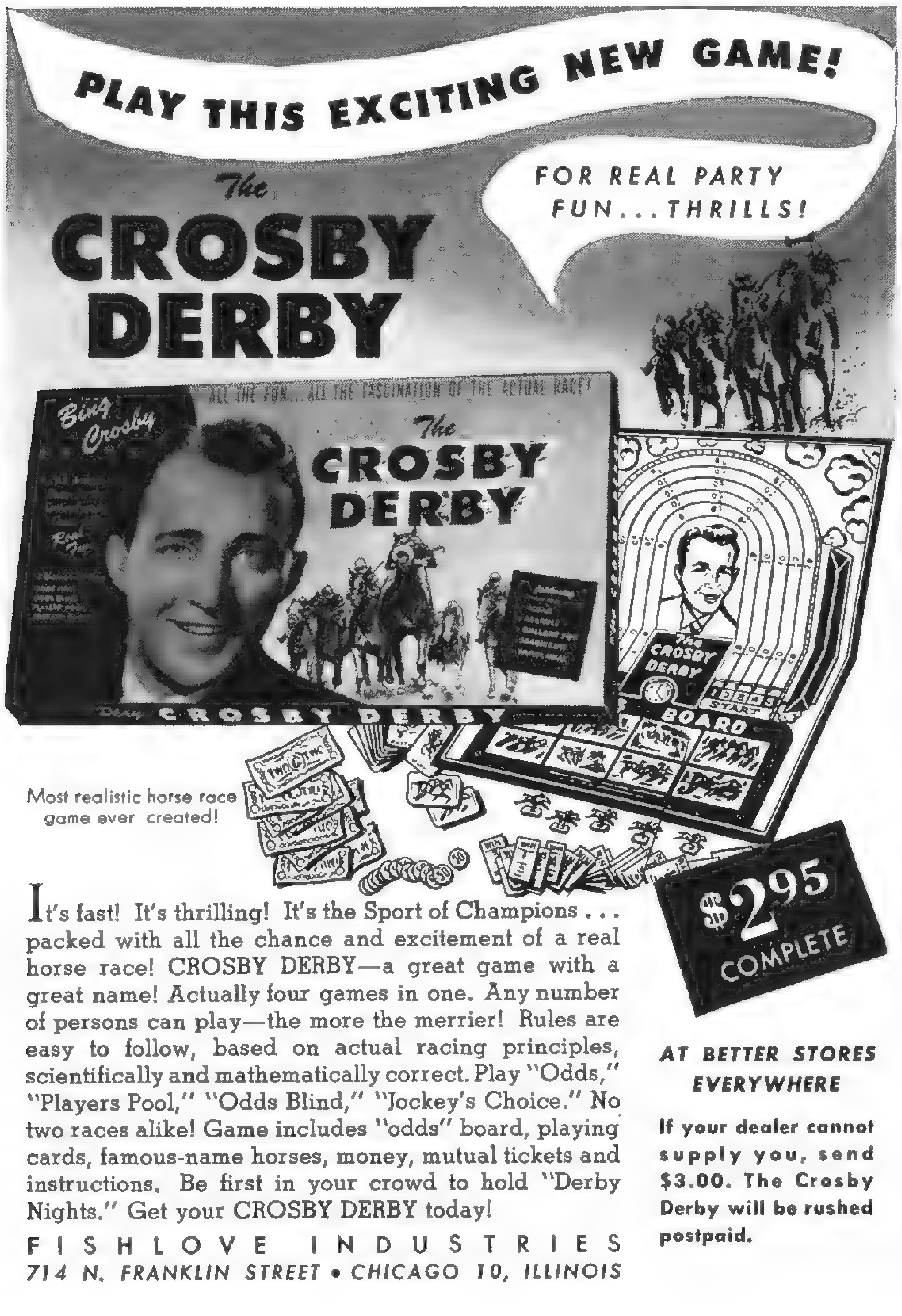

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The Foot of the Cliff

Continued from page 229

the cliff below them dropped off a sheer thousand feet or more to the rocks and the breakers below. Shane had stood here many times in the past. He walked to the edge of the cliff and she came up and stood beside him, shading her eyes from the glare and breathing deeply.

"Always magnificent," she said. "And rather cruel. I like this."

"So you're going to marry him?" Shane asked.

"Please, Mike," she said. "We talked that out last night. Let's not bring it up again. We'll settle everything next week in Mexico City."

"You want to marry him and ruin it all for him," Shane said tightly.

"Stop being dramatic," she said sharply. "Think what I can do for him. Consider all the things I did for you!"

"I know," Shane said quietly.

"Shall we drive on," she said. "It's getting late and I'm due at the hotel in an hour."

Her head turned quickly, suspiciously, but she couldn't move from the spot. She said, "Mike..."

Shane pushed her gently in the small of the back and she lost her balance and went forward. She said, "Mike, for God's sake," and her face was turned, terrified and incredulous, for one quick moment.

Shane pushed her over the edge. She fell away and he stood staring woodenly at the horizon and the waves breaking far below to the north. He did not hear the thud at the bottom and he did not want to hear. He turned away and walked up the road with quick sure steps, passing the car and ignoring it.

He glanced at his watch. It was ten o'clock and no one had seen him leave the town with her, and if they had, they would not remember. He had planned it very well and leaving the road for an unfrequented path he knew, he reviewed the happenings of the morning carefully.

She had left the hotel alone and driven to town, and he would take the path back to the town, meeting no one but the natives who ignored *turistas* and could not speak the language anyway. He would come into the town again, after the walk, and mingle in the plaza crowd, take a taxi to the hotel, take a shower, join the boy on the patio and talk until someone saw the car and put the ends together. He would be very sad when they came to him, and it would work out beautifully.

And then he thought of the boy and how this was a good thing; and walking down the steep mountainside, the sweat coming out on his face, he wondered about the future and how he would feel. That was the only thing a man did not know; how he would feel. #

Continued from page 71

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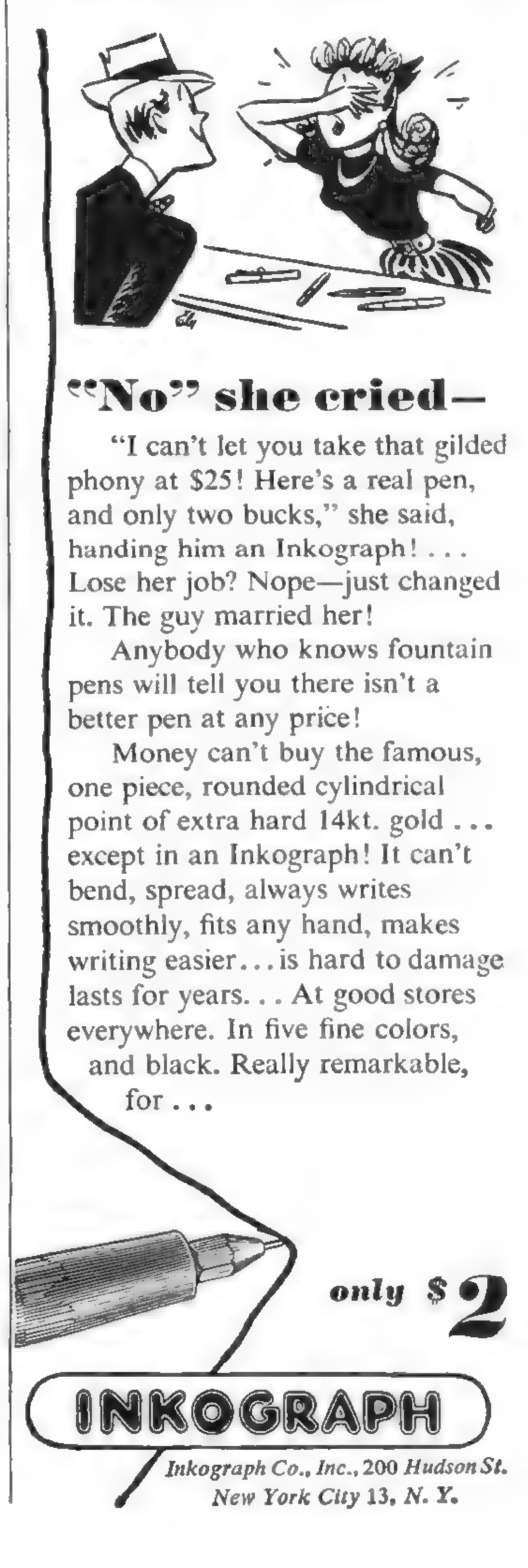

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How to Be Rich on $10 a Month

Continued from page 90

against sneakthieves and burglars.

I have mentioned extra towels, and this takes an explanation. I have a private view of towels as things you wipe the dirt off your face with, once the dirt has been moistened. By buying a few more towels, and paying the extra laundry out of my luxury fund, I can breathe easily every time my wife approaches the bathroom.

I'll admit that ordering my lunch from the left side of the menu is rather elegant. I can bring myself to it only in times of comparative wealth, although my excursions into this genuine luxury have proved that it doesn't cost a dime a day. The temptation to cut down by a quarter or less and get something you don't want is a tenacious one that few have the will power to forego. But it is the cheapest way to be a millionaire I know of.

The stamp thing takes quite a lot of character to bring off. A stamp comes under the heading of big things that cost little. It takes a letter clear across the country, plainly the biggest three cents' worth of modern times. Thus it is customary to fuss and fume over whether a letter ought to take two stamps or will go for one, and it is almost standard practice to take it to the post office to find out. I have seen it done with my own eyes, and by automobile!

All things, of course, are not the same to all people, and what is one person's electric light may be another person's fishhook. I went fishing with a chap once who used a pair of manicure scissors to cut the fishline just above the hook every time he caught a fish. He was allergic to taking fish off hooks, the extra hooks cost him about twenty cents a day, and it made his outing pleasant.

Speaking of vacations, it usually costs the same to stay at the best hotel as it does to stay at a second- or third-rate one, and if there is a difference it is very little. And for an extra dollar a day during a trip that may be costing you fifteen, you can forget all about your car from the time you drive up to the door until you are ready to leave, and this is luxury indeed. Which reminds me that I once estimated that Americans waste $3,000,000 a year in time, money and temper driving around looking for a parking place to save fifteen cents.

Still on the subject of vacations, think what you could do by not taking a vacation at all, but spreading that money out over the year, buying modest dabs of freedom and liberty and human dignity. Think what could be done for $20 a month, for $25. For $30.

But if you must have your vacation you still can be a millionaire, at about $10 a month. Isn't it worth it? Think of what it must cost to be a really and truly millionaire, in taxes alone. ###

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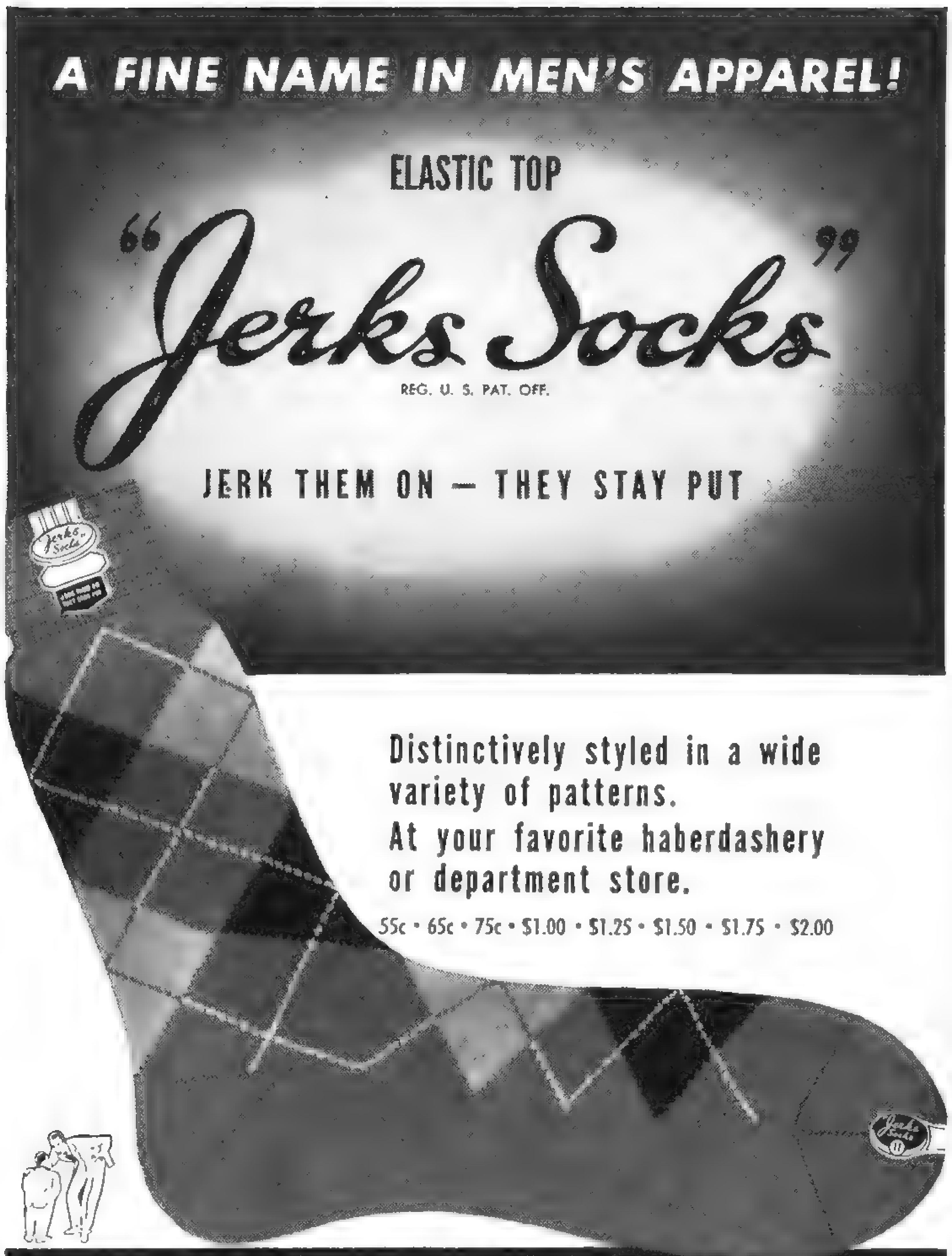

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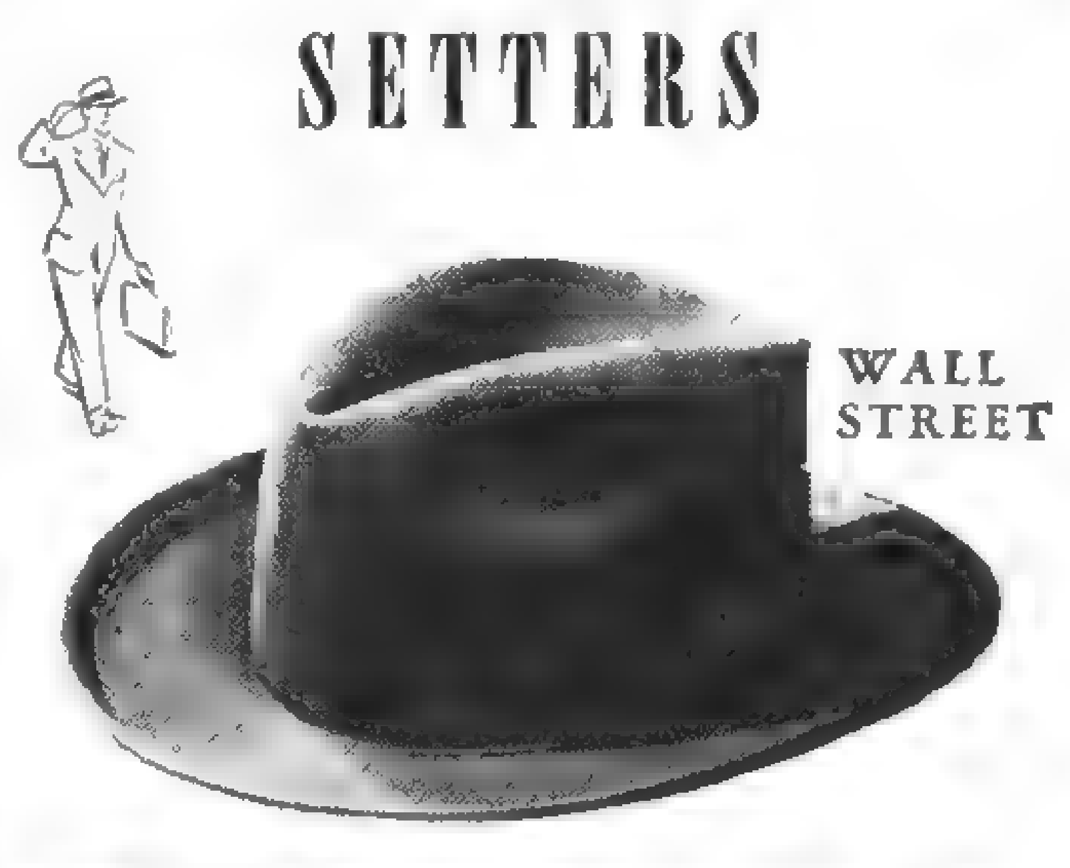

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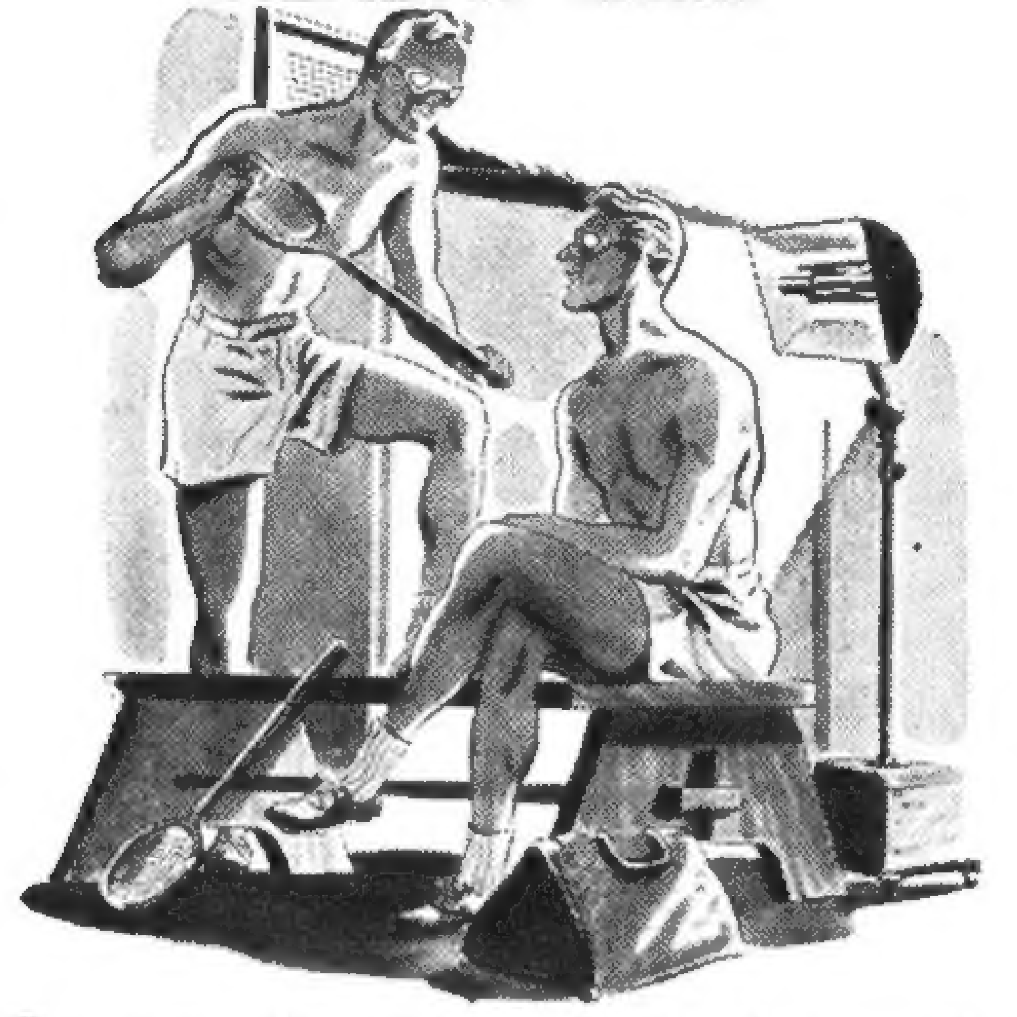

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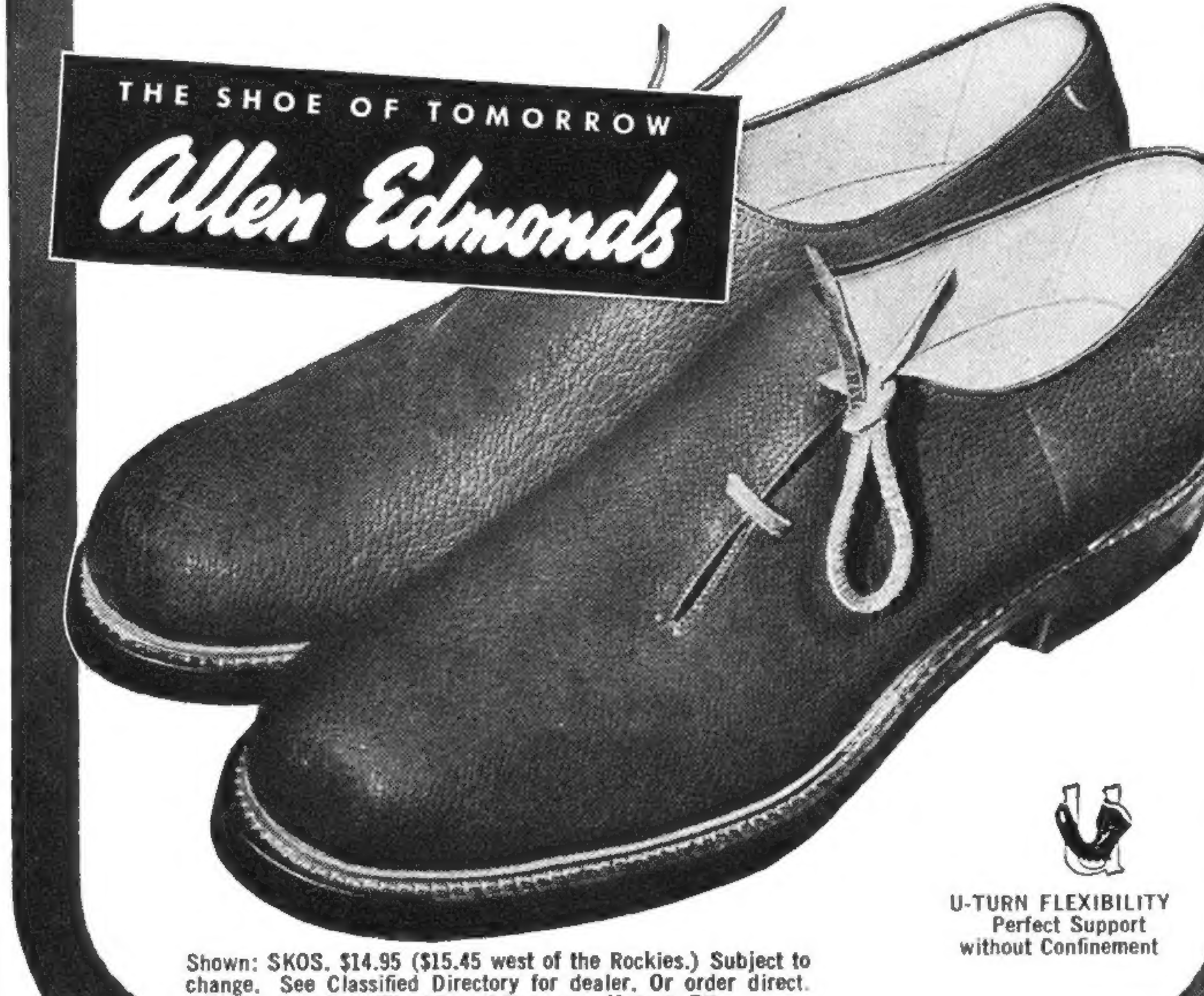

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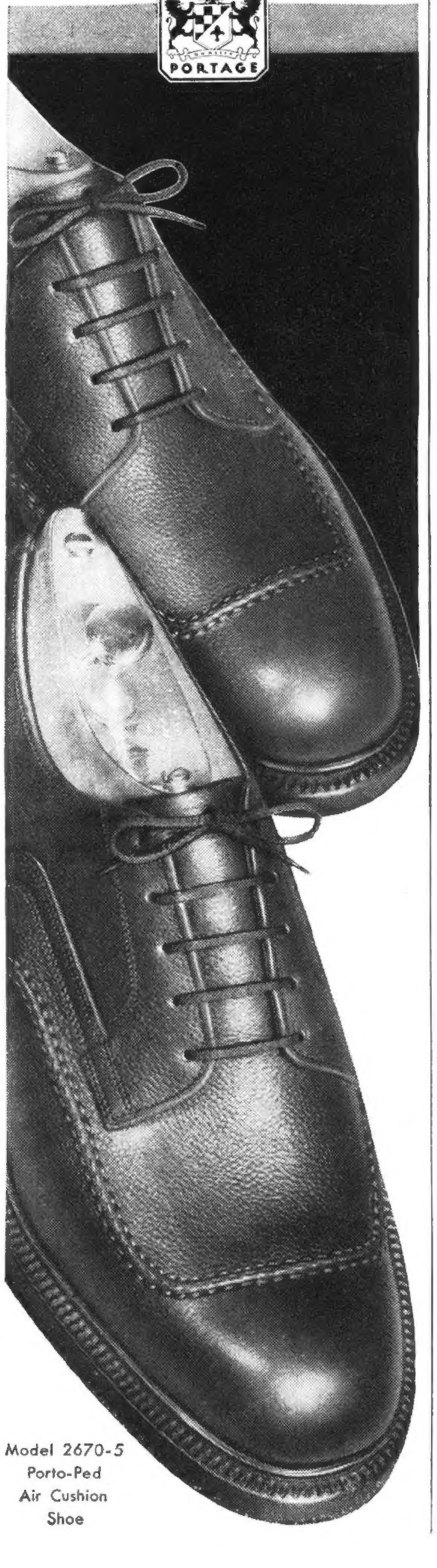

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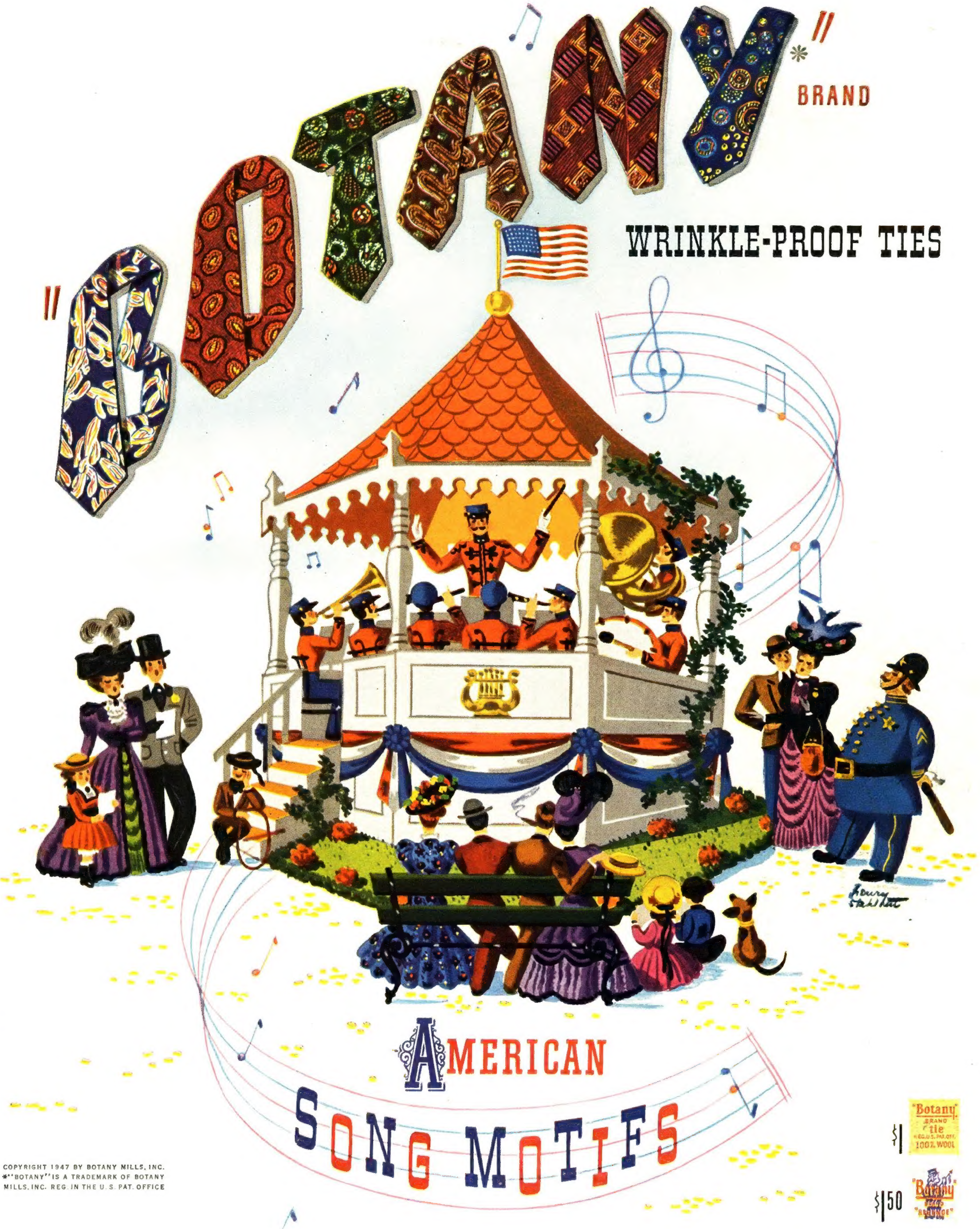
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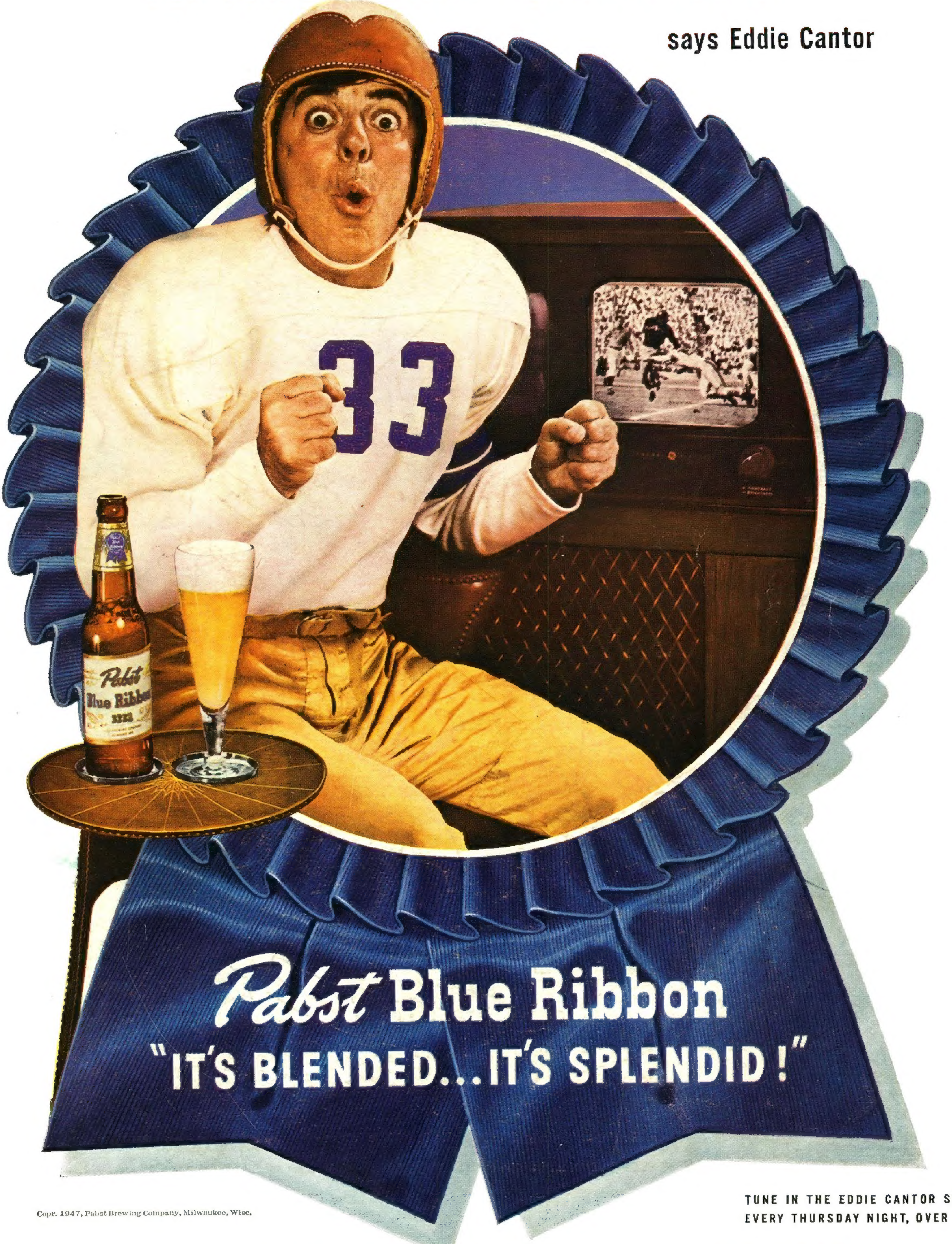
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